

C O M E D I E S

OF

P L A U T U S,

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

*By the Gentleman who translated THE CAPTIVES.*

ASPICE, *PLAUTUS*

QUO FACTO PARTES TUTETUR ———

Hor. Lib. II. Epist. i.

VOLUME THE THIRD.



L O N D O N:

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M D C C L X X I I .



COMMON DIES



P. E. LA. U. S.

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE

By the Hon. the Lord Bishop of Exeter

And the Hon. the Lord Bishop of Bath

And the Hon. the Lord Bishop of Bristol

And the Hon. the Lord Bishop of Exeter

VOLUME THE THIRD



TO  
DAVID GARRICK ESQUIRE  
THIS TRANSLATION  
WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF THE REMAINING  
COMEDIES OF PLAUTUS  
BEING A CONTINUATION OF A WORK  
SUCCESSFULLY BEGUN BY THE LATE  
BONNELL THORNTON ESQUIRE  
IS INSCRIBED  
AS AN INSTANCE OF HIS SENSE OF  
THE UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP  
WITH WHICH HE HAS LONG FAVOURED HIM  
AS WELL AS IN PARTICULAR OF  
HIS KIND ADVICE IN THE PROSECUTION OF IT  
BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT  
RICHARD WARNER.

DAVID GARRICK ESQUIRE

THIS TESTAMONY

WITH VOICES AND HUSBANDS

OF AMERICA



COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE

BEING A COMMITTEE OF AMERICA

RESOLUTIONS OF THE HOUSE

JOHN H. THURGOOD ESQUIRE

IS INFORMED

A COMMITTEE OF AMERICA

THE COMMITTEE OF AMERICA

SETTLED THAT HE HAS BEEN INFORMED THAT

AS WELL AS A PARTIALITY OF

HIS KIND ADVISE IN THE PROSECUTION OF IT

BY HIS HIGH OBLIGED HOUSE SERVANT

RICHARD WATKINS

# COMEDIES

CONTAINED IN

## The THIRD VOLUME.

MENÆCHMI. *The TWIN BROTHERS.*

EPIDICUS. *The DISCOVERY.*

MOSTELLARIA. *The APPARITION.*

PSEUDOLUS. *The CHEAT.*

## The FOURTH VOLUME.

STICHUS. *CONJUGAL FIDELITY.*

CISTELLARIA. *The CASKET.*

CURCULIO. *The PARASITE.*

TRUCULENTUS. *The CHURL.*

POENULUS. *The CARTHAGINIAN.*



## E R R A T A.

### Third Volume.

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE late Mr. THORNTON, in his preface to the first volume of this translation, has been so explicit in his account of PLAUTUS, and his manner of writing, that little is left for me to say on that subject. The loss of so good a scholar, so worthy a man, must ever be regretted by the publick in general, and by his friends in particular. Had he lived to have compleated his translation of all the Comedies of PLAUTUS, I should never have entertained a thought of offering mine to the publick, as he has indeed with great truth mentioned in his preface.

In the second edition of his translation, I inserted an advertisement concerning my intended

prosecution of the work ; and to that I beg leave \* to refer the reader ; adding only, in regard to Mr. THORNTON, and applying to

\* The advertisement, referred to, is, for the sake of the purchasers of the second edition, inserted here, by way of note ; and is as follows :

TO the READER.

At the time the late Mr. THORNTON advertised, that he was preparing for the press a translation of the Comedies of PLAUTUS, I had myself translated several Comedies of that author into prose. These were *The Aulularia*, *Rudens*, *Epidicus*, *Cistellaria*, *Mossellaria*, *Stichus*, almost the whole of *The Trinummus*, with a small part of the *Menæchmi*. I had also made no inconsiderable progress in the *Captivi*, in the same kind of familiar blank verse which Mr. COLMAN had adopted in his deservedly admired translation of TERENCE, and Mr. THORNTON intended in his of PLAUTUS. This I communicated to him ; who, after I had completed the translation in the same manner, accepted of the *Captivi* with the notes, and printed it with his own translations, and that of the *Mercator* by Mr. COLMAN, in the first edition of this work. Had he lived to have continued it, he intended to have inserted in his next publication, my translation of the *Mossellaria*, which for that purpose was new written by me in the same kind of familiar blank verse, and put into his hands not long before his death.

This second edition, in regard to the memory of my deceased friend, I have undertaken to revise and correct, the *Mercator*, by Mr. COLMAN, excepted. I have made no change in what Mr. THORNTON had translated, a very few words only excepted, the alteration of which had been submitted to him, and approved of. I have also inserted in their proper places, the corrections mentioned in his table of *Errata*. In my own translation of the *Captivi*, some alterations have been made, I trust for the better ; and some addition to the former notes, as well as some new ones, more fully to explain and illustrate the author.

Among

myself what *Lucretius* says, apostrophizing *Epicurus* as then living.

*Te sequor, O Graiæ gentis decus, inque tuis nunc  
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis,  
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem  
Quod te imitari avelo. Quidenim contendat hirundo  
Cygnis? aut quidnam tremulis facere artibus bædi  
Consimile in cursu possint, ac fortis equi vis—*

Lib. iii. V. 3.

The chiefest glory of the *Græcian* state  
I strictly trace, willing to imitate,  
Not contradict!—For how can larks oppose  
The vigorous swan? They are unequal foes.  
Or how can tender kids with feeble force  
Contend in racing with the noble horse?

CREECH.

Among the papers of the deceased translator, have been found the first and second acts of the *Menæchmi*, with the *Prologue*; and the whole first act, with the first scene, and somewhat more of the second act of the *Epidicus*. These are put into my hands. And as the admirers of *PLAUTUS*, by the unhappy loss of a gentleman, who had shewn himself in all respects equal to so difficult an undertaking, have been deprived of a continuation of the work by so able a hand, they are desired to accept of it from one much inferior; which I therefore propose to give the publick, preserving all that *MR. THORNTON* had left, and adding notes.

RICHARD WARNER.

*Woodford Row, Essex,  
July 15, 1769.*

It

It will be proper for me to acquaint the reader, from what sources I have drawn the notes; what assistances I have had from *French* translations, and from the favours of friends.— Besides what I have taken from the *Delphin* edition by M. *De L'Oeuvre* (whose text I have in general followed,) I have either extracted from, or else abridged the notes of *Lambin*, *Taubman*, and the *Variorum*, published by *Gronovius*. I have also had some assistance of the same sort from the notes of *Marolles*, *Gueudeville*, and *Limiers*, in their respective translations of this author into *French*. To the latter of whom I am obliged for the thought, and, in a great measure, for the execution of the analysis at the end of each act. To these I have added not a few notes of my own; and some that have been kindly communicated to me by particular friends; whose names, had I the liberty of mentioning, would add the greatest credit to the work.

One worthy friend indeed, I have liberty to bring the reader acquainted with; the editor of *RHAZES de Variolis et Morbillis* in *Arabic* and *Latin*. This gentleman has kindly undertaken that small part of the *Punic* in the fifth Act of



*The Carthaginian*, which M. BOCHART had left unattempted. He has also very obligingly added notes to those scenes of the comedy where any *Punic* occurs, in support of his translation, which differs very considerably from that given by Monf. PETIT. The *Punic* translated by the most learned M. BOCHART, is extant in his own *Phaleg*. and from thence printed in many of the subsequent editions of PLAUTUS; to which the reader is referred.

These two volumes are offered to the publick in general, and to the admirers of PLAUTUS in particular, with the utmost deference to their judgement and candour. If they are so fortunate as to meet with their approbation, and the translator shall be judged not absolutely to have failed in so arduous an undertaking, the remaining Comedies, four in number (which, with the fragments, will compleat all that is left of the author) are in great forwardness for the press; and shall be laid before the publick with all convenient speed.

A very tedious and severe indisposition having confined me in the country, during almost the whole time this work was printing off, too  
many



many errors have escaped the press. The least considerable, the reader will be so indulgent as to excuse and correct with his pen. Some of more consequence are mentioned in a table of *Errata*. There are others which I cannot trust to so general an apology; but shall mention them in this place. These are as follows:

### Third Volume.

Page 37. note l. 2. for *younger* read *elder*. p. 45. l. 3. for *Menestheus* of *Epidamnium* read *Erotium*. p. 116. note l. 14. for *Duse ima* read *Dum sine*. p. 129. note l. 2. for *The Cheat* read *The Carthaginian*. p. 146. note l. 7. for *Cerberulus* read *Stratippocles*. p. 194. v. 31. for *then anew* read *new again*. p. 200. note l. 4. read *Nam vobis expedit esse bonas, nos quibuscum res est non sinunt*. p. 218. note l. 5. after *mittere* add *operis*. p. 229. note l. 4. for *note* read *nec te*. p. 234. v. 92. after *aside* read *THE V*. p. 247. v. 123. for *as it* read *as if it*. p. 253. v. 7. after *because* add *Fin*. p. 291. note l. 6. for *victor* read *viator*. p. 295. v. 156. before *Tis* add *CAL*. p. 329. v. 120. for *CALL*. read *SIM*. p. 344. v. 22. for *supposes* read *surpasses*. p. 345. note l. 17. for *cum* read *quid*. p. 349. v. 42. for *CHA*. read *CAL*. *ibid.* for *head* read *band*. p. 369. v. 19. for *evil* read *civil*. p. 381. note l. 10. for *have any spirit* read *are wise*.

### Fourth Volume.

Page 15. note l. 5. for *Pinacium* read *Dinacium*. p. 16. note l. 5. for *Forarius* read *Galaeus*. *ibid.* l. 17. for *teaches him all arts and sciences* read *teaches every art*. p. 30. note l. 4. for *tapestry* read *carpets*. p. 37. v. 19. for *we* read *you*. p. 41. note l. 5. for *father-in-law* read *father*. p. 62. note l. 3. for *The Counterfeit*, read *The Cheat*. p. 90. after v. 62. add *exit PHA*. p. 93. l. 5. for *HALISCA* read *MILÆNIS*. p. 120. v. 95. for *these* read *then*. p. 136. v. 11. for *brandish* read *banish*. p. 143. note l. 8. for *Thermopolis* read *Hermopolis*. p. 149. note l. 2. after *or*, add *The Captives*. p. 159. note l. 6. for *they are*, read *be it*. p. 192. v. 23. for *be* read *for*. p. 193. v. 31. for *seeks* read *sees*. p. 239. note l. 19. for *thres* read *few*. p. 335. note l. 8. for *receives* read *salutes*. p. 353. v. 96. for *And ben't* read *Nor be*.

RICHARD WARNER.

Woodford-Row, Essex,  
Aug. 1, 1772.



THE

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MENECCHMUS, of Epidaurum.  
OLD MAN, Father-in-Law of Menecchmus.  
TRICULIUS, a Parasite, a Hanger-on to Menecchmus.  
CYLINDRUS, a Cook.

THE  
SERVANT of Menecchmus.  
PHYSICIAN.

# TWIN BROTHERS

WIFE of Menecchmus of Epidaurum.  
MAID-SERVANT of Menecchmus of Epidaurum.  
EROTIUM, a Courtesan, Mistress of Menecchmus.  
SERVANTS of Menecchmus of Epidaurum.

SCENE, in Epidaurum, a city of Macedonia.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MENÆCHMUS, *of Epidamnum.*

OLD MAN, *Father-in-Law of MENÆCHMUS.*

PENICULUS, *a Parasite, a Hanger-on to MENÆCHMUS.*

SERVANT of MENÆCHMUS,  
PHYSICIAN.

CYLINDRUS, *a Cook.*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

MESSenio, *Servant of MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.*

WIFE of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnum.

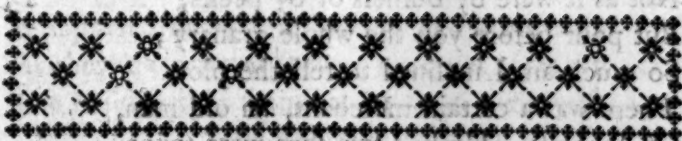
MAID-SERVANT of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnum.

EROTIUM, *a Courtezan, Mistress of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnum.*

SERVANTS of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnum.

SCENE, *in Epidamnum, a city of Macedonia.*





# \* PROLOGUE

**S**PECTATORS:—first and foremost,—may all  
 health  
 And happiness attend both you and me!  
 I bring you *Plautus*, with my tongue, not hand;  
 Give him, I pray, a fair and gentle hearing.  
 Now learn the argument, and lend attention:  
 I'll be as brief as may be.—'Tis the way  
 With poets in their comedies to feign  
 The business pass'd at *Athens*, so that you  
 May think it the more *Græcian*.—For our play,  
 I'll not pretend the incidents to happen  
 Where they do not: the argument is *Græcian*,

\* Translated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Esq; V.



And yet it is not *Attic*, but *Sicilian*.—  
 So much by way of preface to our tale,  
 Which now I'll deal out to you in full measure,  
 Not as it were by bushels or by pecks, 15  
 But pour before you the whole granary;  
 So much am I inclined to tell the plot.  
 There was a certain merchant, an old man,  
 Of *Syracuse*. He had two sons were twins,  
 So like in form and feature, that the nurse 20  
 Could not distinguish them, who gave them suck,  
 Nor ev'n the mother that had brought them forth,  
 As one inform'd me, who had seen the children;  
 Myself ne'er saw them, don't imagine it. 24  
 When that the boys were sev'n years old, the father  
 Freight'd a vessel with much store of merchandize;

V. 12. — *but Sicilian*.] In the time of *Plautus*, it should seem, says M. De L'Oeuwre, that the language of the *Sicilians* was *Greek*, yet not *Attic*, or such as was used in *Athens*, but less pure, as our mother tongue, than what is used at *Paris*, (for he was a *Frenchman*,) or at court: from which dialect the further it is, the less elegant. In *Cicero*'s time, the language of the *Sicilians* was partly *Latin*, partly *Greek*. *Apuleius* calls the *Sicilians* treble-tongued, as they made use of *Greek*, *Latin*, and one peculiar to themselves, which they called *Sicilian*. — Mr. Cook in his Dissertation on the life of *Terence*, from this passage makes no doubt but that *Plautus* translated this play from *Epicharmus*; or at least imitated that author in it. *Epicharmus* was a *Sicilian*; and *Horace* tells us,

*Dicitur* —

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properari Epicharmi.

Lib. II. Epist. I. V. 58.

*Plautus* as rapid in his plots appears

As *Epicharmus*.

FRANCIS.

V. 10. — *the nurse* —] The original is *mater*, which here means foster-mother, that is, nurse.

baA



Put



P R O L O G U E. 3

Put one of them on board, and took the child  
 Along with him to traffick at *Tarentum*,  
 The other with his mother left at home.  
 When they arrived there at this same *Tarentum*, 30  
 It happen'd there were sports; and multitudes,  
 As they are wont at shews, were got together.  
 The child stray'd from his father in the croud.  
 There chanc'd to be a certain merchant there,  
 An *Epidamnian*, who pick'd up the boy, 35  
 And bore him home with him to *Epidamnum*.  
 The father, on the sad loss of his boy,  
 Took it to heart most heavily, and died  
 For grief of't, some days after, at *Tarentum*.  
 When news of this affair was brought to *Syracuse*  
 Unto the grandfather, how that the child 41  
 Was stolen, and the father dead with grief,  
 The good old man changes the other's name,  
 So much he lov'd the one that had been stolen:  
 Him that was left at home, he calls *Menæchmus*, 45  
 Which was the other's name; and by the same  
 The grandsire too was call'd; I do remember it  
 More readily, for that I saw him cry'd.  
 I now forewarn you, lest you err hereafter,  
 Both the twin brothers bear the self-same name. 50

V. 28. *To traffick at Tarentum.*] *Tarentum* was a city of *Calabria*, part of *Italy*, and the most southern part of the kingdom of *Naples*, once inhabited by the *Lacedemonians*, now called *Taranto*.

V. 36. *to Epidamnum.*] See *Act II. Scene I.* note on V. 38.  
 43.

V. 40. *brought to Syracuse.*] *Syracuse* was anciently the capital city of *Sicily*.

# 6 PROLOGUE.

Now must I foot it back to *Epidamnium*,  
 That I may clear this matter up exactly.  
 If any of you here have any business  
 At *Epidamnium* you want done, speak out,  
 You may command me ;—but on this condition, 55  
 Give me the money to defray the charges.  
 He that don't give it, will be much mistaken ;  
 Much more mistaken will he be that does.  
 But now am I return'd whence I set forth,  
 Though yet I stand here in the self-same place. 60  
 This *Epidamnian*, whom I spoke of, he  
 Who stole that other boy, no children had  
 Except his riches, therefore he adopts  
 This stranger-boy, gave him a wife well-portioned,  
 And makes him his sole heir, before he died. 65  
 As he was haply going to the country,  
 After an heavy rain, trying to ford  
 A rapid river near unto the city,  
 Th' rapid river rap'd him off his legs,  
 And snatch'd him to destruction : a large fortune 70  
 Fell to the youth, who now lives here : the other,  
 Who dwells at *Syracuse*, is come to day  
 To *Epidamnium* with a slave of his,

V. 51. *Now must I foot it back to Epidamnium.*] The original is, *Nunc in Epidamnium pedibus redeundum est mihi*—which Lambin and M. De L'Orovere have a ridiculous conceit, may be taken two ways ; as the word *pedes*, means the feet we walk with, and also feet which are the measure of verses. But it does not appear to us that *Plautus* meant any such thing.

V. 69. *Th' rapid river &c.*] The original is, *Rapidus raptori pueri subduxit pedes*, in which the reader perceives a jingle of words in *rapidus* and *raptori*, which we have aimed at imitating.

## PROLOGUE.

In quest of his twin brother. Now this city  
[pointing to the scenes.]

Is *Epidamnus*, while this play is acting; 75

And when another shall be represented,  
'Twill be another place; like as our company  
Are also wont to shift their characters.

While the same player at one time is a pimp,  
And then a young gallant, an old curmudgeon, 80  
A poor man, rich man, parasite, or priest.

THE  
\*TWIN BROTHERS.\*

† A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter PENICULUS, the Parasite.*

O UR young men call me *disheclout*, for this reason,

Whene'er I eat, I wipe the tables clean.  
Now in my judgment they act foolishly,  
Who bind in chains their captives, and clap fetters  
Upon their run-away slaves : for if you heap  
Evil on evil to torment the wretch,

The

\* *Plautus* calls this comedy *MENÆCHMI*.—The characters of the Twins, being each of them called *Menæchmus*, the one of *Epidamnus*, the other *Menæchmus Sossicles*.—We have therefore given it the name of *The Twin Brothers*.

† This Act translated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Esq;

V. 1. *call me disheclout,*] The original is, *Juventus nomen fecit Peniculo mibi*. Now *Festus* observes, that *Peniculus est spongia oblonga, caudæ similis, ad excutiendum pulverem, quales sunt caudæ vulpinæ et bubulæ*. The word *Peniculus* means an oblong sponge, like a tail, used to brush off the dust : such are the tails of foxes or oxen.



The stronger his desire is to escape.—  
 They'll free them from their chains by any means :  
 Load them with gyves, they file away the door,  
 Or knock the bolt out with a stone.—'Tis vain this :  
 But would you keep a man from 'scaping from you,  
 Be sure you chain him fast with meat and drink  
 And tye him by the beak to a full table.  
 Give him his fill, allow him meat and drink  
 At pleasure, in abundance, every day ; 15  
 And I'll be sworn, although his crime be capital,  
 He will not run away : you'll easily  
 Secure him, while you bind him with these bonds,  
 They're wondrous supple these same belly-bonds,

It might have been translated *Brush*. The word occurs in *Terence*.

*Thraso. Quid, ignave? peniculus pugnari, qui istum hac portas cogitas?*

*Sanga. Egon! Imperatoris virtutem noveram, et vim militum: Sine sanguine hoc fieri non posse, qui abstergerem vulnera.*

EUNUCHUS, ACT. IV. Sc. 7.

*Thraso. Think'st thou to combat with a disbelclout, slave! That thus thou bring'st it here?*

*Sanga. Ah! Sir, I knew  
 The valour of the general and his troops;  
 And seeing this affair must end in blood,  
 I brought a clout to wipe the wounds withal.*

COLMAN.

Now here it plainly means a *clout* or *disbelclout*; and Mr. Colman has very judiciously rendered it so; therefore, the same word is adopted here. Had *Plautus* wrote now, he might possibly have called him *Doyley*.

V. 16. *although his crime be capital.*] The original is, *tametsi capital fecerit*.

*Festus* tells us, that *capital facinus est quod capitis pena luitur*.

What is called a capital crime, is a crime that is punished by the loss of the head.

The



10 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

The more you stretch them, they will bind the  
harder. 20

For instance, I'm now going to *Menæchmus*,  
Most willingly I'm going to be bound,  
According to his sentence past upon me.  
Good soul! he's not content with giving us  
A bare support and meagre sustenance, 25  
But crams us even to satiety;  
Gives us, as 'twere, new life, when dead with  
hunger.

O he's a rare physician: he's a youth  
Of lordly appetite; he treats most daintily,  
His table's bravely served; such heaps of dishes, 30  
You must stand on your couch to reach the top.  
Yet I've some days been absent from his house;  
Homely I've liv'd at home with my *dear* friends,  
For all I eat or buy is *dear* to me,  
Yet they desert the very friends that rais'd them. 35  
Now will I visit him: but the door opens:  
And see! *Menæchmus*' self is coming forth.

V. 29. *he treats most daintily.*] The original is, *Cereales canas dat*. He gives suppers fit for the feast of *Ceres*. As *Ceres* was the goddess of corn and of plenty, the entertainments made in honour of her, were plentiful and splendid.

V. 32. *Yet I've some days &c.*] This the commentators mention as a difficult passage. We have followed the sense M. *De L'Oeuwre* has put upon it.

V. 33. *Homely I've liv'd at home.*] The original is *Domi domitatus fui*; in which there seems to be a *double entendre*, as well as a *jingle of words*. Something like it is aimed at in the Translation. And *Milton* has something not very different from it in his *Mask at Ludlow Castle*.

It is for homely creatures to keep home,  
They have their name thence——

Comus.

SCENE

ACT I. SCENE II. 11

SCENE II.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnum, with a robe, speaking to his wife within.*

Were you not good for nothing, were you not  
 An ass, a stubborn ideot, what you see  
 Displeas'd your husband, would displease you too,  
 From this day forward, if you use me thus,  
 I'll turn you out of doors, and send you back 5  
 A widow to your father: for whenever  
 I would go forth, you hold me, call me back,  
 Ask where I'm going, what 'tis I'm about,  
 And what's my business, what I want abroad.  
 I've married sure some officer o' th' customs, 10  
 I'm so examin'd—what I've done—what do—  
 Too kindly you've been treated hitherto;  
 I'll tell you how you shall be—Since I allow you  
 Maids, jewels, cloaths, wool—Since you want for  
 nothing,  
 If you were wise, you'd dread the consequence, 15  
 And cease to watch your husband. So, that you  
 May watch me to some purpose, for your pains,  
 I'll dine abroad now with some trull or other.

PEN. (*aside.*) He means to gall his wife by what  
 he says:

V. 6. *A widow,*] i. e. divorced. See *Conjugal Fidelity*,  
 Act I. Scene I. V. 3. Note. Vol. IV. of this Translation.

V. 10. *Officer o' th' customs, &c.*] The original is, *Portitorem*  
*domum duxi.* *Portitor*, Nonius tells us, is a Custom-House Officer,  
 who is always examining those who embark, or land at any port,  
 to find if they have any merchandize conceal'd about them; after  
 which a duty is to be paid.

But

12 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

But me he spites; for if he dine abroad, 20  
On me he reck's his vengeance, not on her.

MEN. EPI. Victoria! by my tauntings, I at  
length  
Have driven her from the door.—Where, where  
are all

The intriguing husbands? why do they delay  
To bring me gifts, and thank me for my prowess:—  
I've stol'n this robe here of my wife's, and mean  
To carry it to my mistress.—So we ought  
To trick these crafty husband-watching dames:—  
'Tis a fair action, this of mine, 'tis right,  
'Tis pleasant faith, and admirably carried. 30  
With plague enough, I've ta'en it from one plague  
To give it to another.—Thus I've gain'd  
A booty from the foe, without our loss.

PEN. (*aloud.*) What portion of the booty's mine,  
young Sir?

MEN. EPI. Undone! I'm fall'n into an ambuscade.

PEN. You've lighted on a safe-guard: never fear,

MEN. EPI. Who's that?

PEN. 'Tis I.

MEN. EPI. O my most welcome friend,  
Save you.

V. 26. *I've stol'n this robe.*] *Pallam surripui.* Festus tells us, that the habit which modest women wore over their other garments, was called *palla*. *Palla* (says he) *est honestæ mulieris vestimentum.*

V. 32. *To give it to another.*] The original is, *ad damnum refertur*; a metonymy—the adjunct for the subject—*damnum* for *damnosum*. So in many of the best authors, Cicero in particular, *scelus* is used for *sceleratus*. So our author again, V. 28 of this scene, *commoditas* for *commodo*, *opportunitas* for *opportuno*.

PEN.

ACT I. SCENE II. 33

PEN. And you.

MEN. EPI. How fares it?

PEN. Let me take  
My genius by the hand.

MEN. EPI. You could not come  
More opportune than now.

PEN. It is my way: 40  
I know to hit each point and nick of time.

MEN. EPI. Shall I acquaint you with a saucy  
prank?

PEN. Saucy? what cook has drest it? I shall  
know

If he has marr'd it when I see the relicks.

MEN. EPI. Now prithee tell me, have you never  
seen 45

The picture of an eagle bearing off  
Jove's *Ganymede*, or *Venus* with *Adonis*?

PEN. Ay, many a time. But what are they to  
me?

MEN. EPI. Look at me.—Do I bear resemblance  
to them?

PEN. What means that robe?

MEN. EPI. Say I'm a pleasant fellow. 50

PEN. Where shall we dine?

MEN. EPI. Poh, say what I com-  
mand you.

PEN. Well then,—thou art a pleasant fellow.\*

V. 47. *Jove's Ganymede*.] The original is, *Catamitum*. Why  
*Ganymede* is so called, the learned reader need not be informed.  
He was the son of *Tros*, king of *Troy*, whom *Jupiter*, in the  
form of an eagle, stole, and made him his cup-bearer instead of  
*Hibi*. See *Ovid*. *Met.* Lib. X.

MEN.



# 14 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. EPI. What,  
Canst add nought of thy own?

PEN. Yes, joyous fellow.

MEN. EPI. Proceed.

PEN. Not I, i'faith, unless I know  
Why there's a falling out 'twixt you and Madam. 55  
I take great care to have this from yourself.

MEN. EPI. Tell me without the knowlege of  
my wife,

Where shall we kill, where bury, time?

PEN. Come, come;  
You say right; I will dig its grave: the day's  
Already half-expired.

MEN. EPI. 'Tis mere delay, 60  
Your chattering thus.

PEN. Knock out my only eye,  
*Menecbmus*, if I speak one other word,  
But what you bid.

V. 57. *Where shall we kill?*] *Comburemus diem*, burn the day,  
*i. e.* sup. He supposes the day to be dead, *i. e.* ended; for, the  
large meal, the same as our dinner, the ancients made at night.

V. 59. *Already half-expired.*] The original is, *Dies quidem jam  
ad umbilicum est dimidiatus mortuus.* *Umbilicus* properly signifies  
the navel; and, as *Limiers* has observed from *Gronovius*, is in the  
middle of the body, so it is used to signify the middle of any  
thing. And it is so used in other authors.

*Jam primum Ætolos, qui UMBILICUM Græciæ incolebant, in  
armis cum inventurum; Antesignanos asperrema quæque belli paratur.*

T. Livii, Lib. xxxv. c. 18.

First he would find the *Ætolians*, who inhabit the middle of  
*Greece* in arms, and ready to undergo the greatest hardships of  
the war.

Within the navel of this hideous wood  
Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells.

MILTON's Mask at Ludlow Castle. *Attendant Spirit.*

MEN.

ACT I. SCENE II. 15

MEN. EPI. Draw hither from the door.

PEN. I will.

MEN. EPI. Draw hither.

PEN. Well.

MEN. EPI. Come quickly hither,  
Come from the lioness's den.

PEN. 'Fore heav'n,  
You'd make a dext'rous charioteer.

MEN. EPI. Why so? 65

PEN. You look behind you, left your wife should  
follow.

MEN. EPI. What say you now?

PEN. What say I?—what you will  
I say and unsay.

MEN. Were your nose to any thing,  
Could you not make a shrewd guess by the smell?

PEN. Aye, surely: the whole college, Sir, of  
Augurs 70  
Have not so quick a scent at divination.

MEN. EPI. Come then, and smell this robe  
which I have here.

What does it smell of? (*holding it up.*) won't you  
take it? Hey-day!

PEN. A woman's garment should be smelt at top;  
The scent is else too strong for any nose. 75

MEN. EPI. Come, smell it here then, good

*Peniculus* :—

How you make faces at it!

V. 65. *You'd make a dext'rous charioteer.*] The original is, *esses agitator probus*. The charioteers, or drivers of chariots at the Circean games, were called *agitatores*; and they often looked back, to see how near behind them, their opponents were, in order to push on to arrive first at the goal.

PEN.

16 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

PEN. I can't help it.

MEN. EPI. What does it smell of? answer.

PEN. It smells strong  
Of theft, of whore, and dinner.

MEN. EPI. I'm now going  
To carry it to my mistress, my *Erotium*: 80  
I'll bid her to provide a dinner for us,—  
For me, for you, and for herself: we'll there  
Carouse it till the morrow's morning star.

PEN. O bravely spoken!—shall I knock?

MEN. EPI. You may:—  
Yet hold a while.

PEN. The cup was just at-hand; 85  
'Tis now a thousand paces off.

MEN. EPI. Knock softly.

PEN. Are you afraid the door is made of crockery?

MEN. EPI. Hold, prithee hold:—herself is com-  
ing forth.

PEN. Oh, Sir, you look upon the sun: your eyes  
Are blinded with her brightness.—

V. 86. *'Tis now a thousand paces off.*] The parasite now (M. Guendeville from M. De L'Oeuvre observes) begins to lose all patience. He complains of, and reproaches Menachmus, who by his delay keeps him from the entertainment, and from his share of the cup in his turn.

V. 87. *Are you afraid the door is made of crockery?*] The original is, *metuis credo, ne foras Samia fiant*. You fear perhaps the doors are Samian. Samos was a place famous for making earthen vessels. See Vol. I. *The Captives*, Act II. Scene II. V. 59, note.

SCENE

ACT I. SCENE III. 17

SCENE III.

*Enter* EROTIVM.

My *Menæchmus*!

My love! good morrow!

PEN. Won't you welcome me too?

EROT. You rank not in the number of my friends.

PEN. Yet treat me as a supernumerary.

MEN. EPI. We mean to pitch a field with you  
to-day. 5

EROT. Aye, that we will.

MEN. EPI. And prove, with pitcher fill'd,  
Which is the mightier warrior at the bowl:

Yourself shall be commander; you shall choose,  
Which you will pass the night with.—O my sweet,  
When I look on you, how I loath my wife! 10

ERO. And yet you cannot chuse, but you must  
wrap you

In some part of her gear.—Pray what is this?

MEN. EPI. A cast skin of my wife's to be flipt on  
By thee, my rose-bud.

EROT. You've the readiest way  
To win preheminance in my affection, 15  
From all that pay me suit,

V. 4. *As a supernumerary.*] A metaphor from the army. Among the ancients, those soldiers only whose names were written in the muster-roll, could claim any benefit from their profession; others who followed the camp, had not the same advantage.

LIAMERS.

V. 5. *pitch a field.*] Another metaphor from the army. He means sup with her.



19 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

PEN. Right harlot this!  
An harlot's sure to coax, whene'er she finds  
There's any thing to get.—If you had loved him,  
You would have bit his nose off by this time  
With slobbering.—

MEN. EPI. Take my cloak, *Peniculus*; 20  
For I must dedicate the spoils I've vow'd.

PEN. Let's see't.

MEN. EPI. (*putting on the robe*) But prithee now,  
you'll afterwards  
Dance in your robe.

PEN. I dance in't?—

MEN. EPI. You are mad.

PEN. Are you or I most mad?

MEN. EPI. Well, if you won't,  
Then pull it off. I ran a mighty risk 25  
In stealing of this robe: in my mind truly  
Young *Hercules* ran not an equal hazard, when  
He spoil'd the bold *Hippolita* of her girdle.

(*giving the robe to Erotium.*)

Take it, since you alone of women living  
Suit your affection gently unto mine. 30  
True lovers should be thus disposed.

V. 22. *Let's see't, &c.*] This, and the next lines are in different editions, given to different speakers---We prefer the disposition of them in that of *Aldus*, and have translated them accordingly.

V. 28. *He spoil'd the bold Hippolita of her girdle.*] *Hippolita* was a queen of the *Amazons*, whose girdle, after he had defeated her army, *Hercules* took off, and had her married to *Theseus*.

PEN.

ACT I. SCENE III. 19

PEN. Provided

They would run headlong into beggary.

MEN. EPI. 'Tis not a year past, since it stood me in  
Four *minæ* for my wife.

PEN. Four *minæ* then,

By your account, are plainly gone for ever. 35

MEN. EPI. Know you what I would have you do?

EROT. I know;

And will take care according to your wish.

MEN. EPI. Let dinner be provided for us three;  
Send to the market for some dainty morsel,  
A gammon, some sow's kernels, a hog's cheek,  
Or sausages, or something of that kind,  
Which, when they're brought to table, may suggest  
A kite-like appetite:—about it strait.

EROT. 'I faith I will.

MEN. EPI. We're going to the Forum,  
We shall be here directly: while 'tis dressing, 45  
We will amuse us with a whet i'th' interim.

EROT. Come when you will, dear, all things shall  
be ready.

MEN. EPI. Quick, follow me.

PEN. Yes, yes, I'll have an eye to you,  
Close at your heels, I warrant; I'll not lose you,  
Not for the wealth of all the gods.

[*Exeunt MENÆCHMUS and PENICULUS.*]

EROT. Call forth 50

The cook *Cylindrus*, bid him come this instant.

V. 43. *A kite-like appetite.*] *Milvinam suggerant.* As hungry  
as a hawk, is now a common saying.

20 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

SCENE IV.

Enter CYLINDRUS.

EROT. Take the hand-basket; and, d'ye mind?  
here are

Three pieces for you,—you have hold of them.

CYL. I have.

ERO. Go to the market and provide  
Enough for three; now let there be sufficient,  
And nought to spare.

CYL. What kind of guests, pray, are they? 5

ERO. I, and *Menæchmus*, and his parasite.

CYL. Nay, there are ten then;—for the parasite  
Will lay about him equal to eight men.

V. 2. *Three pieces for you.*] *Eccos, tris nummos habes.* See  
the table of sums in Vol. I.

V. 7. *Nay, there are ten then.*] *Muretus* is of opinion, that *Plautus*  
has here imitated a passage in *Eubulus*, an ancient Greek poet.  
The passage is in *Athenæus*. Lib. I. Sect. IV.

\*Ευβουλός, ὁ κομικός, Φησὶ.

Εἰσὶν ἡμῖν τῶν κεκλημένων δύο

\*Ἐπὶ δεῖπνον ἄμφοι, Φιλοκράτης καὶ Φιλοκράτης.

\*Ἐν γὰρ ἐμῶν ὄντα δύο λογιζομαι,

Μεγάλους, μᾶλλον δὲ τρεῖς.

*Eubulus*, a comic poet, says;

Two of the guests I have invited, are  
At supper, scarce to be out-done. Their names  
*Philocrates*—Who else? *Philocrates*.

'Tis true he is but one; yet I esteem him,  
The same as two, or rather, a large three.

EROT.

ACT I. SCENE IV. 21

EROT. I've told you what's the number of our  
guests :  
You will provide accordingly.

CYL. I warrant. 10

'Tis drest already: you've but to sit down.

ERO. You'll come back quickly.

CYL. I'll be here this instant.

\* \* This Act is opened by *Peniculus*, a parasite of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus*, in a soliloquy in praise of good eating and drinking, and enlarging on the praises of his patron, whom he sees coming out of his own house, after he had been quarrelling with his wife on an affair of jealousy. He brings a robe with him which he had sitched from her, and is now going to present it to his mistress, *Erotium*, and to order a dinner; which he does, when she makes her appearance in the next scene. This, after *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus* and *Peniculus* had left her, to go to the Forum, she orders her cook *Cylindrus* to do, and the first interval is filled up with the time necessary for that purpose.

End of the FIRST ACT.

C 3

ACT



## \* A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, and MESSENIO, his Servant.*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

**N**O greater joy have voyagers, *Messenio*,  
Than, from the deep far off, to spy out land.

MESS. To speak the truth, 'tis still a greater joy  
To find that land, when you arrive, your country.

But wherefore come we now to *Epidamnum*? 5  
Must we go round each island like the sea?

MEN. Sos. I am in quest of my twin brother.

MESS. Good now,  
When will there be an end of searching for him?

This is the sixth year since we set about it;

The *Istrians*, the *Illyrians*, the *Massilians*, 10

The *Spaniards*, the whole *Adriatic* gulf,

With farthest *Greece*, and each *Italian* coast,

That

\* This Act, translated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Esq;

V. 4. — *Your country*.] What *Menæchmus* observes of land in general, *Messenio* refers to one's own country; by that means to deter *Menæchmus* from pursuing his intended journey in search of his brother.

DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 10. *The Istrians, the Illyrians, &c.*] *Istria* was a country of *Italy*, in the gulf of *Venice*, on the confines of *Illyricum*; *Illyria* was a country on the borders of the *Adriatic* sea, over-against *Italy*, including *Dalmatia*, *Slavonia*, and some other countries; the *Massilians* were inhabitants of a city in France, now called *Marseilles*. Our *Shakspeare*, who most undoubtedly took his

Comedy

ACT II. SCENE I. 23

That the sea washes, have we travers'd round,  
Had we been looking for a needle, sure  
We should have found it long ago, if visible. 15  
So search we for a dead man 'mong the quick;  
For we had found him long ago, if living.

MEN. Sos. Would I could find out one, that  
might assure me

Of his own knowledge, that my brother's dead!  
Then I'd forego my quest, not otherwise: 20  
But, while I live, I'll never spare my pains,  
Nor ever will desist from searching for him.  
How dear he's to my heart, too well I feel—

MESS. You in a bull-rush seek a knot—'tis vain:  
Come,

*Comedy of Errors* from this play, or, at least, the translation of  
it, printed in 1595, which has been already mentioned by Mr.  
THORNTON, in his preface, Vol. I. makes his *Ægeon* say,

Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,  
Roaming clean thro' the bounds of *Asia*,  
And coasting homeward came to *Ephesus*.

Act I. Scene I.

V. 24. *You in a bull-rush, &c.*] *In scirpo nodum quæris*—A  
proverbial expression, used to signify making a difficulty when  
there is none. The stem of a bull-rush is quite smooth and  
without knots—We meet with it applied in the same way in  
*Terence*.

—*nodum in scirpo quæris*.—

*Andrio*, Act V. Scene IV. V. 38.

—You puzzle a plain cause.—

COLMAN,

It is also, in old *Ennius*.

*Quæris et in scirpo, soliti quod dicere, nodum,*

*ENNII Fragmenta.*

You in a bull-rush, as the saying is,

Are seeking for a knot.—

In another sense, of seeking for a thing where it is impossible  
to find it, we have a Proverb comes near it, viz. *You're seeking*  
*for a needle in a bottle of hay*. But so excellent and plain a Pro-

24 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Come, let's return; unless you mean to write 25  
A book of voyages.

MEN. Sos. No fine, subtle speeches,  
Or you shall pay for't. Don't be impertinent.  
None of your freedoms.

MESS. By that single word  
I know, I am a *slave*: 'tis briefly said,  
Plainly, and fully:—yet I can't refrain 30  
From speaking.—Mind me, Sir!—Our purse, look  
here,—  
'Tis light enough, 'twon't make us sweat: now  
verily,—  
If you return not home; when nothing's left,

verb should be adopted into our language, *You're looking for a  
knot in a bull-rush.*

V. 25. *A book of voyages.*] The original is,

—*Nisi si historiam scripturi sumus.*

Unless we are to write a history.

*Bonhornius* thinks this may allude to the celebrated voyage of  
*Ulysses*, a history of which could not be wrote without an  
exact knowledge of all the places, and being most accurately  
skilled in Geography. We have therefore given the passage that  
turn, as thinking it more agreeable to a modern reader. He  
does not seem to have known, that there were other accounts of  
countries wrote before that time.

V. 32. —*'twon't make us sweat.*] *Viaticum ad modum æstivi  
sumus.* We are furnished with necessities as it were for a sum-  
mer journey. They had lighter garments, and carried fewer  
provisions for a summer, than for a winter journey, not only  
because they were not so long on the road, but because the heat  
of the weather would not let them overload themselves.

ACT II. SCENE I. 25

You'll chafe for this wild chase of your twin brother.  
As for the people here, these *Epidamnians*, 35  
They're errant debauchees, most potent drinkers;  
Cheats, parasites abound here; and they say  
Such wheedling harlotries are no where met with;  
And therefore is this place call'd *Epidamnium*,  
Because there's no one comes here, but says *damn 'em*.

MEN. SOS. I'll look to that: give me the purse.

MESS. The purse?

What would you do with it?

MEN. SOS. I've apprehensions

'Bout you, from what you said.

MESS. What apprehensions?

MEN. SOS. Left you should cry in *Epidamnium*,  
*damn 'em*.

V. 34. *You'll chafe for this wild chase of your twin brother.*] The original is, *geminum dum quaris, games*. While you are in search of your twin brother, you will lament your being in want of provisions. This is one of our author's puns, and consists on a play on these words, *geminum* and *games*. It cannot be translated, and we fear we have endeavoured but lamely, at imitating it.

V. 37. *Cheats, parasites abound here.*] Our *Shakespeare* in his *Comedy of Errors*, makes *Antipholus of Syracuse* give much the same account of *Ephesus*:

They say, this town is full of cozenage;  
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;  
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such like liberties of sin.

Act I. Scene III.

V. 39. 44. *Therefore is this place call'd Epidamnium.*] *Left you should cry in Epidamnium, damn 'em.*

The



26 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

You are a mighty lover of the wenches: 45  
 I'm cholerick, quite a madman when provok'd:  
 Now when I have the cash in my own hands,  
 'Twill guard against two harms; you'll not offend;  
 Nor I be angry with you.

Mess. Take and keep it,---  
 With all my soul,---

SCENE II.

CYLINDRUS *entering*,

I've marketed most rarely,  
 And to my mind: I warrant, I serve up  
 A dainty dinner to the guests.—But hold—  
 I see *Menæchmus*. Woe then to my back!

The

The original is,

*Propterea huic urbi nomen Epidamno inditum est.*

*Quia nemo ferme hac sine damno divortitur—*

*—Ne mihi damnum in Epidamno dui.*

*Epidamnus*, or *Epidamnum*, (for it was called sometimes one, and sometimes the other) was a town in *Macedonia*, on the *Adriatick* sea; well known for its convenient passage from thence into *Italy*. It was so called from *Epidamnus*, a king of that name; but afterwards became a colony of the *Romans*, who changed its name to that of *Dyrrhachium*; and for the reason alluded to in this passage. Of this, we have the authority of *Pomponius Mela*, and the elder *Pliny*.

*Urbium prima est Oricum, secunda Dyrrhachium, Epidamnus ante erat. Romani nomen mutaverunt, quia velut in damnum iturus, omen id visum est.*

*Pomponius Mela de vita orbis. Lib. II. cap. III.*

Its principal city is *Oricum*, the second *Dyrrhachium*, which before was called *Epidamnus*. The *Romans* changed the name,

He guests are walking here before the door, 5  
 e I return from market.—I'll accost them.  
 Save you, *Menæchmus*!

MEN. Sos. Save you! Do you know me?

CYL. No, to be sure! (*ironically*) Where are the  
 other guests?

MEN. Sos. What guests do you mean?

CYL. Your Parasite.

MEN. Sos. My Parasite?  
 Surely the man is mad.

MESS. Now say, my master, 10  
 Did I not tell you there were many cheats here?

MEN. Sos. Whom mean you by my Parasite?

CYL. Why, *Disbclout*.

MESS. See, see,—I have him safe here in the  
 wallet.

CYL. *Menæchmus*, you are come too soon to  
 dinner:

I am but now return'd from marketing. 15

as it appeared to them an omen, that they should go thither to  
 their loss.

—*Epidamnum colonia, propter inauspicatum nomen a Romanis  
 Dyrrhachium appellata.*

*Plinii Nat. Hist. Lib. III. cap. 23.*

—The colony *Epidamnum*, which, on account of that unlucky  
 name, was called by the *Romans*, *Dyrrbachium*.

It is remarkable for being the place to which *Cicero* was  
 banished; it is now called *Duranxo*.

The literal translation would be, Therefore is this place call'd  
*Epidamnum*, because scarce any one comes to it but to his loss.

—And,

Left you should meet with in *Epidamnum* something to your loss.

This indeed would give the sense, but not preserve the  
 author's punning between *Epidamnum* and *Damnum*. How far  
 we may be thought to have aimed at it, must be left to the  
 candour of the reader.

MEN,

28 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. SOS. What is the price, pray, of a hog  
for sacrifice?

CYL. A piece.

MEN. SOS. I'll give it: make a sacrifice  
At my expence; for sure you must be mad  
To cross a stranger thus, whoe'er you are.

CYL. I am *Cylindrus*: know you not my name?

MEN. SOS. Or Cylinder, or Cullender;—begone:  
I know you not, nor do I want to know you.

CYL. Your name's *Menæchmus*, that I know.

MEN. SOS. You talk  
As one that's in his senses, calling me  
Thus by my name. But where, pray, have you  
known me? 25

CYL. Where have I known you?—you, who  
have a wench here,  
*Erosium*, my mistress.

MEN. SOS. I have not,  
Nor know I who you are.

CYL. Not who I am?  
I, who so oft have handed you the cup,  
When you carous'd here.

V. 16. —*a hog for sacrifice.*] The antients, when they had  
any mad person in their family, were used to sacrifice a hog to  
their household gods. See V. 40.

V. 17. *A piece.*] *Nummum*.—See the table of coins before-  
mentioned.

V. 21. *Or Cylinder, or Cullender.*] Imitating our author's  
pun, is here again aimed at; which in the original carries with  
it an allusion not quite so decent. M. De L'Oeuvre thinks this  
line more in character for *Messenio*; we think so too, and that  
the next line should be given to *Menæchmus*.

MES.

ACT II. SCENE II. 29

MESS. O that, I have nothing 30  
To break his head with!

MEN. SOS. How? you've handed me  
The cup? when till this day I never came  
To *Epidamnium*, never set my eyes on't.

CYL. Will you deny it?

MEN. SOS. Yes, I must deny it.

CYL. Don't you live yonder?

MEN. SOS. Plague upon their heads 35  
That live there!

CYL. Sure he's mad, to curse himself.  
Hark'ye, *Menæchmus*?

MEN. SOS. What say you?

CYL. If you would  
Take my advice, that piece you promised me,  
Buy a hog with it for yourself to sacrifice:  
For sure you are not in your perfect mind, 40  
To curse yourself.

MEN. SOS. Thou'rt mad.—vexatious fellow!

CYL. In this wise will he often jest with me;  
He's such a wag, he,—when his wife's not by.

MEN. SOS. Prithee now.

CYL. Prithee now, is this provision  
Sufficient, what you see here, for you three? 45  
Or would you have me to provide yet more,  
For you, your parasite and wench?

MEN. SOS. What wench,  
What parasite d'ye speak of?

MESS. Rascal! what  
Provokes thee to molest him thus?

CYL. What business

V. 40. You are not in your perfect mind.] See note on V. 16.

Hast



30 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Hast thou with me? I know thee not: I'm talking  
To him I know. 50

MESS. You are not in your senses.

CYL. I'll get these ready out of hand: [*pointing  
to the provisions*] then go not  
Far from the door. Would you ought further with me?

MEN. Sos. Go hang yourself.

CYL. Go you and seat yourself,  
While to the violence of Vulcan's rage 55  
I these oppose—I'll in, and let *Erotium*  
Know you are here, that she may fetch you in,  
Rather than you should saunter here without doors.  
[*Cylindrus goes in.*]

SCENE III.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, and MESSENIO.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

So,—is he gone?—I find there is some truth  
In what you told me.

MESS. Do but mind.—I fancy,  
Some harlot dwells here; so this crack-brain said  
Who went hence even now.

MEN. Sos. But I do marvel,  
How he should know my name.

MESS. I'faith no wonder: 5

V. 55. *While to the violence, &c.*] In plain English, he means  
while dinner's cooked.—

V. 1. *So—is he gone?—*] Most of the editions keep this, as  
far as the entrance of *Erotium*, to the same scene.—But we have  
taken the liberty to make it begin a new one.

This

ACT II. SCENE IV. 31

This is the way of courtezans: they send  
 Their lacqueys and their wenches to the port:  
 If any foreign ship arrive, to ask  
 Whose is it, what's its name? Then instantly  
 They set themselves to work, they stick like glue. 10  
 If they can lure some gull to their embraces,  
 They turn him out anon, undone and ruin'd.  
 A pirate vessel lurks within this port,  
 Which we in my opinion should beware of.

MEN. Sos. You counsel right.

MESS. It will be known at last 15  
 How right it is, if you as rightly follow it.

MEN. Sos. Softly a while: the door creaks: let us see  
 Who's coming forth.

MESS. Mean while I'll lay this down;

[*lays down his wallet on some oars.*]

Pray keep it safe, ye water-treading oars.

SCENE IV.

*Enter EROTIVM, speaking to her Servants within.*

Leave the door thus: I would not have it shut:  
 Begone: make ready: see that ev'ry thing  
 Be done that's wanting: lay the couches smooth,

V. 19. *Ye water-treading oars.*] *Navales pedes*—he calls them  
 so, because, like feet, they are the cause of the boat's motion.  
 Mr. De L'Oeuwre has a conjecture, that, instead of *pedes*, *Plautus*  
 might have wrote *pædes*—and so might mean sea-boys, sea-  
 servants. He did not consider, that, in *Plautus*, the last word  
 in the line is an *Iambic*; though from Scene 5. V. 6. it should  
 seem as if he meant so, allegorically at least.

V. 1. *I would not have it shut.*] *Douza* observes that it is  
 no difficult matter to guess the reason why *Erotium* orders the  
 door

32 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Let the perfumes be set on fire. 'Tis nearness  
Lures the fond lover's heart. A spruce appearance  
Is damage to the lover, gain to us.  
But where, where is he, whom the cook inform'd me  
Was at the door? I see him; he's a gentleman,  
From whom I draw much service and much profit;  
And therefore I'm content, that he should hold, 10  
As he deserves, with me, the highest place.  
I'll go and speak to him. My life! my soul!  
I marvel you should stand here at the door,  
That's open to you more than is your own;  
Your own it is.—Sweet, ev'ry thing is ready 15  
Which you desir'd: nothing to stay you, love:  
The dinner, which you order'd, we have got:  
Then, whensoever you please, you may sit down.

MEN. Sos. Whom does the woman speak to?

EROT. Why, to you.

MEN. Sos. What business have I ever had with  
you? 20

What business have I now?

EROT. 'Tis *Venus*' will,

I should prefer you before all my lovers;  
Nor on your part unmerited, for you,  
You only with your gifts enrich me.

door to be left open, since she knew by experience, that gallants  
like nothing worse than to find the doors of their mistresses  
houses shut. But it may be observed, she would not have the  
door shut, because she expected *Menæchmus* to go in again with  
her directly.

V. 3. *A spruce appearance.*] The original is, *amenities*; and,  
according to *Festus*, those places were called *amæna*, which  
allured to love.

MEN.

ACT II. SCENE IV. 33

MEN. SOS. Sure

This woman's either mad or drunk, *Messenio*, 25  
Thus to accost a stranger so familiarly.

MESS. Such practices are common here, I told you.  
These are but leaves; but if we tarry here  
Three days, the trees themselves will tumble on you.  
The courtezans here are all money-traps.— 30  
But suffer me to speak to her.—Hearkye, woman!  
A word with you.

EROT. What is't?

MESS. Where did you know  
This gentleman?

EROT. Where he has long known me:  
In *Epidamnus* here.

MESS. In *Epidamnus*?  
He never set his foot in't till to-day. 35

EROT. Ah! you are pleas'd to joke, my dear *Me-*  
*næchmus*.

But prithee, sweet, come in; 'twere better for you.

V. 28. *These are but leaves.*] According to *Tanbman*, the meaning is, that if you compare what happens now, to what will happen three days hence, the comparison will be just as the leaves of a tree are to the tree itself. Mr. *De L'Oeuvre* thinks by leaves, he means words, by trees, deeds. It seems plainly to be an allegorical way of expressing, that what happens at present, will be nothing to what will happen in future. Or, Have a regard to smaller inconveniencies, least by neglecting them, we run ourselves into greater. According to the *Greek Adage*,

Εἰ μὴ τὰ μικρὰ, κατὰ χρόνον, ταῖς μεγάλαις.  
If you keep not small things in safety, you will lose the greater.

To which may be added, another to the same purpose,

Πενάδες οὐέρον γαρήφοντες.

The smallest drops of rain grow into a large shower.—

*Mannucci Adagia*, page 169.



34 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. SOS. 'Fore heav'n the woman calls me by my name.

I marvel what this means.

MESS. She smells the purse  
Which you have there—

MEN. SOS. That's rightly put in mind. 40  
Here, take it. I shall know now if her love's  
To me, or to the purse.

EROT. Let's in to dinner.

MEN. SOS. 'Tis a kind invitation, and I thank you.

EROT. Why did you bid me then to get a dinner?

MEN. SOS. I bid you get a dinner!

EROT. Yes, most certainly, 45  
For you and for your parasite.

MEN. SOS. A plague!  
What parasite?—Why sure the woman's crazy.

EROT. *Peniculus.*

MEN. SOS. Who's that *Peniculus*?

EROT. The parasite; in other words, the *Dis-*  
*clout.*

MEN. SOS. O, what they wipe their shoes with?

EROT. He, I say, 50  
Who came with you this morning, when you brought  
me

The robe that you had stolen from your wife.

V. 49. *In other words, the Disclout.*] There is nothing to answer this verse in the original, but, like V. 12. in Scene II. it is necessary to make *Menæchmus*' reply intelligible.

V. 50. *O, what they wipe their shoes with?*] *Qui exterguntur baxia.* The Commentators tell us, that the shoes or slippers usually worn by philosophers, were called *baxia*,

MEN.

ACT II. SCENE IV. 35

MEN. SOS. How say you? I present you with a robe,

That I had stolen from my wife? art mad?

The woman sure, walks like a gelding, sleeping. 55

EROT. Why are you pleas'd to hold me for your sport?

And why do you deny what you have done?

MEN. SOS. What is it I deny? What have I done?

EROT. Given me a robe belonging to your wife.

MEN. SOS. I still deny it: I never had a wife, 60  
Nor have I: neither have I set my foot

Within your doors, since I was born. I din'd

On ship-board, thence came hither, and here met you.

EROT. Ah! woe is me!—what ship is't you are talking of?

MEN. SOS. A wooden one, oft weather-beaten, oft  
Bethump'd with mallets, like a taylor's pin-cushion  
Peg close to peg.

EROT. I prithee, now have done  
With jesting thus, and come along with me.

MEN. SOS. Some other man you mean, I know  
not whom,

Not me.

V. 55. *Walks, like a gelding, sleeping.*] The original is,

*Certi hæc mulier cantherino ritu astans somniat.*

Literally, certainly this woman like a gelding, sleeps standing.

What we call a gelding, the Romans called *cantherius*.

—*equi qui semini carent, il cantherii appellati: ut in suisbus, maiales: gallis gallinaceis, capi.*

*Varro De Re Rustica. Lib. II. cap. 7.*

—Geldings were called *cantherii*, as barrow pigs were called *maiales*, and dung-hill cocks, when cut, *capons*.

The metaphor, therefore, is from a gelding, who often sleeps standing.

36 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

EROT. What! don't I know thee? not *Menæch-*  
*mus,* 70

The son of *Mosechus*, who wert born, thou say'st,  
At *Syracuse*, in *Sicily*, where erst  
Reign'd king *Agathocles*, and after *Pinthia*,  
And next him *Liparo*, who by his death  
The kingdom left to *Hiero*, now king. 75

MEN. SOS. 'Faith what you say is true.

MESS. O *Jupiter*!  
Is she not come from thence, so well she knows you?

MEN. SOS. I can hold out no longer.

MESS. Stay, Sir, stay;  
For if you cross her threshold, you're undone.

MEN. SOS. Be quiet: all is well: I will assent 80  
To whatsoever she says, so I but get  
Good entertainment, and a fair reception.

(*To Erotium.*) For some time wittingly I have op-  
pos'd you,

Fearing this fellow here, lest he should tell  
My wife concerning all—the robe and dinner:  
Now when you please, we'll enter.

EROT. Then you do not 85  
Stay for the parasite?

MEN. SOS. I neither stay,  
Nor care a rush for him; nor would I have him  
Be let in when he comes.

EROT. With all my heart—  
But do you know, sweet, what I'd have you do?

MEN. SOS. Command me what you will.

EROT. That robe you gave me. 90  
I'd have you carry it to the embroiderer's,

V. 91. —*to the embroiderer's.*] *ad Phrygionem.* The *Phrygians*  
were reckon'd the most expert in works of embroidery or needle-  
work:

ACT II, SCENE V. 37

To be made up anew; with such additions,  
As I shall order.

MEN. Sos. What you say is right:  
So will it not be known; nor will my wife,  
If she should see you with it in the street, 95  
Know you have got it.

EROT. So then by and by,  
Sweet, you shall take it with you, when you go.

MEN. Sos. I will.

EROT. Let's in now.

MEN. Sos. I'll attend you presently,  
I would just speak a word with him.

[*Erotium goes in.*]

SCENE V.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENIO.

MEN. Sos. *Messenio!*

Come hither.

MESS. What's the matter?

MEN. Sos. 'St!—shall I  
Impart it to you?

MESS. What?

MEN. Sos. 'Tis such a chance.

MESS. What chance?

work: hence *Phrygia* came to signify an embroiderer. For this  
we have the authority of *Pliny the younger*.

*Pallas vestri jam apud Homerum fuisse, unde triumphales natae.  
Acu sacre, id Phryges invenerunt, ideoque Phrygiones appellati sunt.*

Nat. Hist. Lib. VIII. cap. 48.

In the time of *Homer*, they made use of embroidered garments.  
The *Phrygians* were the inventors of needle-work, and hence  
embroiderers were called *Phrygiones*.



38 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. Sos. I know what you will say.

Mess. I say

So much the worse for you.

MEN. Sos. I have got it, boy: 5  
I have already made a rare beginning.

Quick as you can, go carry these my ship-mates  
Directly to some place of entertainment.  
Then come to me e'er fun-set.

Mess. Master! master!

You're unacquainted with these harlotries. 10

MEN. Sos. Peace, prithee. If I play the fool,  
tis I,

Not you, shall suffer. Why, this woman here  
Is a mere simpleton, an arrant ignorant,  
As far as I have prov'd her hitherto.—  
She is our game, my boy.

Mess. 'Tis over with us.

MEN. Sos. Will you be gone? 15

V. 7. *Some place of entertainment.*] *Tabernam diversorium*, a  
tavern or inn.

V. 8. *Then come to me.*] The original is, *ut venias advorsum  
mibi*. We are told, that *advorsum ire vel venire*, is not only to  
meet, but to go in search of any one to a place appointed; and  
is chiefly used for servants going to fetch their masters home.

—*non redit hac nocte a cena Æschinus,*

*Neque servolorum quisquam, qui advorsum verant.*

*Terentii Adelphi—Act. I, Sce. I. V. 11*

—Then *Æschinus*

Never return'd, it seems last night from supper;

Nor any of the slaves who went to meet him.

COLMAN.

On which passage that gentleman observes, from *Donatus*, that  
the servants who went to meet their masters and defend them  
home, were called *adversitores*.

5

Mess.

ACT II. SCENE V. 39

MESS. He is undone, that's certain.  
This pirate vessel has the boat in tow.  
But I'm a fool, that I should seek to rule  
My master: for he bought me to obey,  
Not govern him. Come, follow me, that I 20  
May wait upon him at the time he order'd. \*

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Thus far, translated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Esq;

\*\* This Act is opened by *Menæchmus Socrates*, who had been five years in search of a twin brother, and was just arrived at *Epidamnus*. His conference with *Messenio* his servant, conduces not a little to the knowledge of the story of this Comedy. *Cylindrus* the cook coming from market with provisions, first opens this Comedy of Errors, by mistaking *Menæchmus Socrates*, for *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus*, who was to dine with his mistress, *Erotium* herself in the fourth Scene, which is a very entertaining one, makes the same mistake; and the Act ends, with *Menæchmus Socrates* going to partake of the dinner prepared for, and by the order of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus*; the time for eating of which, fills up the second interval.

*End of the SECOND ACT.*

## A C T III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* PENICULUS, *the Parasite.*

**I** Have seen thirty years and more, yet never  
 Play'd I so foolish or so vile a trick  
 As I have done this day, in mixing with  
 The crowd in the assembly of the people.  
 Where while I stood staring about, *Menæchmus* 5  
 Gave me the slip, I fancy to his mistress;  
 Nor took me with him.—Gods confound the man!  
 First took it in his head, to institute  
 These meetings to engage the most engag'd.  
 'Twere better only to elect the idle 10  
 Who should be fin'd in case of non-attendance.  
 There are enough who eat their meals alone;  
 Who've nought to do, who nor invited are  
 Nor e'er invite.—These were the men to hold

[V. 10. *the idle.*] See *The Churl*, A& J. Scene II. V. 60,  
 and the Note. Vol. II. of this translation.

[V. 11. *Who should be fin'd.*] At Rome, when the Senators did  
 not attend, part of the reward they used to have for their at-  
 tendance, was retained, and that was divided among those who  
 were present. This they called *pignoribus captis multari*, to be  
 fined by taking of forfeits. The *Parasite*, would have the same  
 thing done to those who are obliged to frequent publick places;  
 making use of the word *census*, revenue, instead of *pignus*, forfeit.

*Limiers from Gronovius.*

Assem-

ACT III. SCENE II.

41

Assemblies, and attend at the *Comitia*.—

15

Had this been so, I had not lost my dinner,  
Which he'd as sure have giv'n me, as I live.

I'll go however—Hope of the very scraps  
Comforts my mind—But see, *Menæchmus* comes  
From dinner, with a wreath—All's ta'en away, 20  
And I am come at a fine time indeed!

SCENE II.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, with a robe.*

MEN. Sos. If I return it neatly fitted up,

[*speaking to Erotium within.*]

So that you scarce shall know it is the same,  
And that this very day, shall you not then  
Be satisfied?

PEN. [*apart.*] He's carrying the robe  
To the embroiderer's—And dinner's done— 5  
The wine drank off, and the poor parasite bilk'd,  
By *Hercules*! if I put up with this,  
And not revenge, I'm not the man I am.  
Let's first see what he'll do, and then accost him.—

V. 15. *at the Comitia.*—] The assembly of the Roman people to chuse officers, or make by-laws, was called *Comitia*.

V. 20. *with a wreath.*] See *Amphitruon*, Act. IV. Sc. I, V. 23. Vol. I. of this translation.

V. 8. *I am not what I am.*] *Non is sum qui sum.* A sort of asseveration, or oath. I am not *Peniculus*, I am not a parasite, they could not treat me thus inhumanely, in taking away my supper, when I am hungry, and fasting.

*Limiti* from *D. L'Osterv.*

MEN.



42 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. SOS. Immortal Gods! is there a man on  
whom 10

You've in one day bestow'd more good, or one  
Who less could hope for it? I've din'd, I've drank,  
I've feasted with my mistress, have born off  
This robe, which she no more shall call her own.

PEN. [*apart.*] He speaks so softly, I can scarce  
distinguish 15

What 'tis he says: sure, now his belly's full,  
He talks of me, and of my share at dinner.

MEN. SOS. She told me, I had given her the robe  
And that I'd stol'n it from my wife: tho' I  
Knew she was wrong, I seemingly assented 20  
To all her story, as if both of us  
Had been joint parties in the whole transaction.  
Said as she said—What need of many words?  
I never in my life have far'd so well,  
And at so small expence,

PEN. I will accost him. 25  
I'm out of patience till I quarrel with him.

MEN. SOS. Who is it that is coming to accost me?

PEN. Tell me, inconstant, lighter than a feather,  
Thou worst of men, most wicked of mankind,  
Base man, deceiver, void of faith and honour! 30  
Have I deserv'd this of thee? For what cause  
Hast thou undone me? Say, have I deserv'd,

V. 14. *Which she no more shall call her own.*] The original is,  
*Cujus hæres nunquam eris post hunc diem.*

Literally, of which she shall never after this day be heir to.  
We learn from *Festus*, that *hæres*, heir, among the Antients, meant  
the same as *dominus*, master. *Hæres* (says he,) *apud antiquos pro*  
*domino ponebatur*; and inheritance can never be supposed without  
property.

That

ACT III. SCENE II. 43

That thou should'st steal thyself away from me,  
Now at the Forum? Thou hast buried too  
The dinner in my absence, to the which 35  
I was joint heir—How dare you serve me thus?

MEN. SOS. Prithee, young man, what hast to do  
with me?

Abusing thus a man thou dost not know—  
You'd have me wreak this insult then hereafter?

PEN. You have done that already.

MEN. SOS. Answer me. 40  
Tell me your name, young man.

PEN. Still mocking me?  
As if you did not know my name?

MEN. SOS. In troth,  
I know not till this day I ever saw thee,  
Nor art thou known to me, whoe'er thou art,  
It ill-becomes thee to be troublesome. 45

PEN. Not know me?

MEN. SOS. If I did, I'd not deny it.

PEN. Awake, *Menæchmus*.

MEN. SOS. 'Troth, I do not know,  
That I'm a-sleep.

PEN. Not know your parasite?

MEN. SOS. Thy head is turn'd, young man, in my  
opinion.

PEN. Answer me, did you not this very day, 50  
Steal from your wife that robe, and give't *Exotium*?

V. 33. *Thou hast buried too*  
*The dinner in my absence.*] *Fecisti funus prandio, &c.* As if he  
had said, You have devour'd, nay buried too, the dinner, and I  
who am heir to the deceas'd, you have not invited me to his  
funeral; as is the custom to invite relations, and friends, but  
principally the heir, to pay their last duties to the deceased.

*De L'Oeuvre. Guendeville.*

MEN.

44 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. Sos. Neither have I a wife, nor robe have stol'n,

Nor given to *Erotium*.

PEN. Are you mad?

Have you your senses? Why the thing's apparent!

Did I not see you coming from the house, 55

The robe upon you?

MEN. Sos. Woe upon thy head!

'Cause you're a rogue, think you we all are such?

Say you, you saw me with this robe upon me?

PEN. I did, by *Hercules*!

MEN. Sos. Co, and be hang'd.

As you deserve, or else go purge your brain; 60

For thou'rt the veriest madman I e'er met with.

PEN. By *Pollux*' temple, nothing shall prevent me,

From telling to your wife, the whole that's pass'd.

And then shall all this scurril wit retort

Back on yourself. Nor shall you unreveng'd 65

Have swallow'd down my dinner.

MEN. Sos. What is this?

V. 53. *The thing's apparent?*] The original is, *occisa est hæc res*; literally, cut off, a mode of expression not uncommon in our author, but not always in the same sense. It occurs in *The Captives*, Act III. Scene IV. V. 7. But it there means, *our state is desperate*,—and we have rendered it so. See V. 10. Vol. I. of this translation. But here it means, *the thing's apparent*: as apparent as a murder confessed, or when the murderer is taken in the fact.

V. 56. *'Cause you're a rogue, think you we all are such.*] This is not translated literally; the learned reader will see the reason.

V. 59. *Or else go purge your brain.*] The original is, *Aut te piam facies*, order your brain to be purged. Thus *Limiers* translate it, and we have followed him.

Shall

ACT III. SCENE III. 45

Shall ev'ry one I see, affront me thus?

But see, the door is opening.—

SCENE III.

Enter a MAID SERVANT of *Menæchmus of Epidamnium*, with a clasp.

SERV. *Erotium*

Most earnestly entreats of her *Menæchmus*,  
(Twill make it but one trouble,) to bear *this*  
To the goldsmith, with her orders, that he add  
An ounce more gold, and have it clean'd and  
mended. 5

MEN. Sos. This, and ought else that she would  
have me do,

Tell her I will take care to execute.

SERV. But, do you know the clasp I'm speaking of?

MEN. Sos. I know it not; but see 'tis made of  
gold.

SERV. 'Tis that, which sometime since, you said  
you stole 10

And privately, from your wife's chest of drawers.

MEN. Sos. That's what I never did, by *Hercules*!

SERV. What, don't you recollect it? then, re-  
turn it.

MEN. Sos. Stay: I begin to recollect: it was  
The same I gave your mistress.

SERV. Yes, the same. 15

MEN. Sos. Where are the bracelets which I gave  
with it?

SERV. You never gave them.

MEN. Sos. But I did, by *Pollux*!  
And gave them both together.



46 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

SERV. Shall I say,  
You will take care—

MEN. Sos. Yes; and the robe and clasp  
Shall be return'd together—

SERV. Let me, Sir, 20  
Beg you'd present me with a pair of ear-rings  
Of gold, and of two pieces value; that I may  
Look well upon you, when you pay your visits.

MEN. Sos. It shall be done: give me the gold;  
I'll pay  
Myself the fashion.

SERV. No, I pray you, Sir, 25  
Give it yourself, I'll be accountable.

MEN. Sos. I say, give me the gold—  
SERV. Another time.  
I'll pay it back two-fold.

MEN. Sos. I have no money.  
SERV. But when you have, you'll pay the jeweller.  
Any commands with me?

MEN. Sos. Yes, tell your mistress 30  
I'll take great care of what she has order'd me—

[Exit Servant.]  
Yes, soon as may be, I'll take care to sell them [aside.]  
To the best bidder.—Is she now gone in?  
She is, and shut the door. Sure all the gods  
Besfriend me, and heap favour upon favour. 35  
Why do I stay when time and opportunity  
Thus favours me in quitting this vile place,  
This place of bawds and panders?  
Haste thee, Menæchmus, then; use well thy feet,

V. 27. Give me the gold; I'll pay  
Myself the fashion.] —Cedo aurum, ego manu pretium et dabo.  
Literally, give me the gold, I'll pay for the making it.  
And

ACT III. SCENE III. 47

And mend thy pace. Let me take off my wreath,  
And throw it to the left : that, if I'm follow'd, 41  
They may suppose, I'm gone that way. I'll now  
Find, if I can, my servant, and acquaint him  
With what the gods are doing in my favour—

[Exit.

V. 41. *Let me take off my wreath.*] See Scene I. of this Act,  
V. 23.

\* \* After a short soliloquy by *Peniculus*, *Menæchmus Socrates* comes from the dinner with the robe which *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnium* had filched from his wife, and presented to *Erotium*; who, supposing him to be the same person, had given it him to carry to the embroiderer's to make some additions to it. Here *Peniculus* is the third person who mistakes one *Menæchmus* for the other; and supposing he is speaking to *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnium* his patron, is very angry, and abuses him for having dined without him, though he was to have made one at the entertainment. The next person that is deceived, is a servant-maid of *Erotium*; who gives him a clasp, which he had given his mistress, *Erotium*, and from her, desires him to carry it to the goldsmith's to be repaired, at the same time that he carries the robe. This he promises, and this is the end of the Act; the third interval being filled with the time necessary for him so to do.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*Enter the WIFE of Menæchmus of Epidamnum,  
and PENICULUS, the Parasite.*

WIFE.

**A**ND shall I tamely then submit to live  
In marriage with a man, who filches from me  
Whatever's in the house, and bears it off  
A present to his mistress?

PEN. Hold your peace:

I will so order matters, that you shall  
Surprize him in the fact. So follow me. 5  
Crown'd with a wreath, and drunk, he bore away  
The robe that he filch'd from you yesterday,  
To the embroiderer's. But see, the wreath,  
The very wreath he wore—Is it not true? 10

[*seeing the wreath on the ground.*]

He's gone this way; and you may trace his steps.  
And see, by Pollux' temple, he returns,  
And opportunely; but without the robe.

WIFE. How shall I treat him now?

PEN. How? Why as usual,  
Most heartily abuse him.

WIFE. Yes, I think so— 15

PEN. Let's stand aside, and watch him from our  
ambush.

[*they retire.*]

V. 10. *The very wreath he wore.*] See Act III. Sc. I. V. 23.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.

MEN. EPI. How troublesome it is, thus to indulge  
Ourselves in foolish customs! yet the great,  
Those petty gods, too much come into it.  
All wish to have a number of dependents,  
But little care whether they're good or bad. 5  
Their riches, not their qualities, they mind.  
Honest and poor is bad.—Wicked and rich,  
An honest man.—Clients, that have regard  
To neither law, nor common honesty,  
Weary their patrons—Leave them a deposit, 10  
They will deny the trust—Litigious,  
Covetous, fraudulent, who've got their wealth

V. 2. —in foolish customs.] —more *more*. A jingle of words, *Plautus* is but too fond of. *Μωρος* in *Greek* signifies a fool. See a jingle on the same words, carried rather farther, in the *Treasure*, Act III. Sc. II. V. 43. V. 63. V. 2. of this Translation, and the note.

V. 3. *Those petty gods.*] The original is, *Optimi maximi*. Epithets taken from the attributes of *Jupiter*, and metaphorically applied here, to the great men of *Rome*, those petty gods among the people.

V. 10. —Leave them a deposit.] The original is, *Datum denegant quod datum est*.—*Pliny* the younger uses the word in the same sense. Speaking of the Christians, he says,

—Se sacramento (a) \*\*\* obstringere, \*\*\* ne depositum appellati abnegarent. Lib. X. Epist. 97.

—Binding themselves by an oath, \*\*\* not to deny the deposits in their hands, when they are called upon to restore them.

Ld. ORRERY.

(a) *sacramento*, i. e. by the SACRAMENT, the word we now use.



50 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

By usury or perjury—Their soul's  
Still in their suits—A summons for defence  
Once issu'd, 'tis their patron's summons too; 15  
Who 'fore the people, prætor, commissary,  
Must speak in their behalf, however wrong,  
Thus was I plagu'd to-day by a dependant,  
One of this sort, who would not let me do  
Aught which I wanted in my own affairs; 20  
Holding me close to his, he so detain'd me—  
When I had battled for him 'fore the *Ædiles*,  
With craft had pleaded his bad cause, had brought  
To hard conditions his opponent, nay  
Had more or less perplex'd the controversy, 25

V. 16. —*commissary*.] i. e. Deputy, one in commission for another.

V. 16. —'fore the people, prætor, commissary.]

— aut ad populum, aut in jure, aut ad judicem res est.]

*Lamius* observes, that the Romans had three different tribunals, before which causes were pleaded: before the people, *comitiis centuriarum calatis*, in the general assemblies, in *jure*, before the prætor, who was the common judge, or *apud judicem*, before a judge delegated by the prætor, or arbitrators chosen by the parties themselves.—These three different sorts of tribunals are thus distinguished by *Cicero*:

*Si quis statuit esse oratorem, qui tantum modo in jure, aut in judicii possit, aut apud populum, aut in senatu copiose loqui; tamen huic ipsi multa tribuat, et concedat necesse est.*

*De Oratore*, Lib. I. Sect. 48.

Though one lays it down as a principle, that an orator ought only to be qualified to speak fully on any point before the prætor, before the judges, or before the people; yet admitting this, the qualifications of an orator must necessarily be great and various.

And

ACT IV. SCENE II. 51

And brought it e'en to making their deposits:  
 What does he do?—Why gives in bail—I never  
 Saw in all my life a villain more barefac'd  
 In all respects.—Three witnesses swore plumb,  
 And prov'd against him every accusation. 30  
 The gods confound him! for thus making me  
 Lose all my time: ay, and confound myself,  
 For having seen the Forum with these eyes!  
 The noblest day is lost: a dinner's order'd;  
 My mistress waits.—I know it, and as soon 35  
 As e'er I could, I've hast'ned from the Forum.  
 Doubtless she's angry with me; but the robe  
 Filch'd from my wife to-day, and sent to her,  
 Shall make all up.

PEN. What say you now?

WIFE. Unhappy!

In having such a husband.—

PEN. Did you hear 40  
 Distinctly what he said?

WIFE. Very distinctly.

MEN. EPI. I shall do right, if I go in directly  
 And here refresh myself.

WIFE. Wait but a little,  
 And I'll refresh you better, [*to him.*] You shall pay;  
 Yes, that you shall, by *Caster*! and with interest, 45

V. 26. —*to making their deposits.*] It was the custom, when  
 at law, for both parties by consent to deposit each a sum of  
 money, to engage their standing trial; the issue whereof was,  
 that he who was cast in his suit, lost his money too. This de-  
 posit was called *sponsio*.

V. 38. —*sent to her.*] *huic Erotio*, to this *Erotium*.

E

For

52 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

For that you filch'd from me, you've thus your due.

What, did you fancy you could play such tricks  
In secret?

MEN. EPI. What's the business, wife?

WIFE. Ask that  
Of me?

MEN. EPI. Why, would you that I ask of him?

PEN. No soothing now. Go on.

MEN. EPI. Say, why so pensive? 50

WIFE. You can't but know the reason—

PEN. Yes, he knows,  
But cunningly dissembles.

MEN. EPI. What's the matter?

WIFE. The robe.—

MEN. EPI. The robe? what—

WIFE. Ay, the robe.—

PEN. Why pale?

MEN. EPI. I pale! unless the paleness of the robe  
Has made me so.

PEN. I too am pale, because 55  
You eat the supper, and ne'er thought of me.  
To him again. [*to the Wife.*]

V. 46. —*you've thus your due.*] The original is, *sic datur*; which seems to require this signification. The same occurs again, V. 83.

V. 52. —*cunningly dissembles.*] The original is, *malus*, which usually means, one mischievously or wickedly cunning, not a downright villain.

V. 54. —*unless the paleness of the robe  
Has made me so.*

—*nisi unum palla pallorem incutit.*

There is a jingle in the words between *palla* the robe, and  
*pallor* paleness, which can only be imitated in a translation.

MEN.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 53

MEN. EPI. Won't you be silent?

PEN. No.

He nods to me to hold my tongue. [*to the wife.*]

MEN. EPI. Not I,

By *Hercules*! I neither wink'd nor nodded. 65

WIFE. I'm an unhappy woman!

MEN. EPI. Why unhappy?

Explain.—

PEN. A rare assurance, that denies  
What yourself sees.—

MEN. EPI. By *Jove*, and all the gods!  
I nodded not—Are you now satisfied?

PEN. And to be sure, she now will give you credit. 70  
Go back again—

MEN. EPI. And whither?

PEN. Whither else  
But to th' embroiderer—Beyond all doubt  
I think you ought—Go, and bring back the robe—

MEN. EPI. What robe do you speak of?

WIFE. Since he don't remember  
What he has done, I have no more to say. 75

MEN. EPI. Has any of the servants been in fault?  
Has any of the men or women slaves  
Given you a saucy answer?—Say, speak out,  
He shall not go unpunish'd.

WIFE. Sure, you trifle.

V. 78. *Given you a saucy answer?*] The original is, *respondans*.  
—*Respondare*, we are told, is more than barely *respondere*. It  
means, to answer saucily, with impudence or impertinence.

V. 79. *Sure you trifle, &c.*] The *Delphin*, the *Variorum*, and  
most of the editions give this, and what follows concerning  
*trifling*, to *Peniculus*: but that of *Aldus* gives them to the *Wife*:  
and we have followed him.



34 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. EPI. You're out of humour: that I'm not  
quite pleas'd with. 89

WIFE. You trifle still.

MEN. EPI. Has any of the family  
Done ought to make you angry?

WIFE. Trifling still.

MEN. EPI. Angry with me then—

WIFE. Now you trifle not.

MEN. EPI. 'Troth I've done nothing to deserve it  
of you.

WIFE. Trifling again.

MEN. EPI. What is it gives you pain? 85  
Tell me, my dear.

PEN. He sooths you: civil creature!

MEN. EPI. Can't you be quiet? I don't speak to  
you. [to PENICULUS.]

WIFE. Off with your hand.

PEN. Ay, thus you're rightly serv'd— [aside.]  
Dine then again in haste when I am absent!  
And rally me before the house when drunk! 90  
A wreath too, on your head!

MEN. EPI. By *Pollux*' temple!  
I have not din'd to-day, nor have I once  
Set foot within the house.

PEN. You dare deny it?

MEN. EPI. I do, by *Hercules*!

PEN. Consummate impudence?  
Did I not see you with a wreath of flowers, 95  
Standing before the house here; when you said  
My head was turn'd: when you denied you knew  
me,

And when you'd pass upon me for a stranger?

MEN.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 55

MEN. EPI. I do assure you, since I slip'd away  
This morning from you, I've not been till now 95  
At home.

PEN. I know you, Sir: but you knew not  
I'd wherewithal to take revenge upon you.  
I've told your wife the whole, by *Hercules*!

MEN. EPI. What have you told?

PEN. I know not. Ask of her.

MEN. EPI. What's this, my dear? What is it he  
has told you? 100

You answer not—Why don't you say what 'tis?

WIFE. As if you know not. Why, a robe has been  
Stol'n from me in my house.

MEN. EPI. A robe stol'n from you?

WIFE. Do you ask me?

MEN. EPI. In troth, I scarce should ask it,  
Was I assur'd it was so.—

PEN. Wicked man! 105  
How he dissembles! but you can't conceal it,  
I know the whole affair; and I have told it  
All to your wife.

MEN. EPI. What is all this about?

WIFE. Since you have lost all shame, and won't  
confess

The thing yourself, hearken to me, and hear it; 110  
I'll tell you what has made me out of humour,  
And every thing he has discover'd to me.

They have done well for ~~me~~, they've stol'n my robe.

MEN. EPI. Done well for *you* by stealing of your  
robe!

PEN. Observe his subterfuge: 'twas stol'n for  
*her*, [meaning *Erastus*.] 115

56 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

And not for you : Had it been stol'n for you,  
It had been safe.

MEN. EPI. I've nought to do with you.  
But what say you ? [to his wife.]

WIFE. I say, I've lost from home  
A robe.

MEN. EPI. Who took it ?

WIFE. He who stole it, knows.

MEN. EPI. And who is he ?

WIFE. One who is call'd *Menæchmus*. 120

MEN. EPI. Spitefully done ! And who is this  
*Menæchmus* ?

WIFE. Yourself, I say.

MEN. EPI. What ! I ?

WIFE. Yes, you.

MEN. EPI. Who said so ?

WIFE. My self.

PEN. And I ; and that you had carried it  
Off to your mistress, to *Erotium*.

MEN. EPI. I ?

I give it her ?

PEN. You, you, I say. Shall I 125  
Go fetch an owl, to hoot in at your ears,  
You, you ? for we are both quite tir'd.

V. 127. — Shall I

Go fetch an owl, to hoot in at your ears,  
You, you ?]

— *vin' afferri nōtūam,*  
*Quæ, tu, tu, usque dicat tibi ?*

The commentators have observed, that this passage is a proof,  
that the *u* among the Romans, ought to be pronounced *ou*, the  
same as the *Italians* and *Germans* pronounce it at this day. And  
to this, that verse in *Aspinus* is supposed to allude :

*Cecropiis ignota sonis, ferale sonans U.*

The mournful *U*, a sound unknown at *Athens*.

MEN.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 57

MEN. EPI. By *Jove*, and all the gods, I swear,  
my dear,  
I never gave it her : Will that content you ?

PEN. And I, I swear by *Hercules* ! that we  
Say nought but truth.

MEN. EPI. I did not give it her,  
I only lent it. 130

WIFE. 'Troth, I never lend  
Your coat, nor cloak abroad. 'Tis right for women  
To lend out women's garments ; men, their own.  
Won't you return my robe ?

MEN. EPI. The robe, I'll see  
Shall be return'd—

WIFE. 'Tis the best way.—For you  
Shall never set a foot within your doors, 135  
Unless you bring my robe.

MEN. EPI. Not set a foot  
Within my doors ?

PEN. [*to the Wife.*] What recompence for me,  
Who have assisted you ?

WIFE. When you have had  
A loss like mine, I'll do the same for you.

PEN. By *Pollux*' temple ! that will never be ; 140  
For I have nought at home to lose. The gods  
Confound you both, both of you, wife and husband !  
I'll hie me to the Forum : for I find  
'Tis now quite over with me in this family,

[*Exeunt Peniculus and the Wife, severally.*]

MEN. EPI. My Wife then thought she'd done a  
mighty matter, 145  
In threatening thus, to shut me out of doors ;  
As if I had not a far better place,  
Where I shall be admitted. Well, if I

Displease



58 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Displease you, my dear wife, I must e'en bear it :  
 But I shall please *Erotium* ; and she ne'er 150  
 Will shut me out, but rather shut me in.  
 Well, I'll go in, and pray her to return  
 The robe I just now gave her, and instead  
 Of that, I'll purchase her a better. Ho !  
 Who's porter here ? Open the door, and call 155  
*Erotium* hither,

SCENE III.

Enter EROT IUM.

EROT. Who inquires for me ?

MEN. EPI. 'Tis one, who to himself is more an  
 enemy,

Than such to you.

EROT. My dear *Menæchmus*, why  
 Do'st stand before the door ? Follow me in.

MEN. EPI. Stay here a little. Do you know the  
 reason 5

I now come to you ?

EROT. I know it very well :

'Tis to amuse yourself along with me.

MEN. EPI. That robe I lately gave you, prithee,  
 love,

Restore it.—For my wife hath been appris'd,  
 And knows the whole affair from first to last. 10  
 I'll buy one for you twice as rich, you'll like—

EROT. I gave it you but now, to carry it  
 To th' embroiderer's ; with it, a bracelet  
 To give the jeweller to set a-new.

MEN. EPI. You gave to me a bracelet, and the  
 robe ? 15

Never—

ACT IV. SCENE III. 59

Never—For when I'd giv'n the robe to you,  
I went directiy to the market-place:  
Now first return I; nor have seen you since.

EROT. I see through your design: because I  
trusted you,

You would deceive me; that 'tis you would do. 20

MEN. EPI. I do not ask you for it to defraud you,  
But tell you, that my wife knows all the affair.

EROT. Nor did I ask you for it: you yourself  
Gave it me freely; as a gift, you gave it;  
And now demand it back. Well, be it so: 25

Let it be your's, take it; make use of it,  
You or your wife, preserve it as your eyes:  
But don't deceive yourself; after this day  
You never shall set foot within my doors,  
Since you have treated with contempt a woman, 30  
Who has not merited such usage from you.  
Next time you come, be sure bring money with you,  
You shall not have to visit me for nothing.  
Henceforth find some one else to disappoint.

MEN. EPI. You are too hasty—Hark you!—Stay  
—Come back. 35

EROT. Still are you there? and dare on my ac-  
count

Still to return? [Exit Erotium.

MEN. EPI. She's gone—has shut the door.  
Now I'm turn'd out indeed: nor can I gain  
Credit, or from my mistress or my wife. 40  
I'll go, consult my friends in the affair. [Exit.

V. 26. —*preserve it as your eyes.*] The original is, *Etiam in oculis compingite*. Literally, *put it up, even in your eyes*; an hyperbolical expression, for, *take great care of it*; nothing being more estimable to any person than the eyes.

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, with the robe.*

MEN. Sos. 'Twas foolish in me when but now I  
trusted  
My purse with all that's in it, to *Messenio*.  
He has got, I doubt, into some brothel with it.

*Enter the WIFE of Menæchmus of Epidamnus.*

WIFE. I'll now see if my husband is come home.  
But see, he's here ! All's well, he brings my robe. 5

MEN. Sos. I wonder where *Messenio* can be got !

WIFE. I'll go, and talk to him as he deserves.—  
Art not ashamed, vile man, to appear before me,  
And with this robe ?

MEN. Sos. Why, what's the matter, woman ?  
What is't disturbs you !

V. 1. *'Twas foolish, &c.* This, all the editions we have seen, make the beginning of the fifth Act. By which they stretch it out into an immoderate length, in proportion to the others. But that is not all : there are instances, and those not a few, in *Plautus*, where that is the case, and yet the Acts seem to be divided not improperly. It is true, *Menæchmus of Epidamnus*, going off at the end of the preceding scene, to advise with his friends, what he is to do under the circumstances he was then in, gives a pause to the action ; but then not near so great a one as seems necessary at the end of the next scene, as we have divided the Act, and of which an account will be given in that place. We have then brought back this and another scene ; taking them from the fifth Act, and adding them to the fourth.

WIFE.

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 61

WIFE. Dare you, impudence! 10  
Mutter a single word, or speak to me?

MEN. SOS. What have I done, I should not dare  
to speak?

WIFE. What! do you ask me? O, consummate  
impudence!

MEN. SOS. Did you ne'er hear, good woman, why  
the *Grecians*  
Call'd *Hecuba* a bitch?

WIFE. Not that I know of. 15

MEN. SOS. Because she did the same that you do  
now;

V. 15. Call'd *Hecuba* a bitch?] *Hecuba* was the daughter of *Dymas* king of *Thrace*, and wife of *Priam* king of *Troy*. After *Troy* was taken, she was made prisoner by *Ulysses*; and was so much enraged, at seeing her daughter *Polixena* offered up in sacrifice on the tomb of *Achilles*, and the body of her son *Poljdore* murdered by the treachery of *Polymnestor*, to whose care she had entrusted him, that she abused the *Grecians* with all sorts of opprobrious language; so that they used to follow, and throw stones at her as at a bitch, and carved the figure of one upon her tomb, which they called *Kivogonua*, the tomb of a bitch.—For this we have the authority of the elder *Pliny*.

*Dein promontorium Chersonesi Mastusia adversum Sigeo, cujus in fronte obliqua Cynossenta, ita appellatur Hecubæ tumulus, statio Acbeorum.*  
Nat. Hist. Lib. IV. Cap. 11.

Then is the promontory of *Chersonesus Mastisia*, just opposite *Sigeum*, in the oblique front whereof is *Cynossenta*, (for so the tomb of *Hecuba* is called,) the road of the navy of the *Athenians*.

To this *Juvenal* alludes.

*Exitus ille utcumque hominis, sed torva canino  
Latravit rictu, quæ post hunc vixerat uxor.*

Sat. X. V. 271.

At least he died a man; his queen surviv'd  
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.—

DRYDEN.

On



## 62 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Threw out abuse on every one she saw :

And therefore, rightly did they call her bitch.

WIFE. I cannot bear these scandalous reproaches :

I'd rather be a widow all my life. 20

Than bear these vile reflections you throw on me.

MEN. Sos. What is't to me, whether you live as

married,

Or parted from your husband ? Is it thus

The custom to sing out such idle stories

To strangers on their first arrival here ? 25

WIFE. What idle stories ? No, I will not bear it,

I'd rather live a widow, than endure

Your humours any longer.

MEN. Sos. 'Tis true, for me

Long as you please, you've leave to live a widow :

As long as *Jupiter* shall keep his kingdom. 30

WIFE. You would not own but now, you stole

that robe,

And now you hold it out before my eyes ?

What ! are you not ashamed ?

MEN. Sos. By *Hercules* !

You are an impudent and wicked woman,

To dare to say this robe was stol'n from you ; 35

When it was given me by another woman,

To get it alter'd for her.

WIFE. Yes, by *Castor* !

I'll call my father hither, and lay open

On which passage, that excellent poet has the following note :

" *Hecuba* his (*Priam's*) queen escap'd the swords of the *Grecians*, and out-liv'd him. It seems, she behaved herself so fiercely to her husband's murderers, while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch when she died."

All

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 63

All your base actions to him. *Decius*, go, [to a Ser-  
want.]

Seek for my father, bring him with you; say, 40  
'Tis proper he should come.—I'll tell him all  
Your horrid usage.—

MEN. SOS. Are you in your senses?  
What horrid usage?

WIFE. How you have filch'd from me  
My robe, my gold, from me who are your wife,  
And giv'n them to your mistress—Say I not 45  
The very truth?—

MEN. SOS. I prithee, woman, say  
Where I may sup, to charm me from your tongue.  
I know not whom you take me for—For you,  
I know as much of *Parthaon*.

WIFE. Tho' you mock me,  
You can't, by *Pollux*! serve my father so, 50  
Who's just now coming hither—Look behind.  
Say, do you know him?

MEN. SOS. Just as I know *Chalcas*.  
The very day that I saw you, before  
This day did I see him—

V. 47. *Where I may sup.*] The original is, *Monstra quod bibam*.  
Literally, *Show me something to drink*. The *Grecians* called  
their entertainments, *συμπόσια*, *drinking bouts*, though they  
consisted of *catables* as well as *drinkables*.

V. 49. *I know as much of Parthaon.*] *Parthaon*  
was the father of *Aeneas*, king of *Ætolia*, who was  
father of *Dejanira*, wife of *Hercules*, used here as a person un-  
known, from his having lived so long ago.—So,

V. 52. *Just as I know Chalcas.*—is used in the same way.  
He was the famous soothsayer, who was in the *Grecian* army  
at the siege of *Troy*.

*Limiers* from *De L'Ouvrre*.

WIFE.

64 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

WIFE. Dar'st thou deny  
That thou know'st me, deny thou know'st my fa-  
ther?

MEN. Sos. I'd say the same thing, did'st thou  
bring thy grandfather.

WIFE. By *Cassar*! you are like yourself in all  
things.

SCENE V.

Enter OLD MAN.

OLD MAN. Fast, as my age permits, and as the  
occasion

Calls, will I push my steps, and hasten forward.  
How easily, I easily may guess.

My speed forakes me; I'm beset with age;  
I bear a weak, yet heavy laden body.  
Old age is a sad pedlar; on his back  
Carrying along a pack of grievances.

It would be tedious to recount them all;  
But this affair I cannot well digest.

What should this matter be, which makes my  
daughter

Want me to come to her in such a hurry?  
She does not tell me what the business is,

What 'tis she wants, nor why she sends for me;  
Yet I can give a shrewd guess, what it is:

I'm apt to think, some quarrel with her husband. 15  
Such is their way, who of their portions proud,

Would keep their husbands under government.  
Nor are the husbands often without fault.

But there are bounds how far a wife should go.  
Nor does my daughter send to see her father, 20

5 But

But when some fault's committed, or perhaps  
Some quarrel has arisen. What it is,  
I soon shall know.—For, look, I see her then,  
Before the door; and with her too, her husband,  
Whose looks are pensive—'Tis as I suspected—  
I'll call her. —

WIFE. I'll go meet him—Happiness  
Attend you, father!

OLD MAN. That good will to you!  
Am I come here to see things go on well?  
Wherefore your order, that I should be sent for?  
Why are you pensive, say? and what's the reason?  
Your husband keeps aloof in anger from you?  
The reason I know not, but there has been  
Some bickering between you—Who's in fault?  
Tell in few words—No long discourse about it.—

WIFE. I am in nought to blame, be easy then  
As to that point, my father. But I cannot  
Live longer with him; nor stay longer here.  
Therefore, I beg you take me hence away.

OLD MAN. Say, what's the matter?

WIFE. Matter? I am made  
A laughing-stock.

OLD MAN. By whom?

WIFE. By him you've made  
My husband.

OLD MAN. So! a quarrel! say, how often  
I've warn'd you both, not to complain to me,

WIFE. How can I help it, Sir?

OLD MAN. What! ask you me?

WIFE. Yes, if you'll give me leave.

OLD MAN. How many times  
Have I advis'd you to conform to your husband?

VOL. III. F Never



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Never to watch his actions, where he goes,  
Or what he is about.

WIFE. But he's in love,  
Here in the neighbourhood, with a courtesan.

OLD MAN. He's wife in that: and by that care of  
yours,

In thus observing him, I would advise him 50  
To love still more.

WIFE. He drinks there, too.

OLD MAN. For you,  
Think you he'll ever drink the less, or there,  
Or elsewhere, as he likes? What impudence!  
Do you insist, he never sup abroad,  
Nor entertain a stranger at your house? 55  
Would you, your husband should obey your pleasure?  
You may as well require him to partake  
Your work with you, and sit among the maids,  
And card the wool.

WIFE. I find, Sir, I have brought you  
No advocate for me, but for my husband. 60

V. 49. — [By that care of yours, &c.] The original is,

*Ob hanc industriam, etiam saxo amabit amplius.*

All the editions we have seen, concur in reading *saxo*. —

It has been hinted to us, that if instead of *saxo*, we read *saxi*,  
the sense will be bettered, and the meaning then be clearly this,

In watching him thus heedfully, you'll make him

But love still more.

V. 58. — [Your work with you,] The original is, *præsum*, —  
which word properly signifies that quantity of wool, which the  
mistress of a family used to give her servants to spin.

*Non fugio, Alcide, victorem mille laborum*

*Rasilibus calatibus inposuisse manum.*

*Crassaque robusto deducis pollice fila,*

*Æquaque formosæ pensa rependis bene.*

Ab!

ACT IV. SCENE V. 67

Here stand you as a patron in my cause,  
Yet plead for his.—

OLD MAN. Was he in ought to blame,  
I should condemn him more than I do you.  
But when I see he keeps you richly cloth'd,  
Allows you servants, and a plenteous table,  
A wife thus treated, should in my opinion  
Bear towards him a more equal mind.

WIFE. But he  
Pilfers my gold, my robe from out my chest,  
Robs me, and carries to his courtezans  
My richest ornaments.

*Ab! quoties digitis dum torques flamina duris,  
Prævalide fufos comminuta manus.*

Ovid. Epist. IX. V. 75.

How think you, to the wond'ring world 'twill sound,  
That at command you turn the spindle round?  
Your work's set out, your mistress you must please,  
And your toils dwindle to such tasks as these.  
But your rough fingers break the slender thread,  
And from the fair, a drubbing oft you dread.—

OLDMIXON.

But in general, it means any work, business, charge or under-  
taking. And, in this sense *Plautus* uses it here—As he again  
does in the following passage.

*Pensum meum, quod datum est, confeci.*

*Persa. Act II. Sc. I. V. 1.*

The business giv'n me to do, I've finish'd.

V. 61. Here stand you as a patron in my cause,  
Yet plead for his.—

It was the custom for the council to stand by the side of his  
client, and plead in that posture—so that the speaker com-  
plains here, that her father indeed stands by her, like a council,  
or advocatè, but that he does not act as such, in pleading the  
cause of his daughter, but that of her opponent, his son-in-law.

GUIVDEVILLE.

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OLD MAN. If he acts thus, 79  
He acts amiss: if not, you act but ill,  
When you accuse one that is innocent.

WIFE. Why, even at this very instant, Sir, 80  
He has a bracelet, and a robe of mine,  
Which he bore off here to this courtesan;  
And now he finds I know it, brings them back.

OLD MAN. 'Tis right to know these matters from  
himself:

I will accost, and speak to him. Say, *Menacmus*,  
What's your dispute? Give me at once to know it.  
Why are you pensive? And why is your wife 80  
In wrath against you?

MEN. SOS. Whoso'er you are,  
Whate'er's your name, I call great *Jupiter*,  
And all the gods to witness—

OLD MAN. Why, and wherefore?

MEN. SOS. That I this woman ne'er have injur'd;  
her,

Who raves about my stealing from her house 85  
This robe, and bearing of it off. If ever  
I've once set foot within her doors, I wish  
I may become the veriest wretch alive.

OLD MAN. Have you your senses when you make  
that wish?

Or, when deny that ever you set foot 90  
Within that house, where you reside yourself?  
O, of all madmen the most mad!

MEN. SOS. Old man,  
And do you say, that I inhabit here?

OLD MAN. Do you deny it?

MEN. SOS. By *Hercules*, I do! 95

WIFE. 'Tis impudence to do so. But you mean,  
Because

Because you went this night elsewhere.

OLD MAN. Come hither,  
Daughter—And you, [to him] what say you now?  
This night went you from hence?

MEN. SOS. Whither? for what I pray you?

OLD MAN. I know not. I.

WIFE. 'Tis plain he banters you.

OLD MAN. [to her.] What, can't not hold thy  
tongue? Truly, *Menæchmus*,

You've jested long enough: now to the purpose.

MEN. SOS. Pray, what have you to do with me?  
what business?

Say whence you come; and who you are; and what  
I've done to you, or to this woman here,  
That ye thus teaze me?—

WIFE. How his eyes shine! See!  
A greenish colour spreads o'er all his temples,  
O'er all his forehead. See his eyes! they sparkle!

VI. 106. *How his eyes shine! see!* The original is,

*Vident in illi oculos virere?*

The commentators will have this to mean, *How green his eyes  
are!* and have a great deal to prove, that peoples eyes, when  
they have a tendency to madness, have a greenish cast. But  
there is no need: *virere* signifies, to shine or sparkle, as well as  
to look green.

*Ben Jonson* seems plainly to have imitated this passage.

Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks  
green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has!

*The Silent Woman*, Act IV. Scene IV. *Epitaphus*.

And *Shakspeare* too, though his imitations usually lie more  
concealed, than *Jonson's* do, had possibly this in view, in the  
following passage—

Alas! how fety and sharp he looks!

*Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. Scene IX. *Luciana*.



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MEN. SOS. [*aside.*] Since they will have me mad,  
what can I do?

Better then feign a madness, I may thus  
Fright them away.—

WIFE. Look how he yawns and stretches! 110  
What shall I do, my father!

OLD MAN. Come this way,  
As far off from him as you can, my child.

MEN. SOS. Evoi, Evoi! *Bacchus* son of *Jove*,  
Why dost thou call me to the wood to hunt?  
I hear you, but I cannot stir from hence, 115  
This woman on the left side, watches me  
Like a mad dog; on t'other; this old goat,  
Who often in his life has by false witness  
Destroy'd the guiltless man.—

OLD MAN. Woe on thy life!

MEN. SOS. See where *Apollo* from his oracle 120  
Commands me to burn out both that woman's eyes,  
With lighted torches.

WIFE. I'm undone, my father!  
He threatens me, to burn out both my eyes.

MEN. SOS. [*aside.*] Alas! they say I'm mad, yet  
they themselves  
Are much more mad than I.

V. 123. *Evoï, Evoï!* *Evoï* and *Bromius* were, as *Taubman*  
informs us, the names of two *Bacchants*, or followers of *Bacchus*.  
In their *Bacchanalian* revels, the cry among the antients used to  
be, *Evoï*.—

*Evoï Bacche fremens, solens, solum te virgine dignum*  
*Votifrans.*

*Virgil. Æneid. Lib. VII. V. 339.*

—Loud she cries,

*Evoï! Bacche! Who alone deserv'st*

*The virgin-brid.*

TRAPP:

OLD

ACT IV. SCENE V. 71

OLD MAN. Hark, you! my daughter! 125

WIFE. Your pleasure, Sir? What shall we do?

OLD MAN. Suppose  
I call my servants quickly—I'll bring *them*, those  
Shall carry him into the house, there bind him,  
'Ere he make more disturbance.——

MEN. Sos. On my word, [*aside.*]  
Unless I take great care, they'll bear me off 130  
By force into their house. Yes, thou hast order'd me,  
Not to forbear the thrusting of my fists  
Into her face, unless she marches off  
Far from my sight, and goes and hangs herself.  
Yes, yes, *Apollo*, I obey thy orders. 135

OLD MAN. Run home, my daughter, run into the  
house  
Fast as you can, lest he belabour you.

WIFE. I fly. I pray you take good heed, my  
father,  
That he escape not. An unhappy wife  
Am I, to hear all this. [*Exit.*]

MEN. Sos. I've sent her off, [*aside.*] 140  
Not ill. And now must I send after her  
This more than filthy fellow, this old grey beard,  
This totterer, this old *Tibon*, son of *Cygnus*—  
'Tis thy command that I should break his limbs,  
[*atoud.*]

His bones, his joints, with that same staff he carries.

OLD MAN. Touch, or come nearer me, and you'll  
repent it.

V. 143. —*this old Tibon, son of Cygnus.*  
*Tibon* was not the son of *Cygnus*, but of *Laomedon*, a king  
of *Troy*, and brother to *Priam*; he lived to an extreme age.  
*Plautus* makes the mistake designedly, as the speaker is feigning  
himself mad.

MEN. SOS. Yes, I will do as you have order'd me,  
Take up this two-edg'd axe, bone this old fellow,  
And cut his bowels piece-meal.

OLD MAN. 'Tis soth, I must  
Take care tho' of myself—I am afraid, 150  
He'll do a mischief to me, as he threatens.

MEN. SOS. *Apollo!* fast thou pour'st thy great be-  
hefts—  
Now thou command'st me, harness my wild steeds,  
Fierce and untam'd; and now to mount my car  
And crush in pieces this *Getulian* lion, 155  
This stinking, toothless beast.—Now do I mount,  
And now I shake the reins—I take the lash;  
Now fly, my steeds, and let your sounding hoofs  
Tell your swift course—Shew in the turn your speed.

OLD MAN. And dost thou threaten me with har-  
ness'd steeds? 160

MEN. SOS. Again, *Apollo!* thou again com-  
mand'st me  
To rush upon yon fellow that stands there,  
And murder him. But who is this, that by  
My fluttering tresses plucks me from my car,  
The dire commands revoking of *Apollo?* 165

V. 155. —[*this Getulian lion.*] *Getulia* was a country in *Africa*, where the largest and fiercest lions were said to be bred.

V. 159. —[*Shew in the turn your speed.*] The original is,

*Facite inflexa sit pedum peniculas.*

The commentators understand it in the sense in which we have translated it. But if, as has been hinted to us, *pedum* is here used for *crurum*, it may mean, *bend in your legs as much as possible.* The faster a horse runs, the more his legs are bent in, before he throws them out.

ACT IV. SCENE V. 73

OLD MAN. A sharp and obstinate distemper this!  
Ye gods! is't possible, a man who seem'd  
So well but now, should fall so suddenly  
Into so strange a malady? Away,  
I must make hast, and send for a physician.

[Exit.]

MEN. Sos. What! are they gone? Are they both  
fled my sight?

Who forc'd me in my wits to feign the madman.  
What hinders now, to 'mbark me, while I'm well?  
I beg you, Sirs, [*to the spectators.*] if the old man  
return,

Not to discover, down what street I took.— 175

[Exit.]

\*.\* In this Act, the Wife of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus* having been informed by *Peniculus* of her husband's pranks, whom he imagined he saw come out of *Erotium's* house from an entertainment, with a wreath of flowers on his head, (though it was really not him, but *Menæchmus Socrates* that he saw,) is going to abuse him, when he appears on the stage; and, by denying, as he well might, every thing that she accuses him of, gives her an occasion of increasing her jealousy, and her animosity at the same time. She goes off with a threat to turn him out of doors: and *Peniculus* the Parasite, finding nothing more to be had in this family, goes off also to the Forum, in search of other patrons. *Erotium* joining *Menæchmus*, he asks her to return the robe; and is in the utmost consternation, when she tells him she had already given it him, to carry to the embroiderer's; which, as she had really given it to *Menæchmus Socrates*, she imagined she had done.—His denying to have received it, puts her into a violent passion; on which *Menæchmus* determines to advise with his friends, what to do under these circumstances.—And this is the foundation of another incident. In the fourth Scene, *Menæchmus Socrates* brings the robe *Erotium* had given him at his request, supposing him to be *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus*; whose wife joins him, supposing him to be so; and, as such, her husband—This he denies, and also that he had filched the



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the robe from her—She then goes to call her father: who also supposing *Menachmus Socrates* to be *Menachmus of Epidamnus*, his son-in-law—This, *Menachmus Socrates* persisting in denying, that he knows any thing of either of them, or that he ever set foot within the house, they supposing him to be mad, he takes the hint; and, in order to escape from them, pretends to be so—The wife quits the stage to be safe from his supposed fury, and the father does the same, in search of a *Physician*, on which *Menachmus Socrates* finding himself alone, takes the opportunity of running off.—Thus ends this Act; and the time the old man takes in finding the *Physician*, and bringing him to his patient, fills up the fourth interval.

### End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

## A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* OLD MAN.

OLD MAN.

**M**Y limbs with sitting ach, my eyes with watering,  
While this same Doctor from his patients  
comes.

Scarcely arriv'd at home, he's telling me,  
He was oblig'd to set a broken leg  
Of *Æsculapius*, and *Apollo's* arm. 5  
I'm thinking whether I am bringing with me,  
Or a physician, or a carpenter—  
But see! he comes, tho' with an emmet's pace.

V. 1. *My limbs, &c.*] This, which in all the editions, is made the middle of the third scene of the fifth Act, we have, against the authority of all the copies, made the beginning of it. The old man, had, it seems, waited a very long time for the physician's coming home. When that happened, he had talked with him, and told him in general of *Menachmus's* disorder. He had then quitted him, and was now waiting for him again, while some business within doors detained him. All this requires a long interval of time, as long, at least, as Poets ever ought to suppose, between two successive Acts.

V. 8. —*tho' with an emmet's pace.*]

—*movet formicinum gradum.*

Emmets or ants move very quick, but gain but little ground.

M. DE L'OEUVRE.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Enter PHYSICIAN.

PHYS. What did you say was his disorder, Sir?  
Inform me, is he mad, or is he frantick?  
Is it a lethargy, or is he dropfical?

OLD MAN. I brought you hither to know that of  
you,

And that your art should cure him.

PHY. Nought more easy. B  
From this time, I engage he shall be well.

OLD MAN. I'd have great care ta'en of him in  
his cure.

PHYS. My frequent visits oft will make me puff,  
Such great care I shall take in curing him.

OLD MAN. But see the man!

PHY. Let us observe his actions.

V. 2. — *is he mad, or is he frantick?*] *Num larvatus, an cernitus?*  
Those who fancied they were continually seeing spectres, ghosts  
or apparitions, and from persisting in that imagination, became  
mad, were called *larvati*. As to those called *cerniti*, See *Amphi-*  
*truo*, Act II. Scene II. V. 144. M. Dacier's note on the passage,  
the same Scene, Vol. I. of this translation. V. 211, and the note.

V. 9. *Such great care I shall take, &c.*] Some commentators,  
*Boxhornius* in particular, have given another turn to this passage,  
supposing it a stroke of satire on physicians, and to be taken  
ironically. But I think with *Limiers*, that is too far fetched;  
and have adopted the sense he has given it in his *French* transla-  
tion.

SCENE

ACT V. SCENE III. 27

SCENE III.

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnum.

MEN. EPI. This day has been unlucky, and to me  
Quite adverse—what I thought to have done in secret,  
Has been discover'd by this Parasite,  
And brought both fear and infamy upon me.  
He my *Ulysses* was, and my adviser; 5  
Yet nought but evil heaps on me his *king*.  
His thread of life, if I but live myself,  
Will I cut off. How like a fool I talk!

V. 5. *He my Ulysses was,*] *Ulysses*, one of the kings who were  
at the siege of *Troy*, was a very experienced general, whom *Agamemnon*  
always consulted, and whose advice he followed. To  
this *Plautus* alludes in this passage.

V. 9. *Will I cut off.*] —*vita devolvam suā*. The allusion is  
to the three sisters, the poetical destinies, called by the antients  
*Parcæ*, daughters of *Erebus* and *Night*. One held the distaff and  
spun the thread of life, another winded it off, and the third,  
when ordered by the fates, cut it off. The original is, *devolvam*;  
and I am sensible the usual sense of *devolvere* is to wind off.  
*Virgil* uses it so,

*Carminē quo captæ, dum fufis mollia pensa*

*Devolvunt.* —

*Geor. Lib. iv. V. 348.*

While, with such songs delighted, they on reels

Wind the soft yarn —

TRAPP.

But from the whole context, Ver. 11. in particular, where he  
says he will be the death of him, it must mean here, *cut off, ab-*  
*solutely destroy*. And we have translated it so on the authority of  
*Catullus*, who uses it in that sense in the following passage.

*Stimulatus ut furenti rabie vagus animus*

*Devolvit lenta acuta sibi pondere filice.*

*De Bergensia & Atq.*

His



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His thread of life! His thread of life is mine; 10  
 He eats my victuals, lives at my expence.  
 Yes, I will be the death of him. Besides,  
 This wench has acted but in character,  
 The manner of them all. When I request her  
 To give me back the robe to give my wife, 15  
 She tells me, she already had return'd it.  
 'Troth, I'm unhappy!

OLD MAN. Hear you what he says?

PHYS. He says he is unhappy.

OLD MAN. Pray go nearer.

PHYS. Save you, *Menæchmus*. Why do you bare  
 your arms?

You know not how it helps on your disorder. 20

MEN. EPI. Go hang yourself. [*to the old man.*]

PHYS. What think you now?

MEN. EPI. What think?

What can I think?

PHYS. To work a cure requires

More than an acre of good hellebore.

Hark ye! *Menæchmus*?

MEN. EPI. What would'st thou with me?

PHYS. Answer to what I ask: Say, do you drink 25  
 White wine or red?

MEN. EPI. Go, hang yourself.

V. 23. —[*an acre of good hellebore.*] Hellebore was an herb used  
 by the antients in the cure of mad men. The expression is hy-  
 perbolical; and perhaps so, that of *Horace*:

*Danda est allebori multo pars maxima avaris;  
 Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.*

Lib. ii. Satir. iii. V. 82.

Misers make whole *Anticyra* their own;  
 It's hellebore reserv'd for them alone.

FRANCIS.

PHYS.

ACT V. SCENE III. 79

PHYS. I find  
The mad fit just now coming on.

MEN. EPI. Why not  
Ask me as well the colour of my bread,  
Whether I eat it purple, red, or yellow? 30  
Whether eat scaly birds, or feather'd fish.

OLD MAN. Hark! how deliriously he talks! or e'er  
He grows stark staring mad, give him some potion.

PHYS. Hold, stay a little, I shall farther question  
him.

OLD MAN. More idle talk will quite demolish him.

PHYS. Tell me but this; do you ever find your  
eyes 35  
Grow hard?

MEN. EPI. Do you take me for a locust, fool?

V. 29. —purple, red, or yellow] *Purpureum panem, an puniceum*, literally, purple or red. The commentators are divided in regard to the sense of this passage. Some think it means bread much or little baked. But it is not very material. I have translated it so as to give *Plautus's* idea, and perhaps not amiss, to an *English* reader.

V. 35, 36. —Do you ever find your eyes grow hard?

MEN. EPI. Do you take me for a locust, fool?] *Boxhornius* tells us, this alludes to the locust having no eyelids. But if we may give credit to the elder *Pliny*, they have no eyes at all.

*Inter aves ardeolarum generi, quos leucos vocant, altero oculo carere tradunt. Nigidius nec locustis, nec cicadis esse dicit.*

*Nat. Hist. Lib. xi. cap. 37.*

Among birds, those of the heron kind, which are called *leuci*, because they are white, are said to have but one eye. *Nigidius* says, that locusts and grasshoppers have no eyes at all.

It is to be observed, that the outer coat of the eye in all flying insects, is so hard, that it may be called *tunica cornea* with much more propriety, than that which is so called in the eyes of men and other animals. The eye of the locust, fenced with this coat, is remarkably large and prominent. *Aristotle* in his *History of Animals*, Book iv. chap. 2. says, after mentioning many differences between

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PHYS. Do you find your bowels make a noise sometimes?

MEN. EPI. When I am full, my bowels make no noise:

They do, when I am hungry.—

PHYS. By my troth,  
In this he does not answer like a madman. 40  
D'you sleep till day-light? When you go to bed,  
D'you get to sleep with ease?

MEN. EPI. My debts discharg'd,  
I sleep with ease. May *Jove* and all the gods  
Confound this questioner!

PHYS. He 'gins to rave, [*aside*.  
Take heed of what you say.

OLD MAN. In what he says,  
He's much more moderate than he was but now. 45  
'Tis but a while ago, he said, his wife  
Was a mad bitch.

MEN. EPI. What did I say?

OLD MAN. You're mad,  
I say.

MEN. EPI. What I?

OLD MAN. You there, who threaten'd me,  
You'd trample me beneath your horse's feet.  
I saw you do it, and I will maintain it. 50

between male and female locusts, τὰ δ'ὀμματα, πάντας τῶν  
ἐν οὐρανῷ φθάλμους. *The eyes of all these are hard.* These locusts  
however of *Aristotle* (*locustæ* they are called by his *Latin*  
translators,) are clearly lobsters; for the differences he mentions  
between the male and the female, are the very same we find in lob-  
sters. And the other animals, which *Aristotle* includes in πάντων  
τῶν, all these are crabs, cray-fish, prawns, and shrimps. Pos-  
sibly then, the *locusta* of *Plautus* might be a lobster.

V. 50. *I saw you do it*—] The original is, *Egomet hæc te vidi*  
*facere*. We have translated *vidi* literally, *I saw*; as it is *Plautus's*  
idiom. A modern writer would have said, *I heard*.

MEN.

ACT V. SCENE III. 81

MEN. EPI. And I well know, you've stol'n *Jove's*  
sacred crown,

And for the fact have been confin'd in prison.

And when releas'd, you've been severely whip'd

Under a gibbet. And I know besides,

You've kill'd your father, and have sold your  
mother. 55

Think you I am so mad, I can't devise

The same abusive language against you,

As you can do 'gainst me.

OLD MAN. Doctor, I beg you,

What you intend to do to him, do quickly.

Do you not see he's mad?

PHYS. 'Twere the best thing, 60  
You know, to have him carried to my house.

OLD MAN. Do you think so?

PHYS. Why not? I there can treat him  
As I think proper.

OLD MAN. Do just as you please.

PHYS. About some twenty days, you shall drink  
hellebore.

MEN. EPI. And you, some thirty days, shall be  
tied up, 65

And flog'd severely.

PHYS. Go, and call your men,  
To bring him to my house.

VI. 61. — *to have him carried to my house.*] The idea is not perhaps very uncommon, and two authors may, without having seen each others writings, think alike. But there is a passage in Sir John Vanbrugh so like this, that I cannot help laying it before the reader. 'Tis in *The Relapse*: When Lord Foppington is wounded, he is put under the care of Syringe, a roguish surgeon, who says, " Help, help the gentleman to a chair, and carry him to my house; " that's the properest place [*aside*.] to bubble him out of his " money." Act II.



OLD MAN. How many men  
D'ye think will be sufficient?

PHYS. As I see him  
So mad, not less than four.

OLD MAN. They shall be here  
Immediately. Take care of him, good doctor,

PHYS. I'll home to get things ready that are  
wanting.

Go, bid your servants bring him to my house.

OLD MAN. I will take care that he shall soon be  
there.

PHYS. I'm gone.

OLD MAN. Farewell.

[*Exeunt PHYS. and OLD MAN separately.*]

MEN. EPI. The father-in-law is gone,  
And so's the doctor. Now I am alone.

How is it, *Jove*, these men will have me mad!

Since I was born, I've ne'er been sick one day.

Nor am I mad, nor do I seek for quarrels,

Nor stir up strifes. I'm well in health, and see

Others the same: I know men, and I speak to them.

Is't not, that those who say that I am mad,

Are mad themselves? What shall I do? I would

Go home; but then my wife will not permit it.

My mistress too will not admit me. This

All of it's ill. I'll e'en stay here till night,

And I may get admittance in the dark. [*stands apart.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter* MESSenio.

MESS. 'Tis on all hands allow'd to be the proof  
Of a good servant, when he takes good care of,

Looks

ACT V. SCENE IV. 83

Looks after, thinks of, and disposes rightly  
 His master's business. That, when he is absent,  
 Things may go on as well, or even better 5  
 Than when he's present. He whose heart is right,  
 Will think his back of greater consequence  
 Than is his gullet: Ay, and to his belly  
 Prefer his legs. He ought to bear in mind  
 The wages, servants good for nothing, idle, 10  
 Or wicked, from their masters hands receive;  
 And these are, stripes and chains, the stocks, the mill,  
 Hard labour, cold and hunger. Such as these  
 Are the rewards of idleness. This evil  
 I'm terribly afraid of; therefore choose 15  
 Rather to do my duty, than neglect it.  
 Words I can bear, but stripes I hate. I rather  
 Like to eat that which has been ground by others,  
 Than grind myself what others are to eat.  
 I therefore execute my master's orders 20  
 Well; and with sober diligence I serve him:  
 This turns to my account—Let others act then  
 As best they think it for their interest,  
 I'll ever be that which I ought to be:  
 This fear I'll still retain, to keep me free 25  
 From fault; that wheresoe'er my master is,  
 I may be ready there to wait on him.  
 Those servants who have nothing done amiss,  
 Yet keep this fear, still make themselves of use  
 To their respective masters. But the servants 30

V. 7, 8, 9. *Will think his back, &c.*] Because, if he neglects his duty, the consequence will be, that his back will feel the rod, and his legs be bound up in chains. TAUBMAN.

V. 23. *Those servants, &c.*] See *The Apparition*, ACT IV. Scene I. V. 1.

84 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Who never live in fear of doing wrong,  
Fear, when they've something done to merit punishment.

As for myself, I shan't live long in fear—  
The time draws nigh, when master will reward me  
For all the pains I have been at to serve him. 35  
I've serv'd him so, as to consult my back.

Now that I've plac'd the servants, as he order'd,  
And what they'd want i'th' inn, I'm come to meet him.  
I'll now knock at the door, that he may know  
I'm here, tho' doubtful whether I can bring him 40  
Safe off from this vile house—I fear me much  
Lest I should come after the battle's fought.

SCENE V.

*Enter OLD MAN, with Servants.*

OLD MAN. [*to the Servants.*] By gods and men,  
I here conjure you all  
To take good care to execute the orders  
Given you already; and I now repeat them.  
See that man carried to the doctor's house;  
On pain of both your sides and legs, obey me. 5  
Be sure, each of you, not to heed his threats there.  
Why stand you thus? why hesitate? e'en now

V. 41. *Safe off from this vile house.*] *ex hoc salto*—literally, this thick wood. Alluding to such places being the lurking holes of thieves and robbers, and therefore dangerous.

V. 42. —*after the battle's fought.*] *depugnato praelio*. Alluding to the proverb, *post bellum suppetia*: Supplies after the battle. The French express it by a similar proverb, *après la mort le médecin*: the physician after the patient is dead. And we have a proverb to the same purpose, *When the steed is stolen, shut the stable-door*.

He

ACT V. SCENE V. 85

He ought to've been borne off. I'll go myself  
 Strait to the doctor: when you are got thither,  
 You'll find me there before you— [Exit OLD MAN.]

MEN. EPI. I'm undone. 10

What is the matter? What do these men want,  
 That they run here so fast? What is't you want?  
 Why do you thus surround me? Why thus hale me?  
 Where would you carry me? Undone! help! help!  
 Aid me, ye Epidamnians! Let me go. 15

[to the Servants.]

MESS. Ye gods, what do I see! What men are these  
 Who thus unworthily are bearing off  
 My master?

MEN. EPI. What, will no one dare to help me?

MESS. Master, I will, and boldly too.— What  
 villainy!

Ye Epidamnians, thus to seize my master, 20  
 In the open street, by day light, undisturb'd  
 By tumults in your city—A free man  
 He enter'd it—Then let him go, I say—

MEN. EPI. Whoe'er you are, assist me, I beseech  
 you,  
 Nor let them do such signal outrage on me.

MESS. Yes, I'll assist, defend, and succour you. 25  
 'Tis far more just, that I myself should perish,  
 Than suffer you to be thus treated, master:  
 Pluck out that fellow's eye, I beg of you,  
 Who holds you by the shoulder. I'll myself  
 Plant in these rascals chaps a crop of blows. 30  
 If you persist in bearing him away,  
 You'll find you'll have the worst of it. Let him go.

MEN. EPI. I've got hold of the rascal's eye.

MESS. Why then,

Let



86 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Let in his head the socket strait appear.

Rogues! Rascals!

SERVANTS. You'll murder us. Have mercy! 35

MESS. Let him go then.

MEN. EPI. What is't ye mean, you rascals!  
By laying hands on me thus violently?  
Curry the scoundrels with your blows.

MESS. Away,

Begone, go and be hang'd, ye rascals!

You there, that are the last to quit your hold, 40

Take this along with you as a reward— [*strikes him*]

So, so: I think I've on this scoundrel's chaps

Written in red letters.—'Troth, I came in time

To your assistance, master.

MEN. EPI. May the gods!

Whoe'er you are, be ever kind to you, 45

Young man. For without you, I ne'er had seen

The setting sun this day.

MESS. By *Pöllux*! therefore,  
If you do right, you'll give me, Sir, my freedom;

MEN. EPI. Give you your freedom!

MESS. Out of doubt, my master,  
Since I have sav'd your life.

MEN. EPI. How's this! young man, 50  
You are mistaken.

MESS. I mistaken! how?

MEN. EPI. I swear by father *Jupiter*, I'm not  
Your master.

MESS. Can you say so?

V. 43. *Written in red letters.*—] The original is, *Nimis autem bene  
ora commentari.* Literally, I have made no bad comment. Al-  
luding to the comment on a book, which was at that time usually  
in red letters.

MEN.

ACT V. SCENE V. 87

MEN. EPI. I don't lie.

I never had a servant yet; I say,  
Who ever did for me, what you have done? 55

MESS. If then you will not own me for your  
servant,

E'en let me go, and have my liberty.

MEN. EPI. As far as in my power, take your  
liberty,

And go where'er you please.

MESS. Then you command me?

MEN. EPI. Yes sure, as far as I've a right to do so. 60

MESS. My patron, thanks!

A SERVANT. I joy to see you free,

*Messenio.*

MESS. In troth I well believe you.

By *Hercules*! I do. And, now, my patron,

I beg, you'd lay on me the same commands

As when I was your servant. I'll live with you: 65

And, when you home return, go with you, Sir.

MEN. EPI. No, by no means.

MESS. I'll go now to the inn,

And bring your goods and money to you strait:

The purse which has your money, is fast seal'd

Within the cloak-bag. I'll go bring it strait. 70

MEN. EPI. Do so, and quickly.

MESS. Sir, I'll bring them back

In the same state as when you gave them me.

Wait for me here. [Exit MESS.]

MEN. EPI. What I've to-day experienc'd

In many instances is most extraordinary.

Some of them say, that I am not the man 75

I am, and shut me out of doors. And here

A man insists upon't, he is my servant—

And I just now have given him his freedom.

88 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

He talks of bringing money to me strait ;  
Which if he does, I'll tell him he has liberty 80  
To go from me whene'er it suits him best.  
My father-in-law and the physician say  
That I am mad. 'Tis strange what this should be :  
It seems to me no other than a dream.  
I'll now go to this courtezan, and see, 85  
Tho' she is angry with me, if I can't  
Prevail on her, to let me have the robe  
To carry home, and give it to my wife.

[Exit MEN. EPI.]

SCENE VI.

*Enter* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES *and*  
MESSENIO.

MEN. SOS. And do you dare affirm, audacious  
fellow,

That you have met me any where to-day,  
When I had order'd you to meet me here?

MESS. It is so true, that I not only met you ;  
But that e'en now, I freed you from four men, 5  
Before this very house, who seiz'd on you,  
And would have borne you off. You call'd on gods  
And men for their assistance. I ran up,  
And snatch'd you from them, notwithstanding all  
Their efforts to the contrary, and fought them. 10  
On which account, as I had done you service,  
You gave my freedom to me : After that,  
You bade me go, and fetch your goods and money.  
You've hasten'd on, fast as you could, before,  
To frustrate your own deeds——

MEN.

ACT V. SCENE VII. 89

MEN. Sos. And did I bid you 15  
Depart a freeman?

MESS. Certainly.

MEN. EPI. And 'tis *Sos.*  
Most certain, I'm as much a slave myself  
As e'er I gave to you your liberty.

SCENE VII.

*Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnum, from*  
*EROTIUM's house.*

MEN. EPI. Vile woman as you are! tho' you  
should swear  
By all that's dear to you, that I this day  
Bore off that robe and bracelet, yet you never,  
No, never should convince me.

MESS. Gods immortal!  
What is it that I see?

MEN. Sos. Why, what do you see? 5

MESS. Why, your resemblance, Sir, as in a mirror.

MEN. Sos. What is't you mean?

V. 2. *By all that's dear to you—*] The original is, *si voltis per oculos jurare*, though you should swear by your eyes.

The antients, when they would swear by any thing most precious, or dear to them, would swear by their eyes.

*Ulmus amat vitem, vitis non deserit ulmum.*

*Separor a dominâ cur ego sæpe meâ?*

*At mihi te comitem juraras usque futuram,*

*Per me, perque oculos fidera nostra tuos.*

*Ovid. Amorum, Lib. ii. Eleg. xvi. V. 41.*

Elms love the vines, the vines with elms abide,

Why doth my mistress oft from me divide?

Thou swear'st, division should not 'twixt us rise,

By me, and by my stars, thy radiant eyes.

C. M.

MESS.



90 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Mess. Your image, and as like  
As possible.

MEN. SOS. 'Troth, if I know myself,  
'Tis not unlike.

MEN. EPI. Young man, whoe'er you are,  
The gods preserve you! you have sav'd my life. 10

Mess. Young man, if 'tis not disagreeable,  
Tell me your name?

MEN. EPI. You have so much oblig'd me,  
You cannot ask what I'd be slow to grant you.  
My name's *Menæchmus*.

MEN. SOS. Mine's *Menæchmus* too.

MEN. EPI. I'm a *Sicilian*, and of *Syracuse*. 15

MEN. SOS. I am the same: it is my native  
country—

MEN. EPI. What's that I hear?

MEN. SOS. You hear the very truth.

Mess. I know this gentleman; he is my master.  
I am his servant. But I thought myself

The other's servant. Sir, [*to MEN. SOS.*] I thought  
him, you; 20

And by so doing, gave you some uneasiness.

If I have said ought foolish or imprudent,

I pray you pardon me.

MEN. SOS. You're mad, I think.

Don't you remember, that this very day

You disembark'd with me?

Mess. Nothing more just. 25

You are my master. Seek [*to MEN. EPI.*] another  
servant.

[*To MEN. SOS.*] God save you, Sir! and you,  
[*to MEN. EPI.*] good Sir, adieu!

This is, I say, *Menæchmus*.

MEN. EPI. I say, I am.

MEN.

ACT V. SCENE VII 91

MEN. SOS. What comedy is this? What! you  
*Menæchmus!*

MEN. EPI. I am, Sir!—and my father's name was  
*Moschus.* 30

MEN. SOS. And are you then my father's son?  
MEN. EPI. I'm son

Of my own father, youth. I do not want  
To claim your father, nor to take him from you.

MESS. Ye gods! confirm the unexpected hope  
Which I'm conceiving. These, if I mistake not, 35  
Are the twin brothers; for they both agree,  
In owning the same father, the same country.  
I'll call aside my master. Sir! *Menæchmus!*

BOTH MEN. Whom is't you want?

MESS. I want but one of you.  
But which of you came with me in the ship? 40

MEN. EPI. Not I.

MEN. SOS. 'Twas I.

V. 37. In owning the same father, the same country.] The original is,

*Nam & patrem, & matrem commemorant pariter, qui fuerint sibi.*  
In owning the same father, the same mother.

In this reading all the editions concur. Yet it seems absurd, as their mother has not yet been mentioned; nor is she till V. 410 of this Scene. If this is the reading, it is most certainly an oversight of the author. But *Lipsius* has conjectured, that instead of *matrem* we should read *patriam*; and what, as he observes, seems to confirm it is, that a few lines farther on, *Messenis* says,

*Postea autem eandem patriam ac patrem memorat.*

—He owns himself of the same country,  
And claims too the same father. V. 49.

This conjecture we think so happy a one, that we have made no scruple of adopting it; and have translated the passage accordingly.

MESS.

92 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MESS. Why then, 'tis you I want.  
Come this way.

MEN. Sos. Well, I'm here, what do you want?

MESS. That man is an impostor, Sir, or else  
He's your twin brother. For I never saw  
Two men, one like the other so exactly. 45  
Water is, I assure you, not more like  
To water, nor is milk more like to milk,  
Than he is like to you, and you to him.  
Besides, he owns himself of the same country,  
And claims too the same father. Best accost him, 50  
And ask him some few questions.

V. 47. — *is milk more like to milk.*] The same occurs again in our author.

*Ut Philocomasio hanc sororem geminam germanam alteram,  
Dicam Athenis advenisse cum amatore aliquo suo,  
Tam similem quam lacte lacti; Et apud te eos hic devertier  
Dicam hospitio——*

*Miles Gloriosus, A& II. Scene II. V. 83.*

—— I will pretend  
That a twin sister of *Philocomasium*  
(As like her as one drop of milk to another)  
Is with a certain gallant, come from *Athens*,  
And that they lodge with you ——

*The Braggard Captain, Vol. I. A& II. Scene II. V. 122.*

THORNTON.

Again ——

*Non minus simileis quam lacti lac——*

*Bacchides, Prologus, V. 49.*

Not less alike than milk to milk ——

It is a proverbial expression, used when any two things are quite like one another. The antients also sometimes said the same of an egg; and our *Shakespeare* of a cherry.

—— Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation; and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you  
As cherry is to cherry ——

*King Henry VIII, A& V. Scene III. Lady.*

MEN.

ACT V. SCENE VII. 93

MEN. SOS. Your advice  
Is right, by *Hercules*!—I thank you for it.  
Beseech you, give me farther your assistance;  
And, if you find us brothers, you shall have  
Your freedom.

MESS. Sir, I hope I shall.

MEN. SOS. I hope 55  
The fame.

MESS. [to MEN. EPI.] What was't you said?  
I think it was

That you are call'd *Menæchmus*?

MEN. EPI. Yes.

MESS. But he

Is call'd *Menæchmus* too.—In *Sicily*

You said that you was born, a citizen  
Of *Syracuse*—Why there was he born too. 60

You've likewise said that *Moschus* was your father?

Why, *Moschus* was his father too. And now

It's in the power of both of you to assist me;

And, in assisting me, to assist yourselves.

MEN. EPI. You have deserv'd so much of me,  
that what 65

You ask, you may command. Free as I am

I'll serve you, just as if I was your slave.

MESS. I hope you're just upon the point of finding

That you're twin brothers, born at the same time,

Sons of one father, and one mother too. 70

MEN. EPI. You mention wonders. Would you  
could effect

That which you've given assurance of—

MES. I can.

Come now. To that which I shall ask of you,  
Both answer me,

MEN.



94 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. EPI. Ask when you please, I'll answer,  
And not conceal one jot of what I know. 75

MESS. Is then your name *Menæchmus*?

MEN. EPI. Yes, I own it.

MESS. And yours the same?

MEN. SOS. It is.

MESS. You also say:  
Your father's name was *Moschus*.

MEN. EPI. Yes, I do.

MEN. SOS. And mine the same.

MESS. Are you of *Syracuse*?

MEN. EPI. Most certainly.

MESS. And you?

MEN. SOS. No doubt of it. 80

MESS. Hitherto all the marks agree right well.  
But let's go on. What's the most distant thing,  
You recollect to have happened in your country?

MEN. EPI. The going with my father to *Tarentum*  
Ith' way of merchandising: in the crowd 85  
My straying from my father; after that,  
My being hither brought.

MEN. SOS. Preserve me, *Jupiter*!

MESS. Why is that exclamation? Hold your peace.

[To MEN. EPI.] Say, when your father from your  
country took you,

What was your age?

V. 86. *My straying from my father:—*]

So, in the Prologue,

*Puer aberravit inter homines a patre.*

V. 31.

*The child stray'd from his father in the crowd.*

V. 33.

MEN.

ACT V. SCENE VII. 95

MEN. EPI. Seven years: for I remember 90  
Just at that time my teeth began to shed—  
Nor from that time have I e'er seen my father.

MESS. How many children had your father?

MEN. EPI. Two,  
If I remember right.

MESS. Was you or he  
The elder?

MEN. EPI. We were both of the same age. 95

MESS. How can that be?—

MEN. EPI. We both were twins—

MEN. SOS. The gods  
Are pleas'd to bless me—

MESS. If you interrupt me,  
I'll say no more.

MEN. SOS. Rather than so, I'm silent.

MESS. Say, had you both one name?

MEN. EPI. Not so—My name  
Was, as 'tis now, *Menæchmus*. But my brother 100  
They named *Soficles*.

MEN. SOS. I own the proofs.  
I cannot hold out longer. I'll embrace him.—  
My brother, my twin brother, hail! 'Tis I  
Am *Soficles*.

V. 91. *Just at that time my teeth began to shed—*]

*Ceterum editis primores septimo mense gigni dentes; priusque in supera  
fere parte, haud dubium est. Septimo eisdem decidere anno, aliosque  
suffici.* Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. vii. cap. 16.

There is no doubt that children breed their fore teeth in the  
seventh month after they are born, and those in the upper jaw first:  
Likewise that they shed the same teeth about the seventh year of  
their age, and others come out new in the place.

MEN.

96 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MEN. EPI. If so, why was you afterwards  
Menæchmus call'd?

MEN. SOS. When afterwards we heard 105  
You and your father both were dead, my grandfather  
Changing my name, gave me the same as yours.

MEN. EPI. Well, I believe 'tis all just as you say.  
But in your turn now answer me.

MEN. SOS. Your pleasure.

MEN. EPI. What was our mother's name? 110

MEN. SOS. 'Twas *Theusimarche*.

MEN. EPI. All this agrees. Hail, my unlook'd-  
for brother!

Whom after years of absence, I now see.

MEN. SOS. The same all Hail! to you, my dearest  
brother!

For whom I've search'd till now with so much pains,  
And whom I now rejoice to have found at last. 115

MESS. It was on this account, the courtezan  
Then call'd you by his name, and taking you  
For him, she ask'd you to her house to dinner.

MEN. EPI. 'Troth, I this day had order'd at her  
house

A dinner, to my wife unknown, from whom 120  
I filch'd a robe, and gave her as a present.

MEN. SOS. Is this the robe you see me have, my  
brother?

MEN. EPI. How came it in your hands?

MEN. SOS. A common woman  
Invited me to dine, and said 'twas I

That gave it her—I eat a hearty dinner, 125  
Drank freely, entertain'd myself with her,

V. 126. —*entertain'd myself with her,*] *Accubui fontum.* *Plautus*  
uses the same expression in this Comedy. Act III. Scene II. V. 11.

And

And got this robe, this bracelet——

MEN. EPI. I'm glad, brother,  
That you have far'd so well on my account;  
For when she ask'd you home to dinner with her,  
'Twas me she took you for.

MESS. What hinders then, 130  
But, as you promis'd me, I should be free?

MEN. EPI. He asks but what is right and just, my  
brother,  
Do it on my account.

MEN. SOS. Be free.

MEN. EPI. I joy,  
*Messenio*, that you have obtain'd your freedom.

MESS. You see a better hand than yours was  
wanting 135

To make me free for life;

MEN. SOS. Since things are thus,  
As we could wish, let's both return together  
To our native country.

MEN. EPI. As you please, my brother.  
I'll make an auction, and sell all I have.  
In the mean time, my brother, let's go in. 140

MEN. SOS. With all my heart.

MESS. Can you guess what I'd ask?

MEN. EPI. What is it?

MESS. That you'd make me auctioneer.

MEN. EPI. 'Tis granted——

MESS. Well, Sir, shall I then proclaim  
The auction frait? and for what day?

MEN. EPI. The seventh.

V. 136. *To make me free for life.* The original is  
——*ut liber perpetuo sit.*

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98 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

MESS. O yes!—O yes!—This, Sirs, is to give notice.—

145

The auction of *Menæchmus* will begin The seventh of this month: when will be sold Slaves, household goods, farms, houses, and—et cetera.

All may attend that will; and we sell all For ready money. Sell his wife besides, 150 If any purchaser should offer. I scarce think Our auction will amount to fifty times A thousand sesterces.

[To the spectators.] Spectators, now Adieu! and favour us with a loud applause. [Exeunt.

V. 154. —with a loud applause.] *Plautus* concludes his Comedies sometimes with one verse, sometimes with several. When with one, the *plaudite*, or requesting the spectators for their applause, is usually given to the character who speaks last, as in this Comedy, and some others: when it consists of several verses, he then gives it to the *Comedians* in general, whom he calls *Grex*. As the reader may have observed in *Amphitryon*, *The Captives*, and some others.

This Act opens with the Old Man returning with a Physician: when *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus* enters, whom they suppose to be the madman; and are confirmed in their suppositions, by some ridiculous questions and answers which pass between them: *Messenio*, the servant of *Menæchmus Socrates*, appears next in search of his master; and mistaking *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus* (whom they are carrying off by force to the Physician's house in order to cure him) for his master, rescues him out of their hands. For this service he asks his liberty; which *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus* tells him, as far as is in his power, though he knows nothing of him, he shall have; and then goes off to *Erotium*, to prevail on her to let him have *the robe*, to return to his wife. *Menæchmus Socrates* then joint *Messenio*, with whom he is angry for not coming to him;

him; *Messenio* expresses great surprize, supposing him to be the person he had just rescued, and from whom he had received his freedom, that he should deny all this; which leads to the last Scene, where the discovery is made by *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus* appearing on the stage as coming from *Erotium's* house; whom *Messenio* immediately sees; and, surprized to the greatest degree at the likeness of the two *Menæchmus's* to each other, after a few questions to each of them, to which he receives satisfactory answers, he discovers that *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnus* was the twin brother, that *Menæchmus* *Soficles* had so long been in search of. The twin brothers mutually acknowledge each other; and *Messenio*, in recompence for being so instrumental in the discovery, receives his freedom from his real master. Thus ends this Comedy, generally thought one of the best of *Plautus's*; and which a \* learned critick speaks of in these terms, *festivissima & eruditæ varietatis fabula*, a Comedy infinitely entertaining, and most full of learned variety.

Among the fragments of *Menander* are a few lines from a Play called ΔΙΑΤΜΑΙ, *The Twins*; from which some commentators have been of opinion *Plautus* took this Comedy. But it seems to be a matter at least of great uncertainty.

There are two imitations of this Comedy on the *French* stage; one near a century ago by *M. De Kotrou*, which is said to have succeeded; and the other of *M. Regnard*; which was performed with great applause in the year 1706.

There is also, as *Mr. Thornton* has observed in his preface, p. 11. an old translation of this Comedy, printed 1595, by *W. W.* and called *Menæchmi*. See A&T II. Scene I. V. 10. note. It is in many places a pretty strict translation, though in not a few the author is only imitated; and, in many, abridged. There are, before many of the Psalms in the version commonly known by the name of that of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, the same initial letters. It is not impossible but in both these instances they may stand for *William Warner*, who wrote a Poem called *Albion's England*, which he dedicated to *Henric Carey*, Baron of *Hunsdon*, who was Lord Chamberlain to *Queen Ann*, wife of *King James I.* The edition I have, is printed 1612.

\* *Janus Gulielmus.*

## 100 THE TWIN BROTHERS.

We have also seen a translation of this Comedy into *Spanish*, called *Menechmos*, and printed at *Antwerp*, 1555. The translator is not mentioned; but we find by a short copy of commendatory verses inscribed to him, that his name was *Gonsalvo Perez*. It is observable, that he has not translated the first two lines, but begun with the third. The translation is in general pretty literal. There is also with it, a translation of *Miles Gloriosus*, *The Braggard Captain*, called *Mili Glorioso*, by the same author. This we presume, Mr. *Thornton*, who translated that Comedy, Vol. I. of this edition, had not seen, as he does not mention it.

Among the fragments of *Menechmos*, are a few lines from a play called *Menechmos*, by *Plautus*; from which some commentators have been of opinion, that this Comedy, but it seems to be a manner of play, or a great uncertainty.

There are two instances of this Comedy on the French stage; one near a century ago by M. *De Kéroul*, which is said to have been performed, and the other by M. *Voltaire*, which was performed with great success.

### The End of the TWIN BROTHERS.

There is also at Mr. *Trotter*'s in his picture, a representation of this Comedy, printed 1775, by W. *W.* and called *Menechmos*, see Act II. scene I. It is in many places a pretty first edition, though in some few the author is only imitated; and in many, altogether. There are, before many of the figures in the action commonly known by the name of that of *Menechmos* and *Plautus*; the same figure is seen in both their instances. It is not impossible but in both their instances they are found for William *W.* and who wrote a poem called *Menechmos*, which is dedicated to *Henry*, Earl of *Arundel*, who was Lord Chamberlain to *Queen* and wife of *King James*. The edition I have is printed 1775.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

# DISCOVERY.



PERSONS of the DRAMA,

PERIPHANES, *an old gentleman of Platea.*

STRATIPPOCLES, *his son.*

APOECIDES, *an old gentleman, friend of PERIPHANES.*

EPIDICUS, *servant to PERIPHANES and STRATIPPOCLES.*

CHÆRIBULUS, *a young gentleman, comrade of STRATIPPOCLES.*

THESPRIO, *Armour-bearer to STRATIPPOCLES.*

A CAPTAIN of Rhodes,

A BANKER.

*The* WIFE of PERIPHANES, *mother of STRATIPPOCLES.*

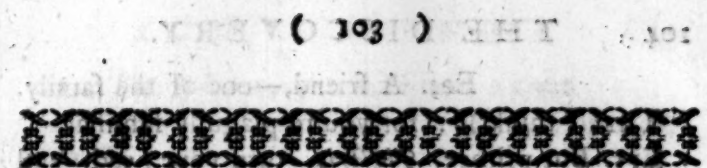
PHILIPPA, *a woman of Epidaurus, mistress of PERIPHANES, and supposed mother of ACROPOLISTIS.*

ACROPOLISTIS, *supposed daughter of PERIPHANES and PHILIPPA.*

A MUSICK-GIRL, *supposed the mistress of STRATIPPOCLES.*

TELESTIS, *daughter of PERIPHANES and PHILIPPA.*

SCENE, ATHENS,



THE  
\* DISCOVERY.

\*\*\*\*\*

† ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Enter* THESPRIO, *followed by* EPIDICUS.

EPIDICUS.  
**H**ARK ye! young man.  
THE. Who pulls me by the cloak,  
When I am in haste?

\* *Plautus* calls this Comedy EPIDICUS, the name of a Slave, a principal character in it, and on whose rogueries most of the incidents depend.—But, as thinking it might be more agreeable to an *English* ear, we have, in allusion to an incident near the end of it, called it *The Discovery*.—Like some other of our author's pieces, it has no Prologue.

† This Act translated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Esq.

H 4. EPI.

EPI. A friend,—one of the family.

THE. I think so: for you're plaguily familiar.

EPI. But prithee, *Thesprio*, turn your head, and view me.

THE. (turning.) Ha! do I see *Epidicus*?

EPI. Most certainly. 5

You have eyes.

THE. Save you!

EPI. Heav'n grant you all your wish, I'm glad you are arriv'd, and well.

THE. What next?

V. 2. —[one of the family.] The original is, *familiaris*. All slaves to the same master, were called *familiares*, that is, of the same family. *Thesprio* in his reply, takes the word in another sense. The following passage from *Seneca*, may serve to illustrate this. *Ne illud quidem videtis, quam omnem invidiam majores nostri dominis, omnem contumeliam servis detraxerint. Dominum patrem familiae appellarunt: servos, quod etiam in mimis durat, familiares.*

Do you not observe, how our ancestors have removed every subject of jealousy in regard to master, and of contempt, in regard to slaves. The master, they call the father of the family, and slaves, as we learn in their comedies, *familiaris*, or, of the same family.

A passage similar to this, we find in *Amphitruus*, Act. I. Sc. I, V. 197.

SOALA. *At quare abi sane, advenisse familiares dicito.*

MER. *Nescio quam, tu familiaris sis nisi alitum hinc abis.*

*Familiaris accipere saxe haud familiariter.*

See Mr. Thornton's translation of this passage, and his note upon it.—Vol. I. of this Translation.

V. 6. *Save you!*] *Salve*.—This expression the ancients used when any one sneezed.—The words the Greeks made use of were *Zeῦ ἄσσοι*, *God save you*: and the Romans sometimes added the person's name. For thus we read in *Petronius*:

Gyton

ACT I. SCENE I. 105

EPI. The custom; you shall have a treat.

THE. I promise.

EPI. What?

THE. To accept your treat.

EPI. How fares it with you?  
Do things go as you'd wish?

THE. Behold the proof.

EPI. I understand. Well done! You look more  
plump,

More hearty.

THE. Thanks to this. (*showing his left hand.*)

EPI. Which long ago  
You should have lost.

*Gyton sternutavit, Eumolpus conversus salvere Gytona jabet.*

*Gyton sneezed, Eumolpus turning to him, said, God save you.*  
Gyton. DE L'OEUVRE.

I should scarce have mentioned this in a note on this passage,  
had it not been to apprise the reader of the antiquity of this  
custom: a custom we retain to this very day.

V. 8. *You shall have your treat.*] See this explained in a note  
on *The Apparition*, Act IV. Scene III. V. 8.

V. 12. *Thanks to this.*—] Thieves and pilferers of antiquity,  
made use of the left hand for their business. For which, *Plautus*  
in his *Perfa*, Act. II. Sc. II. V. 44. calls the left hand *læva*  
*furtifica*, the pilfering hand.

SOPH. *Cedo manum ergo.*

PÆG. *Estne hæc manus?*

SOPH. *Ubi illa altera est furtifica læva?*

PÆG. *Domus tecum hunc nullam attuli.*

SOPH. Give me your hand then.

PÆG. Say, which hand? What, this?

[*giving his right hand.*]

SOPH. No: where's your left? your pilfering hand I mean.

PÆG. At home. I've brought no other with me hither.

Another



THE. But now I pilfer less,  
Than heretofore.

EPI. How so?

THE. I rob above-board.

EPI. The gods confound you! what large strides  
you take!

As soon as I espied you at the port,  
I set a running, and could hardly catch you,

THE. You are a milk-sop.

Another authority too, we meet with in Ovid,—

*Nec clypeus vasti cælasus imagine mundi—*

*Conveniet timide, natæque ad furta sinistra.*

*Metamorph. Lib. XIII. V. 110.*

Not can his feeble arms employ this spear;  
His shield whose orbe the figur'd world adorns;  
A coward's left arm, us'd to thieving, scorns.

SANDYS.

V. 14. *I rob above-board.*] M. Dacier has observed, that *Plautus* had here imitated a passage of *Aristophanes*—in his *Plutus*, Act. II. Sc. III. between *Blephidemus* and *Cremylus*. We will transcribe the whole,

Χρ. Σὺ μὲν εἶδ' ὃ πρᾶξις, ὡς ἐμοῦ τι κεκλοφύτος.

Ζητεῖς μεταλαβεῖν. Βλ. Μεταλαβεῖν ζητῶ; τίς;

Χρ. Τὸ δ' εἶναι ὃ τοῖσιν, ἀλλ' ἐτέρως ἔχει.

Βλ. Μὲν ὃ κεκλοφύς, ἀλλ' ἕρπαιος.

CHRE. I know what you are croaking to yourself. You think  
I have stolen something, and want to share in the booty,

BLEP. I want to share! In what pray?

CHRE. But this is no such thing—it is an affair of quite  
another nature.

BLEP. O! then you have not stolen, you have taken it away  
by violence.

FIELDING and YOUNG.

V. 18. *You are a milk-sop.*] The original is, *scyrus*; which  
properly signifies, a *buffoon*, or *parasite*.

EPI.

ACT IV. SCENE I. 107

EPI. You forsooth, I know,  
You are a knapsack swaggèrer.

THE. Do, be saucy;  
Say what you will.

EPI. Have you still had your health? 20

THE. Chequer'd.

EPI. I like it not, such chequer'd health;  
Whence men are mark'd with stripes, like goats and  
panthers.

THE. What would you have me tell you, but  
the truth?

V. 19. *You are a knapsack swaggerer.*] The original is,  
*scio, te esse quidem hominem militarem*, properly opposed to *scurra*,  
a buffoon, parasite, or, as we have translated *milk-jop*, as these  
sort of people chiefly seek after softness and luxury, and shun  
the hardships of camps, and a military life,

DACIER.

V. 20. *Have you still had your health?*

THE. *Chequer'd.*] The original is, *varid*. The word *varius*  
was often used by the slaves of that time in a loose sense, to  
signify the streaks upon the back after a whipping, which was  
of various colours. The like expression we meet with again in  
our author—

*Nisi somnum socordiamque ex peSore oculisque amovetis,  
Ista ego vestra latera loris faciam ut valde varia sint.*

*Pseudolus, Act I. Sce. II. V. 11.*

— Unless you throw off  
Sleep from your eyes, and banish laziness,  
Your back shall be well chequer'd with the scourge.—

By *varid* then, the speaker means, sometimes well, some-  
times ill, or, as we have here translated it, *chequered*. But *Epidicus*  
takes it in another sense, and takes an occasion to call those  
who *varid valent*, whose back is chequered, *caprigenam et panthe-  
rinam genus*, a sort of goats and panthers.

*Richard from Dacier.*

EPI.

EPI. I'd have you answer what I ask you fairly;  
How is our master's son? Is he in health?

THE. Stout as a boxer or a wrestler.

EPI. So:—

You've brought us joyful tidings. But where is he?

THE. I came along with him.

EPI. Where is he, then?

Unless you've brought him in your scrip or wallet.

THE. Confound you!

EPI. I would question you.—Hear me, 30

And you on your part shall be heard in turn.—

THE. You talk like any judge.

EPI. It suits me well.

THE. You play the prætor on us.

EPI. Is there any one

In Athens better qualified?

THE. Yet, one thing

Is wanting to your prætorship.

EPI. What's that? 35

THE. I'll tell you what: two lictors, and their fasces

Of elm-twigs for your worship.

V. 30. —hear me,

And you on your part shall be heard in turn.—

THE. You talk like any judge.] The original is, *operam da: opera reddabitur tibi—jūs dicis*. The phrases, *operam da*, and *opera reddabitur*, are properly terms used in the Roman courts of judicature, by the judges on all occasions; and this made *Thespis* answer, *jūs dicis*. You talk like any judge. ECHARD.

V. 33. You play the prætor on us.] The prætor was an officer among the Romans, appointed to judge and determine matters of law between one citizen and another, and was therefore called, *prætor urbanus*.

V. 36. —two lictors, and their fasces  
Of elm-twigs—] The prætors had always attending them, where, two at least, whom the Romans called *lictors*; usually they

EPI. Out upon you!  
But prithee, answer—

THE. What is't you would ask?

EPI. *Stratippocles's* arms, where are they, say?

THE. In troth, gone over to the enemy. 40

EPI. His arms?

THE. Ay, in a crack too—

EPI. Seriously?

THE. Yes, seriously :—the enemy has got them.—

EPI. 'Fore heav'n, it was a scurvy deed.

THE. But others,  
Have done the same before him :—This affair  
Will turn out to his honour.

EPI. How?

THE. Because  
It has to others, heretofore. 45

EPI. In troth  
'Tis my belief, that *Vulcan* made the arms  
Born by *Stratippocles*, they took their flight  
So quickly to the enemy : then this son

they had six. These *litors* carried in their hands, bundles of rods, which were called *fascis*. *Thesprio* is joking on this custom, and tells *Epidicus* that to compleat him as a *prator*, he wanted two others to attend him with their rods, not to do him honour, but to scourge him with.

V. 39. *Stratippocles's* arms, where are they, say? This question would have been impertinent on our stage ; but *Thesprio* being *Stratippocles's* armour-bearer, who ought to have had them with him at the time, the question was very proper.

*Echard from Dacier.*

V. 47. — *Vulcan made the arms* This and a great deal more, is an allusion to the story of *Achilles*.



THE DISCOVERY.

Of *Thetis*, let him lose them; *Nereus*' daughters 50  
Will bring him others. Only let him see,  
The armourers are provided with materials,  
If the enemy shall strip him each campaign.

THE. No more now of these matters.

EPI. Make an end  
Of this discourse then, whensoever you please. 55

THE. Ask no more questions.

EPI. Tell me, where's *Stratippocles*?

THE. There is a reason why he was afraid  
To come along with me.

EPI. And what is that?

THE. He would not see his father yet.

EPI. And why?

THE. I'll tell you. From the plunder he has  
purchas'd,

A captive maid of fair and gentle form.

EPI. What do I hear you say?

THE. That which I speak.

EPI. Why did he buy her?

THE. 'Cause he had a mind to her.

EPI. How many minds, I wonder, has he got?

For e'er he went from hence to join the troops, 65

He bade me purchase for him of a pandar,

A musick-girl, with whom he was enamour'd.

I have obey'd his orders.

THE. When at sea,

Just as the wind is, we must shift the sail.

EPI. Ah me! he has undone me.

THE. Wherefore? how? 70

EPI. The girl he purchas'd, how much did she

cost him?

THE. A trifle.

EPI.

ACT I. SCENE I. 111

EPI. I don't ask you that.

THE. What then?

EPI. How many minæ?

THE. So many. (*holds up his fingers.*)

EPI. What! forty!

THE. Yes;—of a Theban banker he has taken  
The money up at interest; and pays  
A silver mina for it by the day.

EPI. Strange!

THE. And the banker's come along with him, 75  
Who wants his money.

EPI. Gods! I'm finely done for.

THE. Why how now? what's the matter?

EPI. I am lost.

THE. Lost? who has lost you?

EPI. He, who lost his arms.

THE. Nay, prithee now, why so?

EPI. Day after day

He us'd to send me letters from the army, 80

But, mum!—'twere best.—'Tis fitter for a servant

To know more than he utters.—That is wisdom.

THE. In troth I know not why you are afraid:

You tremble:—yes, I see it in your countenance,

You have done something to deserve correction, 85

During my absence, as it seems.

EPI. Nay, prithee!

Can't you refrain from teizing me?

THE. I'm gone.

EPI. Stay, I'll not let you go.

THE. Why do you hold me?

EPI. Loves he the girl he purchas'd?

THE.

THE. What a question !  
He doats to death upon her.

EPI. I shall have 90  
My skin stript off my back.

THE. He loves her more  
Than ever he lov'd you.

EPI. Now, *you* confound you !

THE. Now, prithee let me go : for he has  
charg'd me

Not to go home, but to our neighbours here,  
To *Cerberulus* ; bid me wait him there : 95  
Himself is coming thither.

EPI. For what reason ?

THE. I'll tell you.—He'd not see, nor meet his  
father,

Till he has paid the money, that he owes,  
For purchasing this girl.

EPI. An ugly business !

THE. Dismiss me now, that I may hence directly :

EPI. When the old gentleman shall know of this  
Our bark is fairly cast away.

THE. What matter  
Is it to me what death you die ?

EPI. I'm loath  
To die alone ; I'd have you perish with me,  
Friend with his friend.

THE. Go hang yourself 105  
With this your rare proposal.

EPI. Do thou go for me,  
If thou art in such haste.

THE. I never met  
A man I parted with so willingly. [Exit.

ACT I. SCENE I. 113

EPI. He's gone : and now thou art alone : thou  
-see'st

What situation things are in, *Epidicus* : 110

Unless thou find assistance in thyself,

'Tis over with thee : such destructive ruins

Hang o'er thee, if thou dost not prop them firmly,

Thou can'st not stand ; such mountains of distress

Threaten at once to tumble down upon thee. 115

Nor can I hit on any likely scheme

To extricate myself from my embarrassment.

A luckless rascal ! by my artifices

I have prevail'd on our old gentleman,

To think that he has purchas'd his own daughter :

When all the while, 'tis but a musick-girl, 121

Whom his son lov'd ; and order'd me to buy

At his departure. Our young chap, forsooth !

Has brought with him another from the army,

Who struck his fancy. I am flead already. 125

For when the old gentleman shall come to know

That I have play'd him tricks, he'll smooth my back,

He'll polish it with twigs — Then look about thee,

That's nothing. [*considering.*] Psha, this pate of  
mine's quite addled.

V. 119. *I have prevail'd on our old gentleman,*] Here *Epidicus* goes on with the narration of what happened before the action began upon the stage ; and that in so few words, and so accidentally, that nothing could appear more proper and more natural ; and indeed scarce any thing seems more difficult, than making narrations in monologues appear necessary and natural.

ECHARD.

V. 127. — *he'll smooth my back,*] The original is, *dorsum depolire mihi* — *Depolire* is properly, to lay the pile of cloth smooth.



Thou art a fool, *Epidicus*. [*speaking to himself.*] But  
 what [*in another tone.*] 130  
 Provokes thee to call names, good friend?—Because  
 Thou dost desert thyself.—What can I do?—  
 What?—Do you ask me, you, who heretofore  
 Were won't to lend advice to others?—What?—  
 What?—something must be found.—But I am slow  
 In meeting my young spark, that I may learn  
 How matters are.—O, here he is, quite grave,  
 He's walking with his year's mate *Chæribulus*.  
 I'll step aside, and listen to their talk. [*retires.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* STRATIPPOCLES *and* CHÆRIBULUS.

STRA. I've told you the whole story, *Chæribulus*,  
 Giv'n you the sum both of my griefs and loves.

CHÆ. You are a fool, *Stratippocles*, beyond  
 Your age and courage. Are you then ashamed,

V. 34. —*to lend advice to others?*—] The original is, *dare consilia mutua*.

V. 138. —*his year's mate*—] The original is, *æquali suo*—  
*one of his own age*; or as we say at school, or at the universities,  
*one of the same standing*.

V. 1. *I've told you the whole story, Chæribulus,*] It is to be  
 supposed, that *Stratippocles* had told his friend *Chæribulus*, all that  
*Thesprio* had told *Epidicus* in the first scene. Thus the poet ingeniously  
 contrives to make *Stratippocles* go on just where *Thesprio*  
 had left off; for if he had told the whole story upon the stage,  
 the spectators would have been palled and tired out with repetitions.

ECHARD.

That

ACT I. SCENE II. 115

That you have bought a captive from the spoil, 5  
Of a good family? who is there, that  
Will blame you for it?

STRA. By this deed, I've found  
All those my enemies that envy me :  
Yet have I never offer'd violence,  
Or stain to her fair chastity.

CHÆ. In this 10  
You, in my judgment, shew yourself most honest :  
Since you maintain a temperance in love.

STRA. The man that comforts a desponding friend  
With words alone, does nothing. He's a friend  
Indeed, who proves himself a friend in need. 15

CHÆ. What would you have me do to serve you?

STRA. This:  
Lend forty *minæ*, to repay the banker,  
Of whom I took them up at interest.

CHÆ. 'Tis true! if I had them, I would not deny  
you.

STRA. What signifies beneficence in words, 20  
If you are cold to help me in reality?

V. 9. *Yet have I never offer'd violence,*] This is very artful in  
the poet, least when the discovery is made in the last Act, *Stratippocles*  
may have been suspected to have been guilty of incest :  
the pretext then, of so soon informing the spectators that he  
had not offered violence to the girl, is artfully managed.

V. 20. *What signifies beneficence in words,  
If you are cold to help me in reality?*] The reader may recollect  
the same sentiment, not very differently expressed in *Trinummus*,  
*The Treasure*, Act II. Sc. IV. V. 38.

*Nequam illud verbum est, bene vult, nisi quod bene facit.*

Best wishes! what avails that phrase, unless  
Best services attend them.—

THORNTON.

CHÆ. Nay, but myself am teiz'd to death; with  
duns  
Am torn to pieces.

STRA. I had rather see  
Such friends at bottom of the sea. But now,  
Now would I buy the assistance of *Epidicus* 25  
E'en at a precious price. I'll send the rascal  
To the back-kneaders, and well work'd with yeast,  
If he procure not for me forty minæ  
E're the last syllable be spoke.—the money.

V. 22. —teiz'd to death; with duns] The original is, *clamore defatigor*.

V. 24. *Such friends at bottom of the sea.*—] The original is, *malim istius modi mihi amicos, furno merco quam foro*. Literally, *I had rather have such friends in the oven, than the market place*. M. Dacier renders it in the words of a French proverb, *J'aimerois mieux le voir en terre qu'en pré*. I'd rather have them under the earth, than in the meadow: and Echard gives it the more distant turn of, *I'd sooner see such friends starve in a prison, than live in a palace*. We have here given it a turn, which it is presumed, conveys the meaning, which is only, *that he had rather have such friends dead than alive*. See the same expression, used in this Comedy, Act V. Sc. II. V. 14.

*Quæram me quæras, quæras mea causa vel medio in mari.*

With my free leave,  
Ev'n to the bottom of the sea — provided  
You'll not insist upon my company.

V. 27. *To the back-kneaders.*—] The original is, *pistori*. M. Dacier informs us, that *pistor* in the early times of the republick, was used to signify, one who kneaded the meal for bread, and not a baker. For which she quotes these words from *Varro*. *nec pistori nomen erat nisi ejus qui ruri far pinsebat*, “they called “him only *pistor*, who kneaded the meal or flour at the farm.” —Every citizen made his own bread, and women were usually employed for that purpose.

ACT I. SCENE II. 117

EPI. [*aside.*] All's well! his promises are fair. I  
hope. 30

He'll keep them too. [*ironically.*] At no expence of  
mine

My shoulders will be treated.—I'll accost him,

[*Going up to STRATIPPOCLES.*]

Epidicus, your slave, Sir, greets you well

On your arrival from abroad.

STRA. Where is he? 35

EPI. Here.—I rejoice, Sir, at your safe arrival.

STRA. I do believe you, even as myself.

EPI. Have you been well in health, Sir?

STRA. Well in body,

But sick in mind.

EPI. All that belong'd to me,  
I've taken care of; what you order'd me 40  
I've done; purchas'd the maiden, as you often  
Urg'd me by letter.

STRA. You have lost your labour.

EPI. How, wherefore have I lost it?

STRA. For she is not

Dear to my heart; nor do I like her.

V. 31: —*At no expence of mine*  
*My shoulders will be treated.*—] The original is,

*Sine meo sumptu paratæ jam sunt*

*Scaphulis symbolæ.*—Literally, without any expence of my  
own, every one is ready to pay his reckoning on my shoulders—  
*symbolæ* properly means the share each man pays of a reckoning,  
his club. In this sense *Terence* uses the word.

—*Ebo quid Pamphilus? Quid? symbolam*

*Dedit, canavit.*—

*Andria*, Act. I. Sc. I, V. 61.

—Well, well,

But what of *Pamphilus*? Of *Pamphilus*!

He'sapt, and paid his reckoning.—

COLMAN.



EPI. Why, then  
Was you so pressing in your charges? Why 45  
Write me so oft?

STRA. I lov'd her heretofore,  
But now my heart's engag'd another way.

EPI. How grievous is it to find a man ungrateful  
When you have serv'd him?—Thus by a good turn  
It seems I've done an evil one—'Cause your love 50  
Has shifted sides now.

STRA. When I sent those letters  
I was not in my senses.

EPI. And must I  
Atone then for your folly? Shall my back  
Be offer'd up a second victim for it?

CHÆ. What signifies this prate? Our youth hath  
need 55

Of forty minæ piping hot, directly,  
Which you must pay, and quickly, to the banker.

EPI. Where would you have me take it up? what  
banker  
Must I apply to?

STRA. Where you please: but if  
You get it not e'er the sun set, my doors 60  
You shall not enter, but away to the workhouse.

V. 54. *Be offer'd up a second victim for it?* *Succedaneum*—  
*Victima succedanea* was the second victim, when the first  
offered up in sacrifice did not appease the gods.

V. 58. —*What banker must I apply to?* *A quo trapezita peto.*  
All the bankers, who were called by the Greeks, *trapezite*, and  
by the Romans, *argentarii*, were also called *daniste*. But this  
last appellation was usually applied to those who used that  
particular sort of business. And it is in this sense, as *Salmasius*  
observes, that *Plautus* ofteneft makes use of the word.

DACIER.

EPI.

ACT I. SCENE II. 119

EPI. 'Tis easy talking with a heart at ease,  
Sans care or danger : but I knew our folks :  
And when I'm thrash'd, it pains me.

STRA. Prithee ! now,  
Wilt let me kill myself ?

EPI. No, do not that. 65  
Rather than so, I'll put me to the hazard,  
And buckle to the daring.

STRA. Now thou lik'st me.  
Now I commend thee.

EPI. I will undergo  
Whate'er you'd have me.

STRA. So,—This musick-girl  
Which you have bought, what's to be done with her ?

EPI. Something shall be found out, some way or  
other 71  
I'll disengage, I'll extricate me some how.

STRA. Thou hast a pregnant wit : I know thee  
well.

EPI. There is a captain of *Euboa*, rich  
And strong in cash ; who, when he comes to know  
That you've bought this, and brought that other  
home, 76  
Will press you straight, to make this over to him.  
But where's that other ?

STRA. She shall be forthcoming.

CHÆ. What's to be done, now ?

V. 74. *There is a captain of Euboa.*] *Euboa* is an island, near  
*Bœotia*, and *Thessaly*.—This captain, *Plautus* in other parts of  
this Comedy, calls the *Rhodian* captain—But the same person is  
meant. Possibly one might be his proper name, the other, that  
of his country.

STRA. We will to your house  
And have a pleasant day of't.

EPI. Get you in there. 80

[Exit Stratippocles.]

EPI. Now will I call a council in my breast  
On ways and means, and ponder against whom  
To declare war, and raise the money.— Mind  
What you're about, *Epidicus*, the business  
Is put upon you hastily: the time 85  
Is not for sleep, nor yet delay—but daring—  
The project is resolv'd on.—I'll attack  
This same old fellow—Go, go, get you in. [to *Chæ-  
rubulus*.]

And caution our young Sir, to keep within doors,  
Left he should chance to light upon his father.

[Exit.]

V. 81. *Now will I call a council—*] The allusion is, to the custom of those times, when it was usual, especially in time of war, to assemble the senate, in order to consult on ways and means to raise a supply. *Ecbarad* brings it home to our parliament house, by making use of the very terms of that assembly, and translates the passage thus: “In the mean time, must I have a committee of the whole house to consider of ways and means for the raising supplies to carry on this vigorous war.” See the same sentiment in *Mostellaria*, *The Apparition*, Act III, Sc. I. V. 158.

\* \* This Comedy, like many of our author's, has no Prologue. But the first Scene explains the same to the audience, that the Prologues of *Plautus* generally used to do. It is opened by *Epidicus*, and *Thesprio*, armour-bearer to *Stratippocles*. This *Thesprio*, is what the ancients called, *persona protatica*, a protatick character: that is, as *Donatus* explains it, one who appears only once in the beginning of the piece, for the sake of unfolding the argument, and is never seen again in any part of the Play. Such a one is *Sofia* in the *Andria* of *Terence*.

# ACT I. SCENE II. 121

*Terence.* For a farther account of this *protatick* character, we beg leave to refer the reader to Mr. *Colman's* note, at the end of the first Act, of his translation of that Comedy. *Echard* observes, that this Scene, in the original, is very remarkable for an unusual share of wit and sharpness; and that there are not many Scenes in this author, that come up to it in its fineness and neatness of raillery. *Epidicus* being left alone, goes on with the narration of what had happened before the action began upon the stage: and in the second Scene, *Stratippocles* who is supposed to have told his friend *Charibulus*, all that *Thesprio* had told *Epidicus* in the first Scene, goes on with the story just where *Thesprio* had left off. *Epidicus* going into *Charibulus's* house to tell his master not to come out, closes the first Act: and the first interval is filled up, with *Epidicus's* preparations to impose upon *Periphanes*, and with *Stratippocles's* waiting at his friend's house for the success of his enterprise.

*End of the FIRST ACT.*

ACT



## \* A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter APÆCIDES and PERIPHANES.*

APÆCIDES.

**I**T is the way with most men: they're asham'd  
 Without occasion: when they should be so,  
 Then shame deserts them. Such a man are you.  
 What need you be asham'd to take for wife  
 One of good family, though her state be mean? 5  
 The less, since, as you say, you have at home,  
 A daughter by her——

\* The first Scene of this Act, and as far as V. 41. of the second Scene, translated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Esq;

V. 1. *It is the way with most men;—*] The original is, *Plerique homines, quos cum nihil refert, pudet; ubi pudendum—est, Ibi eos deserit pudor, cum usus est ut pudeat*——which we have here transcribed, in order to shew the reader, how Terence has expressed the same sentiment, and to give him an opportunity of comparing them together.

——— *Attamen ubi fides?*

*Si roges, nihil pudet, hic, ubi opus est*

*Non verentur: illic, ubi nihil opus est, ibi verentur.—*

*Andria, Act. IV. Sc. I. V. 12.*

Speak of their broken faith, they blush not, they,  
 Now throwing off that shame they ought to wear,  
 Which they before, assum'd without a cause.

COLMAN.

And our author uses pretty much the same mode of expression, though in another sense, in *Trinummus, The Treasure.*

Eben!

ACT II. SCENE I. 123

PER. I respect my son.

APOE. In troth I thought, your shame was on account

Of your last wife; whose grave you never see,  
But straight you make a sacrifice to *Pluto*— 10  
Nor without reason, since you had the luck  
To outlive the vixen!

PER. O, while she was with me,

*Eheu! ubi usus nihil erat dicto, spondes  
Dicebat; nunc hic, cum opus est non quit dicere.*

Act. II. Sc. IV. V. 102.

—Why how now? when he could  
Get nothing by the bargain, he could say  
Done first; and now he's sure to win, he's silent.

THORNTON.

This, as M. *Dacier* has observed, is a continuation of a conversation, the old gentlemen have been supposed to have begun within doors,

V. 7. *I respect my son.*] It was looked upon as a disgrace, and even a sort of crime, for a father, who had sons grown up to be men, to marry again, and thereby introduce a mother-in-law—particularly so, if the father was indigent. *Apocides* in his reply, blames *Periphanes* for this scruple, and hints to him, that he ought not to be more ashamed on account of his son, than of his late wife; who, as she was dead, could not make him blush at a second marriage.—

*De L'Oeuvre. Gueudeville.*

V. 10. *But straight you make a sacrifice to Pluto*—] It was a common custom in those days, when a man had got rid of an ill wife, that made way for another, to offer a sacrifice to *Pluto* for his good fortune.  
*Echard.*

I was

I was an *Hercules*; and his sixth labour  
Was not more hard than that which I endur'd.

*AP. P.* Money's the best endowment.—Come— 15

*PC. AP.* I grant you,  
Could one but have it snug, without the wife.

## SCENE II.

Enter EPIDICUS, [*crossing the stage to the door of*  
*CHÆRIBULUS'S house.*]

EPI. Hift! silence! be of good heart: Out I go  
[*speaking to Stratippocles and Chæribulus within.*]  
With most auspicious omen.—I have somewhat here,  
[*pointing to his head.*]

Sharp as a knife, with which I will embowel  
The old man's purse.—But lo! I see him at  
*Apæcides's* door—Both the old fellows  
Just as I wanted. Now will I convert me  
Into a leach, and suck their very blood out,  
These pillars of the senate!

V. 13. —*his sixth labour*  
Was not more hard—] The sixth labour of *Hercules*, was his  
combat with the *Amazons*, when he killed their queen, *Hyppolita*,  
and tore off her girdle. • *De L'Oeuvre.*

V. 2. With most auspicious omen.—] The original is, *avi*  
*sinistra*, a bird on the left hand. Birds which appeared on the  
left hand, were always esteemed by the *Romans* the most lucky,  
as that was towards the east, the *Roman* augurs always turning  
their faces—towards the south.—

M. DACIER.

It was contrary among the *Grecians*. See *Potter's Antiquities*,  
Book II. ch. 15.

APOR.

ACT II. SCENE II. 125

APOE. [*to Periphanes*] Marry him  
Forthwith.

PER. I like your counsel.

APOE. For I've heard  
His heart is fix'd upon a musick-girl, 10  
I know not whom.

PER. That, that is torture to me.

EPI. [*aside.*] I'm help'd, promoted, lov'd by all  
the gods!

These Dons here ope themselves a passage for me  
To trick them fairly of their money.—Come,  
Attire thy self, and o'er thy shoulders throw 15  
Thy cloak, *Epidicus*: and so pretend  
Thou hast been searching him thro' all the town.  
About it straight. [*aloud.*] Good gods! would I  
could find

*Periphanes* at home! I'm tir'd to death  
In looking for him the whole city over. 20  
At all the bankers, shambles, and perfumers,

V. 10. *His heart is fix'd upon a musick-girl,*] This is all de-  
signed by the poet, to help forward *Epidicus's* cheat, and to  
make it seem more likely and probable.

ECHARD.

V. 15. —*and o'er thy shoulders throw  
Thy cloak*——] See *The Captives*, Act IV. Sc. I. V. 18. and  
the note on the passage, in Vol. I. of this Translation.

V. 21. —*shambles*——] The original is, *lanienas*, which *Paræus*  
and some other commentators have supposed to mean shambles,  
butchers shops. But M. *Dacier* has observed, it means, places  
where arms are sold, the places where the gladiators exercised  
themselves, being called, *lanistæ*—but it does not appear on  
what authority.

At



At 'pothecaries, and at barbers shops,  
The wrestling place, the forum,—I am hoarse  
With asking for him, and could hardly keep  
My legs, I made such speed.—

PER. *Epidicus*!

25

EPI. Who calls *Epidicus*?

PER. I am *Periphanes*.

APOE. I am *Apoecides*.

EPI. And I'm *Epidicus*—

Oh! master! I am glad I see you both;  
You're come most opportunely.

PER. What's the matter?

EPI. Stay, prithee let me breath.

PER. Well, rest yourself. 30

EPI. I'm sick at heart—let me recover breath.

PER. Keep yourself still.

EPI. Now mind me.—All the troops  
Order'd to *Thebes* have been remanded home.

V. 22. —'pothecaries,—] The original is, *medicinas*, physick-shops. M. Dacier tells us, that it means, surgeons shops. For they were the only physicians the antients had any knowledge of, as plainly appears from *Homer*. In these shops loiterers idled away their time, as they did in those of barbers. It is probably, a general name for all who deal in spices, essences and perfumes. So *Horace* uses the word *pharmacopolæ*, not for what we commonly call apothecaries.

*Ambubiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,*

*Mendici, mimæ.*—

Lib. I. Sat. II. V. 1.

The tribes of minstrels, strolling priests and players,  
Perfumers, and buffoons.—

FRANCIS.

V. 32. ——— *All the troops*

*Order'd to Thebes have been remanded home.*] This was no impossibility of *Epidicus*: that would have been too gross and silly; the thing was really as he had related it: but he made use of that

ACT II. SCENE II. 127

APOE. Who knows it to be so?

EPI. I say, 'tis so.

PER. You know?

EPI. I know it.

PER. How d'you know?

EPI. Because 35

I saw the soldiers march along the streets  
In shoals with their accoutrements and baggage.

PER. That's excellent!

EPI. Then what a croud of captives  
They bring with them: boys, girls, some two, some  
three,

And others five a-piece: the streets are throng'd, 40  
Each person looking out to find his son.

PER. A brave exploit, by *Hercules*! \*

EPI. The tribe

Of courtezans, scarce one left in the town,  
Appear'd in all their finery, to meet  
Their lovers, eagerly to run to them— 45  
And what I chiefly minded, many of them  
Had nets beneath their garments. At the port  
When I arriv'd, and saw her waiting there,  
And four musicians with her——

PER. Her? with whom?

EPI. Her whom your son has so much been in  
love with 50

that circumstance to attain his ends, and at the same time, by  
that means, accounts for the return of *Stratippocles*. And in this  
consists the art of our poet. DACIER.

\* Here ends all that was translated by the late BONNELL  
THORNTON, Esq;

V. 49. *And four musicians with her.*—] *Epidicus* said this, to  
frighten *Periphanis*, with the great pride and costliness of his  
son's mistress, and to bring about his rogueries easier.

*Ecce* from *Dacier*.

These

These many years, is dying for; with whom  
 He's in fair way, to ruin his estate,  
 His honour, nay himself and you. 'Tis true,  
 Why, she was waiting for him at the port. 55  
 PER. See the inchantress!

EPI. She was dress'd! all o'er  
 Bedaub'd with gold, so modish, smart and new—

PER. How was she dress'd, then, say? Had she  
 a train  
 Sweeping the ground behind her as she walk'd,  
 Just like a princess in a tragedy. 60

V. 55. *Why she was waiting for him at the port.*] This is supposed, but the deceit is founded on the old gentleman's belief, that the musick girl his son had ever been in love, <sup>with</sup> was the first musick girl, that was at *Athens*, and whom he had himself purchased without knowing her, on a supposition that she was his daughter. DACIER.

58. — *Had she a train &c.*—] This and what follows, can only be imitated in a translation: the reader who is desirous of informing himself of the *literal* meaning, may consult the commentators, in particular, M. *Dacier*.—We shall only give him *Ecbarde's* account of *impluvium*, or, *vestem impluviatam*, which in V. 59. we have expressed by, *a sack*.—"The word *impluvium*, says he, signifies a *square open place*, which the *Romans* had in their houses, to let in rain for their use; or, a square *court-yard* that received the rain in at four water-spouts: from whence, a habit they had made with four sides, or four pieces, was called *vestimentum impluviatum*. Here *Epidicus* takes an occasion from this word, to admire at a woman's being able to wear a *court-yard* on her back. *Periphanes* carrying on the humour, tells him, 'tis no wonder, since they frequently wear whole *houses* and *lands*, meaning the value of them, which their prodigal sparks had bestowed on them."

By substituting the garment our ladies now often wear, which they call a sack, we hope we have endeavoured to convey our author's idea at least; and the same in regard to the rest of the garments, the old gentleman is here enumerating.

Or

Or was't a robe, perhaps a sack; they have  
Different attire, and known by all these names.

EPI. A woman bear a sack upon her back!  
That's like a porter?

PER. Well, and where's the wonder?  
There's many bear large farms upon their backs, 65  
And make it easy to them. Their gallants,  
When taxes become due, and are demanded,  
Have not wherewith to pay them, and yet find  
Enough to pamper their extravagance;

A larger tax by far. And then what names! 70  
New ones each year, by which to call their garments!  
Your stiffen'd gown, your gown without a lining,  
White-linnen gown, embroider'd upper gown,  
Your night-gown too, your gown of saffron colour,  
Your gown of marygold! and then your petticoats!  
Your upper, and your under petticoat,  
Your hood, your royal or your foreign robe,  
Your robe sky-colour'd, or stuck o'er with feathers,  
Your yellow, or your apple-blossom robe!

Trifles indeed! They've too, transparent gowns, 80  
To these they give like names they give their dogs.

EPI. How! dogs!

PER. Yes, dogs; they call them their Laconicks.  
Just as they call their dogs from *Lacedæmon*.  
These names breed auctions——Their gallants must  
feed them.—

V. 80. *Trifles indeed!*—] The reader will see this explained  
at large in a note on Act I. Scene I. V. 8. of *The Clever*.

V. 82, 83. —*they call them their Laconicks.*  
Just as they call their dogs from *Lacedæmon*.] Dogs from *Sparta*  
or *Lacedæmon*, were supposed of the same species as our grey-  
hounds, and were in great esteem among the *Romans*.



But on now with your tale.

ERI. Two other women 85

I heard behind me, talking to each other

Something to this effect : when I, us'd so to do,

Drew back a little way, and made as if

I took no note at all of what they said.

'Tis true, I heard not every word ; but yet 90

I heard enough, to let me fairly into

The drift they aim'd at.

PER. That's what I would know.

ERI. Said one to t'other—

PER. What?

ERI. Be silent! Peace—

You'll hear it all.—Soon as they'd cast their eyes

Upon the girl, that your son loves, says one, 95

What luck that creature's had, to meet a man,

Who loves her so, that he will set her free

Who's he? says t'other—then she nam'd *Stratippeles*,

*Periphanes*' son—

*Nec tibi cura canum fuerit peftrata : sed una*

*Velocis Sparta catulos acremque moloffum*

*Parce fero pingui.*—

*Virgil. Georg. Lib. III. V. 403.*

Nor be it thy last care thy dogs to breed ;

With flatt'ning whey the vigorous mastiff feed,

And *Sparta*'s race.—

WATSON.

And that those dogs were called *canes Laconici*, *Laconick dogs*, we have the authority of *Horace*.

*Nam, qualis aut Moloffus, aut fulvus Lacon—*

*Epods VI. V. 5.*

Like a hound, or mastiff keen—

FRANCIS.

And hence, those garments most in esteem among the courtezans, for their thinness and transparency were also called, *vestis Laconica*, *Laconick garments*.

PER.

ACT I. SCENE III. 131

PAL. You're broad awake.

PHÆ. I sleep as I was wont—This is my sleep. 45

PAL. Let me then tell you, 'tis imprudence, Lady,  
To treat him ill, who has not deserv'd it of you.

PLA. You would be angry, if when you're at supper  
He were to drive you from it—

PAL. All is over:

They both love to distraction, both are mad. 50

See, how they hug! They'll never have enough.

Won't you part yet?

PLA. No blessing lasts for ever—  
That plague is ever to our pleasure join'd.

[*looking angrily at PALINURUS.*]

PAL. What say you, baggage—What, you little  
toss-pot,

With those grey eyes, that see best in the dark; 55  
Trifler, am I your plague?

PHÆ. A slave! abuse  
My *Venus* here! A beaten drudge to talk  
To me! But you shall fore repent your prate.

V. 52. *No blessing lasts for ever.*] The reader will, we doubt  
not, recollect a sentiment in *Horace*, the same as this, and not  
very differently expressed.

— *Nihil est ab omni*

*Parte beatum.*

Lib. iii Od. xvi. V. 27.

— Nothing is compleatly blest'd.

FRANCIS.

V. 54. — *you little toss-pot.*] The original is, *persolla*. *Persolla*  
from *persona*, as *corolla* from *corona*. PAREUS.

V. 55. *With those grey eyes* — ] The original is, *cum nocturnis oculis*,  
*with those owl-eyes*. The commentators tell us, that grey eyes  
were most esteemed by the *Grecians*, as black eyes were by the  
*Romans*. But as owls, cats, and some other animals who see in  
the dark, have eyes of that colour, the speaker rallies her on  
that subject. *Aldus*, and some of the older editions read *cum noc-*  
*turnis oculis*, *with night eyes*.

Come here—take that for your abuse. [*strikes him.*]

Now try,  
If you can hold your tongue.

PAL. Assist me now, 60  
Night-watching *Venus*!

PHÆ. What! perlist, you rascal?

PLA. Desist, my love—'Tis striking at a stone.  
Bruise not your hand against it then—

PAL. Why, *Phaedromus*,  
In a flagitious and a shameful act  
You bear her out. The man that gives you counsel 65  
You beat; and her you love. 'Tis trifling all.  
Is't right to assume the manners of the stew's?

PHÆ. I bet my gold against your modest lover:  
Here, take my purse.

PAL. No, rather give me copper,  
So I may serve a master in his senses. 70

PLA. Adieu! my dear. I hear the noise and creak  
Of doors: The priest is opening the temple.

V. 61. *Night-watching Venus!*—] The original is, *Venus noctuwigila*; a name given to that goddess, from her being fond of night and darkness, as most proper to conceal amorous endearments.

V. 72. —*The priest.*—] The original is, *Ædituus*. *Ædituus* is properly keeper or guardian, from *ædes*, a temple, and *tueri*, to guard or defend. Gueudeville and Ainsworth say, it is the same with what we now call church-warden. The temple here meant, is that of *Æsculapius*, where *Coppadox* was sleeping. *Horace* uses the word in the same sense.

*Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales  
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique  
Virtus, indigno non committenda potius.*

Lib. II. Epist. i. V. 229.  
Yet it is thine, O *Cæsar*, to enquire  
How far thy virtue can her priests inspire,

ACT II. SCENE II. 133

EPI. Well—I saw one just come from him,  
Who told me, he'd be here to morrow morning.

PER. Go on then, tell us what we've next to do?

EPI. Why this; pretend you gave this girl her  
freedom, 140

Of your mere will, as loving her yourself.—

PER. What good will come of that?

EPI. What good?  
You'll purchase her before your son comes back,  
And say, your reason was, to make her free.

PER. I understand you.

EPI. And, the purchase made, 145  
You'll pack her off, some distance from the town;  
Unless you've wiser thought—

PER. I think, you're right.

EPI. And what think you? [*to Apocides.*]

APOE. Why, what else should I think?  
An excellent contrivance, this you've thought of.

EPI. Thus you'll defeat your son's whole scheme  
of marrying her, 150  
And render him obedient to your will.

APOE. Thou art a cunning fellow, and I like thee.

EPI. [*to Periphanes.*] What then you have to do,  
do quickly, Sir.

PER. By *Hercules*! the very thing.

EPI. I've hit on  
A scheme too, that you'll never be suspected 155  
To be the party.

PER. Let us hear.

EPI. You shall—  
Attend then.

APOE. [*aside.*] 'Tis the cunning'st of all fellows,

EPI. We want a trusty person, to convey



The money for this musick girl; 'twill not  
Look well, to have you seen in it yourself. 160

PER. Why?—

EPI. Lest the merchant think 'tis for your son.

PER. That's right—

EPI. By which you'll keep her off, and hinder  
All mischief which might rise from that suspicion—

PER. Whom shall we find so fit—

EPI. Why, who more fit  
Than this your friend here? [*meaning Apacides.*] He  
can take good care,

All's right and regular.—He knows the law.—

PER. You have my thanks, *Epidicus.*

EPI. But I

Must lose no time—I'll first go meet the merchant,  
Carry the money with this gentleman,  
And bring the girl along with me.

PER. But say, 170

What is the lowest price he'll sell her at.

EPI. Perhaps you'll get her for—for forty minæ,  
But if you give me more, I shall return it:  
You can't suspect a trick in't. And I'm sure,  
You'll have your money back within ten days.

PER. How so?

EPI. Why, there's another spark in love with her,  
One plaguy rich, a great and famous captain, 176  
A *Rhodian*, one that's become rich by plunder—

V. 167. *You have my thanks.*—] Most of the editions give this to *Apacides*—That of *Albius* and *Lambin* to *Periphanus*—And rightly—*Epithemi's* answer proves it to be so.

V. 177, 178. *One plaguy rich*—

*A Rhodian.*—] The *Rhodian* had the character of being rich, proud and braggards—And to this *Terence* seems to allude in the following passage,

—*Quid*

ACT II. SCENE II. 185

A braggard: he will take her off your hands,  
And without scruple, pay you down the money. 180  
Hold but your peace, you'll be a gainer by it.—

PER. Pray heaven, I may!—

EPI. 'Twill doubtless be the case.

APOE. Go in then, Sir, and bring me out the  
money.

I'll to the Forum. You, *Epidicus*,  
Be sure, come to me there.

EPI. Do you be sure, 185

You stay there 'till I come.

APOE. I'll stay there for you. [*Exit Apocides.*]

PER. [*to Epidicus.*] Follow me in.

EPI. Go, and count out your money.

You shall not wait for me, I'll warrant you—

[*Exit Periphanes.*]

EPIDICUS alone.

I do not think, that in all Attick land,  
There can be found a piece of ground so fertile 190  
As our *Periphanes*. Tho' lock'd and seal'd,  
I shake his box, and rook him as I please.  
Should the old fellow find me out, I fear,

*Quid illud, Gnatho,  
Quo pacto Rhodium tetigerim in convivio,  
Nunquid tibi dixi?*

*Eunuchus, Act. III. Sc. I. V. 29.*

AY, but the story of the Rhodian, *Gnatho*!  
How smart I was upon him at a feast,  
Did I not tell you?

COLMAN,

V, 198. I do not think,—] The editions make this begin a  
new scene—But as no new character is introduced, and the  
speakers

He'd turn his elm twigs into parasites,  
 Who'll lick me to the bone.—But one thing puzzles  
 me,  
 What hired girl to shew *Apacides*—  
 That too I've hit on.—For this very morning  
 Th' old man bid me bring him home a musick-girl  
 To sing, while he perform'd his sacrifice.  
 One shall be hir'd, and instructed well  
 How to behave in carrying on the cheat—  
 I'll in, and take the money of the gull.

[Exit after *Periphanes*.]

speakers leave *Epidicus* alone upon the stage, we have thought it best to add it to the second scene.

V. 194. *He'd turn his elm twigs into parasites,*] The original is, *Ne ulmos parasitos faciat quæ usque attondeant*. Literally, He'll make parasites of elm branches, to flea me to the bone.—We have been obliged to take a little liberty in the translation; but not so much as *Echard*, who gives us for it, *Stick as close to my back, as an old rook to a rich cully*.

V. 198. *A musick girl*  
*To sing, while he perform'd his sacrifice.* It was the custom of the ancients to sacrifice victims, and offer libations to their *laræ*, or household gods; and the better to excite devotion, they had it accompanied with singing and musick.

DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 200. *One shall be hired,—*] This trick of *Epidicus* is an excellent preparation by the poet, for what happens in the seventh and eighth scenes of the fourth Act; not only for the pleasant diversion to the spectators, but chiefly for the discovery of *Epidicus*'s rogueries, and consequently by bringing about the main plot more dexterously. This neither *Epidicus*, or the spectators could foresee; but the poet had it in his eye all the time.

ECHARD.

V. 202. *—of the gull.*] The original is, *a damnosus sero*. The word *damnosus* is an excellent word in this case, being both  
 active

# ACT II. SCENE II. 137

active and passive, and signifies, one who has spent much, or one who has suffered much. We have nothing to answer it fully in our tongue, that I know of, except those words *cully*, *gull*, *bubble*, *put*, will; and the true meaning of these, especially the two latter, seems not yet well fixed.

DACIER. ECHARD.

Periphanes opens the second Act, in discourse with Apocides concerning a design he had of marrying *Philippa*. During their conversation, *Epidicus* enters from *Charibulus's* house, and overhearing *Apocides* advising *Periphanes* to get his son married, in order to take off his love for a musick girl, makes use of this circumstance to facilitate his design of imposing upon the old gentleman; and mentioning the return of the troops, persuades him to purchase this musick-girl before his son's return. The reader will recollect, that this musick-girl, who was waiting at the port, is a supposititious one; the old gentleman knows no more, than that *Stratippocles* was in love with some musick-girl, but it was with the first; for they knew nothing of her he had brought with him from the army; and as *Periphanes* had this first girl in his own house, and whom he believed to be his daughter, *Epidicus* had no difficulty to induce them to believe that this mistress of *Stratippocles* waited at the port, since they were assured she was at *Athens*. While *Periphanes* goes home to fetch the money, *Epidicus* remains alone, deliberating in what manner he shall proceed in his design. This scene concludes the Act, and the second interval is filled up with *Epidicus's* receiving the money of *Periphanes*; and with *Stratippocles's* waiting for him at *Charibulus's* house.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT



A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter STRATIPPOCLES and CHÆRIBULUS.

STRATIPPOCLES.

I Grieve and fret my heart out, waiting how  
Epidicus's promises will end—  
In any thing, or nothing, I'd fain know—

CHÆ. 'Tis my opinion, you seek aid elsewhere—  
I from the first, knew you'd have none from him.

STRA. Undone! undone!

CHÆ. Consider how absurd  
Thus to torment yourself—

STRA. By Hercules!

If I but once can catch him, he shall know  
A slave shall never trick us unreveng'd—  
What can he do, when you, who have at home  
Money to spare, will not assist your friend.

CHÆ. Had I the money, I would promise freely—  
In troth I would—But it is odds that something—

V. 1. *I grieve and fret my heart out,—*] The original is, *exedon  
aiqua exenteror*; I am eaten up, and embowelled,

V. 3. ——— *I'd fain know—*] It is very remarkable that  
throughout this Play, *Stratippocles* never met with his father on  
the stage; and further, he endeavours to avoid him till the latter  
end of the last Act, when *Epidicus* has brought about his design,  
therefore lies *incognito*, at his friend *Chæribulus*'s house: yet, not-  
withstanding all these inconveniencies which attend *Stratippocles*,  
the poet has ingeniously found very probable pretexts for his ap-  
pearing on the stage those four times he does; of which this is a  
very remarkable one.

ECHARD.  
Something

ACT III. SCENE I. 139

Something--will happen--something in some manner--  
From some place--or some other--from some person--  
And you may have some hope--to share with me  
In my good fortune.——

STRA. You're a sneaking fellow—  
Fie, fie upon you!—

CHÆ. Why to me this language!

STRA. Because you're prating to me about some-  
thing— 20

Some manner—from some place, and from some this—  
Some that,—some t'other body—And all this  
Nought to the purpose, nor do I attend to't—  
Nor from this time shall I e'er more expect  
From you assistance, than from one not born.—

SCENE II.

Enter EPIDICUS, [*from PERIPHANES's house with  
a bag of money.*]

EPH. You've done your duty; mine remains to do.—  
[*to PERIPHANES within.*]

This care of mine may lighten you of yours.

V. 15. *Something--will happen—*] *Chæribulus*, as *Echard* ob-  
serves, is here hard put to it by *Stratippocles*, therefore, he is  
forced to talk a little obscurely, and with hesitation: We have  
therefore, for the clearer discovery of it to the reader, printed  
breaks between the words, thus—

V. 17. *You're a sneaking fellow—*] *Ve tibi murcidæ homo*—so it  
stands in the *Ædus* edition, *murcidæ*—which, as several com-  
mentators have observed, is right. Some editions read *murcidæ*.

V. 24. ——— *one not born,—*] Our author's conduct is here  
remarkable. It was necessary that *Stratippocles* should appear,  
who under the impatience he was in, could not stay at *Chæri-*  
*phus's* house; but then it was necessary, that this first scene  
should

You hope the loss may bring some good to you:  
 How bright the pieces are!—Trust it to me—  
 Thus still act I—as did my ancestors.  
 Gods! what a lucky day have you bestow'd!  
 How easy, how unlook'd for! But I wast  
 The time, while this supply I should be bearing  
 In safety to our colony.—What's here?  
 Two friends before the house!—It is my master,  
 And *Charibulus*—What now?—Take the bag—

[to STRATIPPOCLES,  
 STRA. What sum does it contain?—

EPI. Enough and more,  
 I've brought ten minæ more than what you owe  
 The banker—while I can in this oblige,  
 I value not my back a rush.—

STRA. How so? 15

EPI. I'll make your father guilty of bag-slaughter—

STRA. Your meaning?—

should be no longer, than to give the old man time to count out his money for *Epidicus*, and to give the instructions required.

DACIER.

V. 9. *In safety to our colony.*—] The ancient Romans used to have parties of soldiers in their colonies, to guard their frontiers. *Epidicus* is here alluding to this custom; by our colony, he means, *Charibulus's* house, where he had left his master.—*Auspicio*, with a good omen, that is, *in safety*, after having consulted the omens, as was the custom in all affairs of consequence.

DACIER.

V. 16. *I'll make your father guilty of bag-slaughter.*—] The original is, *ego tuum patrem faciam parenticidam*. The joke of this passage, consists in the similar sound of the words, *parenticida*, a cut-purse, and *parenticida*, a parricide; and as much as *parricide* is a greater crime than *man-slaughter*, so much is the difference between the original and the translation.

EDWARD.

EPI.

ACT III. SCENE II. 141

EPI. I mind not your common forms ;  
 Be you content to lead him by the nose,  
 And pick his pockets, while I pick his bags !  
 The pandar, [coming forward] Sir, has swallow'd  
 the whole sum  
 For this same girl, your father deems his daughter.  
 'Tis paid—I told the money with these hands—  
 Nay, more—To cheat your father, and help you,  
 I've had some talk with, and persuaded him  
 To take effectual care, at your return,  
 To hinder you from getting at the girl,  
 " By buying her before-hand for himself,  
 " And pack her off into some private corner,  
 " Now will I top another girl upon him,  
 " And she will serve him every jot as well.

V. 17. *I mind not your common forms ;*] The original is, *nihil moror vetera et vulgata verba,—Peratim ductare; at ego sollicitum ductitabo.* This is a difficult passage, and we have adopted Echard's translation of it; who observes, that he believes the whole beauty of it cannot be preserved in our tongue. *Epidicus*, says he, here carries on the fancy of *perenticida*, and *parenticida*, and the poet has luckily hit upon a line that exactly agrees with either. For the common punishment of *parricides*, was to put them into a sack, with a cock, a serpent, and an ape, and then throw them into the river. Now, the word *ductare*, signifies equally to bring a man into punishment, or, to cheat him: so that the phrase, *peratim ductare*, is the same thing; only *sollicitum* was a much larger sack than *pera*. So that the natural sense, without quibbling, is this, *I don't cheat him by dribbling purses, but by large bags.*

M. Dacier explains the passage much in the same manner, but does not translate it at all. M. Guier thinks it supposititious; but it is so much in our author's manner, that we cannot but think it genuine.

V. 27. " *By buying her before-hand for himself,*] It is as clear as the day, that some lines are here wanting. This manifestly appears



STRA. Well done!

EPI. She'll be directly at your house  
And pass there for your mistress.---

STRA. Oh! I take you---

EPI. Your father too has spoken to *Apocides*  
To take it on himself, and seem the purchaser;

appears from the verse which follows, where mention is made of a musick-girl which was to be purchased, and to supply the place of *Stratippocles's* mistress. This again appears from the preceding verse; for *banc habui orationem*, I've had some talk with him, necessarily supposes, that *Epidicus* was here repeating what he before had been telling the old gentleman. In this manner then, the passage may be amended:

*Ita ego suasse scui, atque banc habui orationem,*

*Uti, tu cum redisses, me tibi ejus copia esset.*

" *Ut enim praesinet argento priusquam veniat filius,*

" *Ubi eris emptus ut aliquo ex urbe amoreat vensilem,*

" *Nunc ostendam ei fiduciam aliquam conducitiam.*

Nothing can be more connected nor easier than this; and so far is the repetition from being tedious, that it has a good effect upon the stage, and what we see examples of every day.

DACIER.

We entirely agree with the learned lady, that something is wanting, and have translated the three lines she has added, marked thus, ["] accordingly.—Richard too is of the like opinion, and has done the same.

V. 31. *She'll be directly at your house—*] The commentators have given themselves much trouble and uneasiness in explaining this passage, in which they cannot make out any sense; for *Epidicus* could not be speaking here of the first slave that was bought, and who was now in *Periphanes's* house, he believing her to be his daughter; but he is speaking of that musick-girl, who was to be purchased in the stead of the last mistress of *Stratippocles*; and it is cleared up in the preceding note.

DACIER.

And

ACT III. SCENE II. 143

And he's now waiting for me at the Forum. 35.

STRA. That's well.

EPI. The biter's bit tho', after all.  
He has put the purse into my hands himself,  
And he's at home preparing for your wedding [to him.]  
As soon as you arrive.

STRA. On one condition,  
And only one, will I consent to that.  
The death of the dear girl, I brought home with me.

V. 37. He has put the purse—] The original is, *Ipse in meo collo tuus pater crumenam collocavit.* Literally, *Your father himself has put the purse about my neck.* It appears from this, as well as other passages in Plautus, that the Romans wore their purses about their necks.

*His pater, hic istam colloca crumenam in collo plene.*

*Asinaria, Act. III. Sc. III. V. 67.*

—Here, put it here,

Tye the purse round my neck.—

*—homo crumenam sibi de collo detrahit—*

*Terenciuss, Act. III. Sc. I. V. 7.*

He took his purse from off his neck—

Hence, the word *descollo*, to put or loose a thing from the neck; *de* and *collo*.—

*—cum it dormitum, solum obstringit ob gulum.—*

*Aulularia, Act. II. Sc. IV. V. 23.*

—nay when he goes to sleep, he tyes a bag

Close to his gullet—

THORNTON.

It should seem that Mr. Thornton is mistaken in his translation of this passage, and in his note upon it. — See p. 39. — Vol. II. of this translation — By these passages, it seems to be clear, that he tyes *his purse*, not a bag, close to his gullet.—

V. 47. — [I brought home with me.] — *Stratippacles* had brought the girl he was in love with, along with him. It was not her  
Epidicus

EPI. One more device, I've still behind—I'll go  
 In private to the pandar's house, and tell him,  
 If ask'd the price o' th' musick-girl, to say,  
 'Twas fifty minæ.—That's the very sum, and 45  
 I paid him three days since with my own hands, bñA  
 For t'other girl, your father thinks his daughter, aA  
 On which, he'll with destruction on his head,  
 If 'twas not for the girl you brought home with you.  
 He had the money.

STRA. Subtlety itself!— 50

*Epidicus* was speaking of, when he tells the old gentleman, that the musick-girl was waiting for *Stratippoces* at the port. See Act II. Scene II. V. 54. and the note. DACIER.

V. 50. *Subtlety itself!*—] The original is, *Versutior es quam rota figurarij*. Literally, *You are more versatile than a potter's wheel*, which M. De L'Oeuwre observes, is said to be *versutus a versandi facilitate*, from its versatility, or ease in turning.

*Versutos eos appello, quorum mens celeriter versatur.*

Cicero, de Natura Deorum.

I call those subtle, whose minds are whirl'd about with celerity.

The reader may possibly recollect something like this in *The Captives*.

*Utroque versum rectum est ingenium meum*

*Ad te, adque illum, pro rota me uti licet,*

*Vel ego huc vel illuc vortar, quo imperabitis.*

Act II. Scene III. V. 8.

*I'm of a pliant nature, and will bend*

*To either.—You may use me like a wheel,*

*This way or that way will I turn and twirl,*

*As you shall please to order.—*

M. Dacier renders it by, *que tu es rusé! how subtle you are!*

*Richard*, too licentiously I think, by, *you out-do Machiavel for policy.*

EPI.

ACT III. SCENE II. 145

EPI. Now will I hire some cunning musick-girl  
Who shall pretend to be the party purchas'd,  
And well instructed, play on the old men.  
As such she shall be sent unto *Apocides*,  
To carry to your father.—

STRA. Well contriv'd— 55

EPI. And thus prepar'd, and laden with my tricks,  
I'll send her straight—But I prate here too long,  
And you too long have waited---What's to come  
You know.---I'm gone.---

STRA. Go, and success attend you !  
[*Exit Epidicus.*

CHÆ. A subtle dog at mischief !

STRA. Sure I am 60  
His shrewd advice has been my preservation.---

CHÆ. Then let us to my house---

STRA. And better pleas'd  
Than when we fallied thence---I, by the courage  
And conduct of *Epidicus*, return  
Laden with spoils and plunder to the camp. 65

[*Exeunt into Chæribulus's house.*

V. 65. —[*plunder to the camp.*] Here, against the authority of all the copies we have seen, we choose with *Echard* to end the third Act. He observes very judiciously, that it plainly appears that it should be so, from the cessation of action on the stage, and other circumstances. The editions, and *M. Dacier* among the rest, take the two next Scenes into this Act, and make it end where there is no clearing the stage, nor no manner of grounds for it.

\* \* \* *Stratippocles*, impatient for *Epidicus's* return, enters from the house with his friend *Chæribulus*; when, after a short conversation,  
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versation, *Epidicus* enters from *Periphanes's* house with the money; which, when he had given to *Stratippos*, he tells him in short, what he had done; and then explains to him, in what manner he was to proceed. This ends the Act; and the third interval is filled up, with *Epidicus's* going to the procurator's, and getting the musick-girl for *Apocides*; and with *Stratippos's* *Charibula's* waiting for his mistress at his friend's house.

**End of the THIRD ACT.**

**ACT**

## A C T IV.

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERIPHANES.*

PERIPHANES.

**T**WERE right a man should hold a mirror up  
 Not only to his face, but to his mind ;  
 And see the very heart of his discretion.

V. 1. *Twere right a man should hold a mirror up*] This short scene is very moral, and very natural for a considering cool-headed man to speak. It is observable, that the ancients were full of grave passages in their *Comedies* as well as *Tragedies* ; and our author was not much behind hand, notwithstanding his inclination to merriment upon every slight and trivial occasion.

ECHARD.

Something very analogous to this sentiment of a mirror for the mind, the commentators have observed, is to be met with in *SENECA*, the philosopher. We shall present the reader with the passage.

*Inventa sunt specula, ut homo ipse se nosceret. Multa ex hoc consecuta : primo sui notitia, deinde et ad quædam consilium. Formosus, ut vitaret infamiam : deformis, ut sciret redimendum esse virtutibus, quicquid corpori deesset : juvenis, ut flore ætatis admoneretur, illud tempus esse discendi, et fortia audendi : senex, ut indecora canis deponeret, et de morte aliquid cogitaret. —*

And then he goes on, *Ad hoc rerum Natura facultatem nobis dedit nosmet ipsos videndi. Fons cuique perlucidus aut læve saxum imaginem reddit.*

—— *Nuper me in litore vidi,  
 Cum placidum ventis staret mare. —*

Natural. Quæst. Lib. I. Cap. 17.

Mirrors have been found out, that by them a man might know himself. From this invention, much advantage has arisen ; first,

Whence he might judge its power and extent.  
 Consult that glass, and think what life you led 5  
 When young yourself, *Periphanes*---I, who  
 Thus fret and tease my heart out, on my son's  
 Account, I now experienc'd, feel myself,  
 My own misdeeds in youth stronger than his.  
 But truth it is, we old folks sometimes doat; 10  
 And such a mirror would be useful to us.  
 But see my friend *Apocides*; and with him  
 The prize my son has purchas'd.

## SCENE II.

*Enter APOECIDES, with a misick-girl.*

—Welcome back,  
 My merchant, I am glad to see you safe  
 Return'd. What say you?

the knowledge of ourselves, then advice on certain other things. The beautiful should herein learn how to avoid dishonour, the homely, how to supply by a virtuous behaviour, the deficiency of bodily perfection: the young, to remember, that being in the prime of life, then is the time to improve themselves, and to attempt actions of valour. The old, to shake off all unseemly things unbecoming their white hairs, and to meditate on death.—

*And then he goes on,* For this castle has nature afforded us the means to see ourselves. The transparent spring, and every bright stone reflects back upon us the image of our minds.

Late did I view myself from off the shore,  
 When seas were calm, and tempests ceas'd to roar.

*Martial* also in the 17th epigram of his 9th book, calls a mirror, *consilium formæ*, what gives advice to beauty; and *M. Gueudeville* thinks, that perhaps on this principle, *Moliere* in his *Precieuses ridicules*, *The affected Ladies*, makes one of them call it, *le conseiller des graces*, the counsellor of graces. The original of all this the reader will find in the first *Alcibiades* of *Plato*. But the passage is too long to be transcribed.

APOE.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 149

APOE. That the Heavens smile  
Propitious on you.—

PER. 'Tis a lucky omen.

APOE. All things succeed as well as we could wish.  
But order some one to conduct the girl  
Into the house.

PER. Hola! who waits there? One of you  
Come hither.

*Enter a Servant.*

—Shew this girl into the house.  
And, do you hear—

SERV. Your pleasure, Sir?

PER. Take care  
You suffer not my daughter and this girl 10  
To meet together, nor to see each other.  
Mark me—I'd have her lock'd i'the little room  
Alone. The manners of a modest virgin  
Are widely distant from a common harlot's.—

*[Exit Servant, with the Musick-Girl.]*

APOE. Spoke like a man of sense. No man can be  
Too careful of his daughter's honour. Troth,  
We nick'd the time in snapping up this girl,  
Before your son could purchase her.

PER. How so?

V. 14. ————*from a common harlot's.*—] The Athenians  
and antient Romans were rather more careful of their daughters  
honesty than we; and to attempt the chastity of a virgin, was  
no less than a capital crime.

ECHARD.

—*harlots.*—] The original is, *lupæ*, properly, *she-wolves*,  
hence *lupanar*, a *hawdy-house*. M. Dacier observes, that the  
antients called *harlots*, *she-wolves*, and that hence proceeded the  
story, that Remus and Romulus were nursed by one.



150 THE DISCOVERY.

APOE. Because a person told me, that e'en now 20  
He saw your son here---

PER. Like enough, in troth!  
And ready for his bargain.

APOE. Plainly so,  
'Troth you've a servant fit to be enroll'd;  
One worth his weight in gold---Nor is he dear  
At gold so weigh'd---How finely he play'd off 25  
The musick-girl, that she suspected not  
The purchase made for you! with what a smile  
He brought her laughing hither!

PER. I'm amaz'd  
How he could do it!

V. 23. — *a servant fit to be enroll'd*;] The original is, *servum graphicum*, a servant fit to be engraved. *Graphicum* is the iron pen with which the antients marked their letters on tables of wood waxed over. Hence, *servus graphicus*, means, an accomplished servant, a servant worthy to be engraved, or painted. We meet with the expression in other places of our author, —

*Nimium graphicum hunc nugatorem—*

*Trinummus*, Act IV. Sc. II. V. 91.

'Tis the compleatest knave—

THORNTON,

*Idopol mortalem graphicum, si servas fidem—*

*Pseudolus*, Act I. Sc. V. v. 104.

——By Pollux temple!

A clever fellow, if he keep his word——

V. 26. — *that she suspected not*] This is a piece of raillery.—*Epidicus* had disposed *Apocides* in such a manner, that he might see all this contrivance; he had told him, that in order to induce this musick-girl to entertain no doubt of any thing, he made her believe, that she was only hired to sing and perform upon some musical instruments at a sacrifice, which *Periphanes* was preparing.

DACIER.

APOE.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 151

APOE. Under a pretence  
That you'd a sacrifice to make at home  
For your son's safety, just arriv'd from *Thebes*. 30

PER. An excellent contrivance, that!—

APOE. And then,  
The reason why he brought her thither, was  
To assist you in performing it—He said  
You had a sacrifice to make—While I  
Look'd silly all the time; and made myself 35  
A very ideot.

PER. Right—

APOE. A friend of mine  
Has an affair of consequence, depending  
Now at the Forum—And I must away  
To stand his advocate.

PER. Go—and return  
Soon as that's o'er—

APOE. I'll not be absent long. 40

[Exit APOECIDES.]

PER. A friend in need, is sure a friend indeed.  
Whate'er you wish, is done without your trouble.

V. 36. *A very ideot.*] *Apocides* says, he made himself appear a very ideot, in order to assist *Epidicus*, to give the musick-girl no suspicion, who would infallibly have refused to follow *Epidicus*, if she had supposed *Apocides* to have been a crafty or cunning person; and by that means, the old man falls into *Epidicus*'s snare. DACIER.

V. 39. *To stand his advocate.*] The original is, *ire advocatus*, which word among the Romans did not mean, what we call one who pleads causes; such a one they called *patronus*.—*Advocatus* with them meant, one who attended his friend when his cause was pleading, in order to hint to him any law that would be of service to him. DACIER.

Now had I trusted this affair to one  
 Less vers'd in tricks, I had been finely sob'd;  
 Then had my son shewn his white teeth with justice. 45  
 What folly 'tis in me, to blame in him,  
 The follies of my youth!—When in the army,  
 I split the ears of all that I could seize on,  
 With bragging of my feats—But who is this  
 Comes tossing on; waving his cloak in air? 50

[*seeing the Captain of Rhodes at a distance.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter a Captain of Rhodes.*

CAPT. See that you pass no house, but ask at all  
 [to a servant.]

Where old *Periphanes* of *Platea* lives.

And take good care you come not back to me,  
 Before you've found him out.

V. 44. —*I had been finely sob'd;*] *O, sublitum esset*—a phrase which occurs very often in *Plautus*; and *Terence* uses the same.

V. 45. —*shewn his white teeth;*] The meaning is, laughed at me. In laughing, the mouth is opened, consequently the teeth shewn.

*Enter a Captain of Rhodes.*] That such a considerable incident as the *Captain of Rhodes's* coming, might not seem to be made only to serve the poet's design, he has wisely taken care to prepare it beforehand, in the latter end of the second Scene of the second Act; so that there can be nothing precipitated, or any thing unnatural. This is a rule that ought to be carefully observed by all dramatick Poets,

EDWARD.

PER.

ACT IV. SCENE III. 153

PER. Suppose, my youth,  
I should inform you of the man you seek, 5  
What thanks should I deserve?

CAPT. Brave as I've been  
In war, my merits there have giv'n me right  
To expect that every man should give me thanks.

PER. Young man, you've not found out a proper  
place,

To brag of your atchievements. An inferior, 10  
When he attempts to publish his exploits  
Before his betters, does but foul his mouth.

But if you seek *Periphanes* of *Platea*,  
I am the man, if you want ought with me.

CAPT. Are you the man, that in his youth, 'tis said,  
Was spoke of before kings; and by his arms,  
And soldier-like accomplishments, acquir'd  
An ample fortune?

PER. I, Sir, am the man;  
And if you was to hear all my atchievements,  
You'd drop your hands, and hie you home with  
speed— 20

V. 6. *Brave as I've been*  
*In war*,—] It is observable, that *Plautus* seldom brings a  
soldier on the stage, but he is a blundering, rough hewn, swagger-  
ing fellow. *Terence's Thraso* is just of the same character; but  
more moderately drawn than *Plautus's* soldier.

*Ecbar* from *De L'Oeuve*.

V. 20. *You'd drop your hands, and hie you home with speed—*  
Because dropping the hands in walking, makes them serve as  
oars, and so enabling the person to make more hast. This the  
*Greeks* call, *παρὰ τὸ χεῖρ, φέρων παρὰ τὰς χεῖρας*.

*Dacier* from *De L'Oeuve*.

CAPT.



CAPT. By *Pollux*! I had rather find the man  
To tell my own achievements to, than one  
To tell me his.

PER. This is no proper place.  
Find some one else to tell your nonsense to.

CAPT. List to me then, and you shall know my  
errand---

I hear you've made a purchase of my mistress. 25

PER. [*aside.*] O ho! I now begin to know my  
spark!

The very captain that *Epidicus*  
Had told me of. 'Tis very true, young man, [*to him.*]  
I made the purchase.

CAPT. I'd have a word or two, 30  
If't be not troublesome---

PER. I can't tell that.  
Speak as you will, it shall not trouble me.

CAPT. Then let me have her; I'll pay down the  
money.

PER. Take her---

CAPT. No need with you to mince the matter.

V. 24. —[*to tell your nonsense to.*] The original is, *centones sarcinas*. Literally, *to stuff your centos in*. The commentators inform us, that *cento* comes from the Greek word, *νάρπη*, a patched garment, made up of several shreds or rags of divers colours: thence, metaphorically, a poem made up of several scraps from the works of other poets, quite altering the sense, and applying it to some other purpose. So that *centones alicui sarcinis* was used for, to fill one's head with idle stories, or to talk nonsense,

V. 34. *No need with you to mince the matter.*] Here our noble captain's character is handsomely carried on, for he does not only want politeness and civility, but you see he wants common discretion too,  
*Echard from Dacier,*

I think

ACT IV. SCENE III. 155

I think this day to give the girl her freedom,  
And take her for my bed-fellow.--- 35

PER. In short,  
I purchas'd her at fifty silver minæ;  
Count me down sixty, and the girl is yours  
Long as your furlow lasts---On this condition  
You rid the country of her.

CAPT. Is she mine? 40

PER. Upon those terms she is,

CAPT. You sell a bargain.

PER. [*to his servants.*] Who's there?---send out to  
us the musick-girl,  
You carried in but now.---[*to him.*] I'll give you too,  
Her lute into the bargain---and her trumpery,

*Enter Servants with a Musick-Girl.*

There, take her, friend.--- [*giving her to the captain.*]

CAPT. What madness has possess'd you? 45

\* V. 39. *Long as your furlow lasts*---] The original is, *saxa ferias, keep holiday*. Mr. De L'Oeuwre tells us, that holidays in the military, were when there was a cessation of arms; at which time the soldiers had the liberty of going to their own habitations, when they were at leisure in winter, or when there was a truce, or a cessation of arms for some time. The original is, *Tuas possidebit mulier saxo ferias*. See *The Captives*, Act III. Scene I. V. 8.

---*Venter gutturque resident curiales ferias*---

My belly will keep holiday.---

The meaning is, only, that the musick-girl shall be his.

V. 41. *You sell a bargain.*] The original is, *conciliavisti pulchre*. Donatus tells us, *Bene et pulchre conciliare*, means, to buy or sell cheap, as, on the contrary, *male conciliare*, is to buy or sell dear,

What,

156 THE DISCOVERY.

What, would you blind my eyes? the girl within---  
Order her forth---

PER. This is the girl I bought.  
There is no other here,---

CAPT. No tricks with me!  
Produce the musick-girl *Acropolistis*.

PER. Why, this is she---

CAPT. I tell you, 'tis not she. 50  
Think you I know not my own mistress? What!--

PER. I tell you, this is she my son was fond of.

CAPT. 'Tis not the same.

PER. What? not the same?

CAPT. 'Tis not.

PER. Whence came she then? By *Hercules*! I swear,  
This is the girl I gave the money for. 55

CAPT. You fool'd your money then away, and  
made

A plaguy blunder.

PER. Out of doubt, 'tis she.

I sent my servant: one who usually  
Attends upon my son; he made the purchase.

CAPT. This servant then has fairly bubbled you. 60

PER. How bubbled me?

CAPT. Nothing: 'tis but suspicion.  
This wench is put upon you for the musick-girl;  
You're plainly, palpably impos'd upon.---

V. 46. -- *blind my eyes?* --] The original is, *Quas tu mihi ten-  
bras cudis, what darkness is this you bring upon me!*

V. 46. -- *the girl within* --] *Periphanes* had ordered the girl  
he had last purchased to be sent out; but the captain was in love  
with the first, that is, with her who passed for the old gentle-  
man's daughter; and it is this which occasions the dispute.

DACIER.

PER.

ACT IV. SCENE III. 157

PER. I'll find her out where'er she is: and so,  
My man of war, adieu!--Well done, *Epidicus*!

[*Exit Captain.*]

A clever fellow!--Bravely done, my man!  
You've finely wip'd my nose.---[*to the girl.*] Did not  
*Apocides*

Buy thee this very day of the slave merchant!

MUS. GIRL. Ne'er till this day heard I of such a  
man:

Nor could he purchase me at any rate  
Who have been five years free. 70

PER. What business here, then?

MUS. GIRL. Here I was hir'd to sing and play the  
lute,

While an old gentleman perform'd a sacrifice.

PER. There's not a greater idiot than myself;  
No not in *Athens*.---But you know the musick-girl  
*Acropolistis*?

MUS. GIRL. As I know myself.

PER. Where lives she?

MUS. GIRL. Since her freedom I'm not sure.

PER. Freedom!--And who gave her her freedom,  
pray?

MUS. GIRL. I'll tell you what I've heard; 'twas  
that *Stratippocles*,  
*Periphanes*'s son, who in his absence 80  
Took care to get her freedom.

V. 81. Took care to get her freedom.] This was *Acropolistis*, the  
musick-girl whom *Periphanes* himself had freed, taking her all  
this while for his daughter *Telestis*, and knew nothing to the  
contrary; which much started him to hear that his son had freed  
*Acropolistis*, one he knew nothing of. *Periphanes*'s complaints  
were all for *Epidicus*'s last cheats; for as yet he did not so much  
as expect the first, to wit, his imposing upon him *Acropolistis*  
instead



PER. If 'tis true,  
 I am undone, by *Hercules*!—*Epidicus*  
 'Tis very plain, has squeez'd my purse most finely.  
 MUS. GIRL. By what I hear, you will no more  
 with me.  
 PER. No more, but death with torture, and your  
 absence. 85  
 MUS. GIRL. You'll let me take my lute?—  
 PER. Nor lute, nor flute—  
 Hast, if the gods will let you, fly.  
 MUS. GIRL. I go:  
 But you'll repent this usage some time hence.—  
 [Exit Musick Girl.  
 PER. What's to be done? Shall I, who've had my  
 name  
 Before so many edicts, let this rascal 90

instead of his daughter; so that here is an excellent contrivance  
 of the poet's to raise new troubles to come one after another,  
 and such too, as he thought himself most secure from.

ECHARD.

V. 82. *I am undone*.—] This the old gentleman has great  
 reason to say, since he had purchased a young slave without so  
 much as knowing her, believing her to be his daughter, and  
 that he had her at his house. This is one of the great beauties  
 of this scene. At the time that *Periphanes* adds, that *Epidicus*  
 had squeezed his purse, he speaks of the last sum of money that  
 this servant had cheated him of; for he knew nothing at all of  
 the first piece of roguery. Those who have commented on this  
 piece, do not seem to have entirely understood the plot of it;  
 which indeed is admirable. DACIER.

V. 90. *Before so many edicts*.—] The original is, *qui in tantis*  
*positus sum sententiis*. M. Dacier observes that commentators have  
 explained this passage seven or eight different ways; but that she  
 thought *Grenovius* was the only one who had found out the true  
 sense, and which she had adopted in her translation into French;

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 159

Go off unpunish'd—No—tho' I should lose  
As much again, I'd rather, than to bear  
To be thus laugh'd at, plunder'd, unreveng'd.  
Yes, I'm expos'd.—Yet I'm a fool indeed,  
To have a worse opinion of myself 95  
Than this *Apacides*, who brags of being  
A law-maker so famous—He is still  
Boasting his wisdom—But, I'd have him know,  
The hammer is no wiser than the handle.

SCENE IV.

*Enter PHILIPPA at a distance.*

PHI. If man in all his misery's to be pitied,  
'Tis when the malady is in his mind.  
This I experience in all shapes of ill.  
Fear, poverty alarm my inmost mind,

*moi donc le nom est a la tete de tant d'edicts; I whose name is at the head of so many edicts; Sententia here are what the Greeks call ψηφισματα, edicts, decrees.—So poni in sententia, is to be wrote at the head of an edict, that is to be the author of it. For in old books, it was usual to write at the head of the edition the name of the author.*

V. 99. *The hammer is no wiser than the handle.*] A proverb hatched in the country; and used to signify, that one man is not less a fool than another, though he would make himself be thought more clever. As the hammer would pass as more adroit than the handle, yet is as useless as that is, unless put to its right use in the hand of the workman, who cannot make use of one without the other. DACIA.

V. 4. —*my inmost mind.*] The original is, *paupertas, pauper terribat mentem animi*,—a very elegant as well as forcible expression. *Mens animi*, the most excellent, the inmost part of the mind.

Nor find I, for the little hope I've left  
A place of safety.—I have lost my daughter 5  
To th' enemy—Nor know I where to seek her.

PER. [*aside.*] What woman's this?—A stranger,  
full of fears  
Who thus bewails herself?

PHI. They said, *Periphanes*  
Liv'd somewhere hereabout—

PER. [*aside.*] She mentions me: 10  
Perhaps she wants some hospitable friend.

PHI. Would any one shew me the man, or where  
He lives, I would reward him for't—

PER. [*aside.*] For certain  
I know this woman: I have seen her face,  
Tho' where I know not—Is it she or no? 15  
My mind suspects 'tis she—

PHI. [*seeing him.*] O ye good gods!  
He is familiar to me.—

PER. [*aside.*] I've no doubt,  
'Tis the poor woman, whom in *Epidaurus*  
I well remember to have had—

PHI. 'Tis he,  
Who first enjoy'd my love in *Epidaurus*--- 20

PER. [*aside.*] By whom I had a daughter now at  
home.---

V. 7. *To th' enemy*—] Here the poet gives a very good reason for *Philippa's* coming to *Athens*: so this incident is no ways forced or unnatural. What is remarkable still, is, that though her daughter had fallen into the enemies hands a considerable time; yet, she coming from *Thebes*, could not arrive before this time, because the peace was but just now concluded on, and ratified.

ECHARD.

V. 18. — *in Epidaurus*] *Epidaurus* was a city of *Agria* in *Peloponnesus*, part of *Greece*.

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 161.

PHI. Say, I approach him---

PER. [*aside.*] Shall I then accost her,  
Or no?—If 'tis the same---

PHI. O, should it be  
The man, as length of time has made it doubtful---

PER. [*aside.*] 'Tis so long since, my mind is at a  
loss. 25

But if 'tis she, I'll artfully address her.

PHI. Come to my aid some of my sex's arts!

PER. [*aside.*] I'll speak to her---

PHI. I'll have some talk with him.

PER. [*to her.*] Mistress, good day!--

PHI. Thanks, both for me and mine.

PER. What more? 30

PHI. Good day!--Your compliment's return'd.

PER. For your just dealing, thanks--Do I not  
know you?

PHI. If I am not mistaken, I've to say  
That which will call me well to your remembrance.--

PER. Where have I seen you?

PHI. That's too hard a question.

PER. Why so?

PHI. You'd have me prompt your memory. 35

PER. You'd tell fine stories--

PHI. Your's were wonders all.

PER. And do you recollect that better?

PHI. Oh!

I do.

PER. In *Epidaurus*--

PHI. Ah! that word,

That word, a little drop of healing comfort,

Has cool'd the burning heat within my bosom. 40.



PER. My taking pity on your mother's poverty,  
Relieving her, and you, a helpless girl—

PHI. Are you the man, who by deceiving me,  
Have plung'd me into all this misery?

PER. The very man—Good day!—You have  
your health! 45

PHI. The better, that I see you well.

PER. Your hand—

PHI. Take it—You've here a woman full of  
misery.—

PER. Why so concern'd?

PHI. The daughter I had by you—

PER. Well, what of her?

PHI. When I had brought her up,  
I lost her. She's a prisoner 'mongst the enemy. 50

PER. Be easy then, and set your heart at rest:  
Behold, within the house, she's safe and well.

As soon as e'er my slave told me her fate,  
I purchas'd her; in that affair the fellow  
Acquitted him with diligence, and prudence; 55  
As in all else, he has been a very rascal.

PHI. O let me see her, if you'd have me live!

V. 48. *Why so concern'd?*] The original is, *quid est quod vultus te turbat tuus*,—why such concern in your countenance? The edition of Aldus, 1532, reads, *quid est, quod digito inter turbat tuos?*—what is the reason your pulse beats so? This reading, M. Dacier prefers; and has bestowed a great deal of learning in a note, in justification of it. But, as that lady herself allows, that the common reading may be admitted, we rather choose to adhere to it.

PER.

ACT IV. SCENE V. 163

PER. Hola! who waits there? *Canthara*, go bid  
My daughter instantly come out to me,  
That she may see her mother.

PHI. This revives me! 60

SCENE V.

*Enter the MUSICK-GIRL.*

MUS. GIRL. Your pleasure, father: why am I  
call'd forth?

PER. To see thy mother, child—Go, get thee to  
her,

And meet her with a kiss---

MUS. GIRL. What mother, Sir?

PER. She there, that's dying for the sight of you.

PHI. Who's this, you'd have to kiss me?

PER. Who?---your daughter. 5

PHI. Who?---This?---

PER. The same.

PHI. What! kiss this creature, say you?

V. 67, 68. —go bid

*My daughter instantly come out to me,]*

—*statim jube*

*Acropolistidem prodire filiam ante aedem meam.*

—Go bid my daughter *Acropolistis* instantly come out to me.

This passage is undoubtedly false in all the editions of this author: and, instead of *Acropolistidem*, it ought to be *Telestidem*; for though her name was really *Acropolistis*, yet *Periphanes* took her for his daughter *Telestis*. I suppose it was altered by some person not well acquainted with the plot.

*Ecceard from Dacier.*

This is certainly right; so, to avoid the mistake, we have omitted the name; and translated it simply, *my daughter*.

PER. And why not kiss her? Is she not your daughter?

PHI. The man's distracted.

PER. I, distracted?

PHI. You.

PER. Why so?

PHI. Because I know not who she is ;  
Have no acquaintance with her, nor so much 10  
As e'er set eyes on her, before this instant.

PER. I see from whence arises your mistake ;  
She has chang'd her dress and put on other cloaths.

PHI. Kittens and pigs smell very different,  
I neither know this girl, nor whence she is. 15

PER. Gods ! how is this ? what ! do I keep a  
brothel

To harbour strangers, and maintain them there ?

Why did you call me father, and why kiss me ?

Why stand there like a block ? Why speak'st thou not ?

MUS. GIRL. What would you have me say ?

PER. This woman says, 20  
She's not your mother.

MUS. GIRL. If she's not---why, be it so.  
In spite of her, I'll be my mother's daughter.

It is not fair to force her to be such

Against her will.---

PER. Why then did'st call me father ?

V. 14. Kittens and pigs smell very different.]

*Aliter catuli longe olent, aliter juus.* A proverb taken from nature ; used to signify, that there is no animal but will acknowledge its offspring ; and consequently, a mother and a daughter cannot come together without owning one another. *M. Dacier* changes it to ravens and eagles ; and *M. Goussier* rallies her not a little for so doing.

Mus.

ACT IV, SCENE V. 165

MUS. GIRL. The fault was yours, not mine---I  
never call'd 25

You father once, till you had call'd me daughter.

And should she call me so, I'd call her mother.

As she denies me, she's no more a mother---

No fault of mine---I said, as I was taught.

*Epidicus* was my instructor---

PER. How! 30

Undone! undone!--I'm ruin'd horse and foot.

MUS. GIRL. Am I to blame?

PER. If e'er you call me father,  
By *Hercules*! your life shall answer for it.

MUS. GIRL. Well, I'll not call you father---when  
you please,

To be my father---so---when not---why, choose--- 35

PHI. What! did you buy her, thinking her your  
daughter?

What tokens had you to believe her such?

PER. Troth, none at all.

PHI. What was't then made you think so?

PER. *Epidicus* my servant told me so.

PHI. So, were your servant of another mind, 40  
You knew her not yourself?

PER. How should I know her,  
That saw her but one time---and never after.

V. 31. — *I'm ruin'd horse and foot.*] The original is, *Plaustrum percu'i. I'us overturn'd my cart.* A proverbial expression from the country; or, as *Echard* says, from husbandmen, who seldom knew a greater misfortune, than the overthrowing of a cart after it was well loaden. Used when a person has put his affairs into disorder and confusion. We have substituted a proverb of our own, taken from the army; which means pretty near the same thing.



PHI. Wretch, that I am!

PER. Weep not, I say, but in---  
Have a good heart. I'll find her out, I'll warrant.

PHI. A citizen of *Athens* purchas'd her; 45  
A young man too, they say.

PER. Be you but satisfied,  
I'll find her out. Mean time, go in, and watch  
This *Circe* here, this daughter of the sun.

[Exit PHILIPPA into the house.  
All other business I'll at once postpone,

And go in search of this *Epidicus*: 50  
Whom if I find, this day shall be his last.

[Exit.

V. 48. *This Circe here, this daughter of the sun.*] Those who knew not their father, were commonly said to be children of the sun, who is the father of all things. This is what *Periphanes* alludes to; for *Circe* was the daughter of *Perseis*; and as she knew not who was her father, she passed as the daughter of the sun.  
DACIER.

\* \* This fourth Act is opened by *Periphanes*, with a moral soliloquy; in which he is interrupted by the arrival of *Apacides* with the musick-girl, he had desired him to procure, to sing to him whilst he was sacrificing. After a short conversation, *Apacides* goes off to the Forum to assist a friend, and leaves *Periphanes* alone; who in the next scene is joined by a *Captain of Rhodes*, who is in pursuit of a female slave with whom he was in love, and whom he wanted to purchase. Here the rogueries of *Epidicus* begin first to be discovered. For the musick-girl proving not to be the same the *Captain* wanted, he goes off in a huff; and *Periphanes* sends her away; when he is joined by *Philippa*, just arrived from *Thebes*, who is discovered to be the very woman *Periphanes* had had a daughter by; which daughter he supposed was now in the house. He orders her

ACT IV. SCENE V. 167

to be sent for. (*Philippa* on seeing her, absolutely denies she is her daughter; and thus the first piece of roguery of *Epidicus* is very naturally discovered. The old man orders *Philippa* and the *music-girl* to go into his house, and goes off himself in search of *Epidicus*. This ends the fourth Act; and the interval is filled up with *Periphanes's* searching for *Epidicus* in order to punish him; and likewise, with *Stratippocles* waiting for the *Banker* and his mistress.

*End of the FOURTH ACT.*

## A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* STRATIPPOCLES.

**H**OW ill this banker here obeys my orders !  
 Who nor demands his money, nor brings home  
 The girl, I purchas'd from the spoils.---But see !  
*Epidicus* !---Why are his brows so purs'd !

*Enter* EPIDICUS, at a distance.

EP1. [*aside*.] Should *Jove* himself, with his eleven  
 Gods

5

Come to his aid, they could not save *Epidicus*,  
 From condign punishment. I saw *Periphanes*  
 Buying of manacles : *Apæcides*  
 Was with him ; and they're now, I take for granted,

V. 5. *Should Jove himself, with his eleven Gods*] Here *Epidicus* was really in a very sad condition, and the stage embarrassed ; yet soon after *Plautus* finds a way to bring all off, even when the spectators were almost brought to despair. The doing of this well, does not only shew the greatest art of the poet, but gives the spectators the greatest pleasure too ; this is the most taking part of a play ; and indeed there is nothing like surprises, if they be natural.

ECHARD.

The names of the twelve principal gods, the reader will find in the fragments of *Ennius*, comprized in these two verses,

*Juno, Vesta, Ceres, Diana, Minerva, Venus, Mars,*  
*Mercurius, Jovi, Neptunus, Vulcanus, Apollo,*

*Annalium, Lib. I.*

These twelve Gods are also mentioned in other antient authors ; often in *Aristophanes*. One instance may be sufficient.

— οἱ δωδεκα θεοὶ

Εἰλάειν ἐπιτίψαι εἰ — ΟΡΝΙΘΕΕ. (*The Birds*.) V. 96.

— May the twelve Gods

Come and demolish you ! —

In

ACT V. SCENE I. 169

In search of me. They've smelt me out, and know  
I have impos'd upon them ---

STRA. Ho! how fares  
My useful rascal, my commodity?

EPI. As well as such a wretch as I am, can.

STRA. Why, what's the matter?

EPI. Prithee now equip me  
With necessaries for a march, before 15  
I'm quite undone. E'en now, the two old fellows,  
Whom I've been fleecing, are in search of me,  
With manacles a full half inch in breadth.

STRA. Have a good heart.

EPI. And, wherefore should I not,  
When I'm so sure my liberty's at hand -- [ironically.]

STRA. Well, I'll take care of you.

EPI. By Pollux temple! 21  
These two old fellows will take better care,  
If once they catch me. But, what girl is that;  
And who that red-hair'd fellow that is with her?

[seeing the BANKER and the MUSICK-GIRL at a distance.

V. 17. *Whom I've been fleecing.*—] The original is, *desfloccati*, worn out, bald, lost their nap. *Epidicus* calls them so, because he had fleeced them of their money; and we have ventured to express the word so in the translation.

V. 18. ——— *a full half inch in breadth.*] The original is, *copulas fescuncias*. The foot was divided into twelve parts, which were called *uncie*, and which we now call inches. LIMIERS.

V. 20. ——— *my liberty's at hand*—] The original is, *in mundo sita est*; and *Festus* the grammarian tells us, that the antients, when they would say any thing was *in promptu*, at hand, would use the expression, *in mundo*.

V. 24. — *red-hair'd fellow*—] The critics are much divided, whether to read *gravefellus*, or, *ravefellus*. M. Dacier, on the authority of *Festus*, prefers the latter, and renders it *le roussau*; and we have followed her.

STRA.



STRA. O, 'tis the banker : and with him, the girl 25  
I purchas'd from the spoils.

EPI. What ! is that she ?

STRA. The same. Is she not all I said ? observe  
her.

EPI. Is't she indeed !

STRA. But mark her well, *Epidicus* ;  
From top to toe she is a paragon.  
Is she not ? say. Consider, view her well. 30  
There's painting for you !

EPI. Yes, you are foretelling  
A pretty piece of painting on my back,  
Which our old *Zeuxes* and *Apelles* there,  
[meaning *PERIPHANES* and *APŒCIDES*.  
With their elm pencils---will delineate---

V. 30. *From top to toe*—] The original is, *ab ungiculo ad capillum*, from the nail to the hair of the head, a proverbial expression, meaning all over the body.

V. 34. —our old *Zeuxis* and *Apelles* there,] *Zeuxis* and *Apelles* were two famous painters. The latter flourished in the time of *Alexander the Great*, the former about seventeen years before him. The reader will meet with some entertaining anecdotes of the former in *Pliny's Natural History*, Book XXXV. Chap. 10. and of both, in *M. Guendeville's* note on the place, in his *French translation*. Nor is this the only place where *Plautus* speaks of these two famous artists of antiquity. He again makes honourable mention of them in his *Pœnulus*. The reader may not be displeased if we here present him with the passage.

—O ! *Apella*, O ! *Zeuxis* pictor !

*Cur numero esis mortui, hinc exemplum ut pingeris ?*

*Nam alios pictores nihil morer hujus modi tractari exempla,*

Act. V. Scē. IV. V. 101.

—O ! you *Apelles*, O ! you painter *Zeuxis* !

Why are you number'd 'mongst the dead so soon ?

Had you but liv'd to paint so fair a subject !

SCENE II.

*Enter the* BANKER, *and* TELESTIS. \*

STRA. [*to the* BANKER.] How tedious you have been? why sure, a fellow  
With his feet swell'd, would have been sooner here.

BAN. By *Pollux's* temple, she it was detain'd me.

STRA. Nay, if you staid on her account, if she  
Would have it so, why, you are come too soon. 5

BAN. Come, come, dispatch me, and count out  
the money,

That I may not detain my company.

STRA. 'Tis counted out already.

BAN. Take this bag,

And put it in it.

STRA. Wisely done! Stay here,  
I'll fetch it strait.

All other artists I esteem as nothing—

Unworthy such a work.—

\* *Enter the* BANKER *and* TELESTIS.] Here is a remarkable difference in the editions. The *De'phn* calls her *Acropolistis*, the daughter of *Periphanes* and *Philippa*, and the other musick-girl the counterfeit *Acropolistis*. *Lambin* and *Gronovius* call this that now enters upon the stage, *Virgo*, the *Maiden*. *M. Dacier*, both in her *Dramatis Personæ*, and in her translation, calls her *Telestis*; and *Echard*, who indeed copies that lady very faithfully throughout his whole translation, does the same; as *Epidicus* in this scene, on his first speaking of her, calls her *Telestis*, it seems the best way, to avoid confusion, to call her by that name.

V. 3. *With his feet swell'd*,—] The original is, *pedibus pulmonis*, feet swelling out as the lungs do. *Pliny*, speaking of a particular sort of apples, says of them, *folide tument pulmonea*.

BAN.

BAN. Quick, then---

STRA. 'Tis here at home. 10

[Exit.

EPI. Have I the right use of my eyes, or no?  
Do I not see *Telestis* there, the daughter  
Of old *Periphanes*, and of *Philippa*  
The *Theban*, who was bred at *Epidaurus*?

TEL. Who are you, say, that call me by my name,  
My parents too by theirs?

EPI. Don't you then know me?

TEL. Not as I recollect.

EPI. What, not remember,  
I brought you on your birth-day, a gold toy,  
A crescent, and a gold ring for your finger? 19

TEL. I do remember. Was it you then, friend?

EPI. I am the man; and there's your brother: both

[pointing to STRATIPPOCLES.

Own the same father, but another mother.

TEL. What, is my father then alive?

EPI. He is.

Compose yourself, and hold your peace.

TEL. The gods, 25  
Should this be true, have sav'd me from perdition.

EPI. I have no interest in deceiving you.

*Enter STRATIPPOCLES from the house.*

STRA. Here, take your money; 'tis just forty minæ.

[to the banker.

If there are any bad, I'll change them for you.

BANK. 'Tis very well—adieu, Sir.—

[Exit Banker.

V. 18. *What, not remember,*] M. Dacier divides this speech;  
in which she follows Lambin.—We have, after *De L'Oeuvre* and  
*Gronovius*, kept it entire.

STRA.

ACT V. SCENE II. 173

STRA. Now, my girl, 30  
You're mine. [*to TELESTIS.*]

TEL. Yes, your's indeed. I am your sister.  
Brother, well met!

STRA. Has she her senses?

EPI. Yes:  
And sense enough, if she calls you her brother.

STRA. I did but just step in and out again; 35  
And in a trice am I become her brother?

EPI. Keep your good fortune to yourself: be  
silent.

STRA. You've lost me, sister, lost as well as found  
me.

EPI. Say not a word, you fool! By my contrivance,  
The musick girl you love, waits you at home;  
And I have freed your sister.

STRA. True, *Epidicus*, 40  
I own it.

EPI. In then, order a warm bath:  
I'll tell you all the rest at leisure.

STRA. Sister,  
Follow me in.

EPI. [*to STRATIPPOCLES.*] I'll send out *Thesprio*  
to you.

But you'll remember, should the old man rave,  
You and your sister are to stand my friends— 45

STRA. That's a request will easily be granted—  
[*Exit STRATIPPOCLES with TELESTIS.*]

EPI. *Thesprio*, do you go round the garden way,  
And when I'm in the house, besure assist me.

V. 48. *Thesprio*, do you go round the garden way.] It is observable, that *Thesprio* appears but once in the whole play, and that in the beginning. But in this case, our modern poets would not so soon have lost such a remarkable character, but have



Great matters are in hand.—Th' old folks, methinks  
Are not so dreadful as but now.—I'll in; 50  
Prepare me for our guests; and tell *Stratippocles*  
The whole I know, within—I'll not abscond;  
I'll stand my ground at home.—Nor shall he say,  
My feet have done him any injury.

I'll enter.—I've stood talking here too long. 55

[*Going off: but seeing PERIPHANES and  
APOECIDES entering, retires.*]

### SCENE III.

Enter PERIPHANES and APOECIDES.

PER. Has not this fellow play'd his tricks sufficient  
On two such old, decrepid fools as we!

have carried it through the play; and this when it does not  
confound the plot, is an excellency of our stage above the  
antients. *Plantus* is guilty of this defect in the more remarkable  
character of *Aristrogus* in his *Miles Gloriosus*, *The Braggard  
Captain*.  
ECHARD.

It is to be observed, that both *Thesprio* and *Aristrogus* are  
what the antients called *Persona protatica*, a character introduced  
in the beginning of a play, (as *Donatus* upon *Terence* informs us)  
to serve as a prologue, and lay open the argument; and appears  
no more. Such are *Sofia*, in the *Andria*, and *Davus* in the  
*Phormio* of *Terence*. Sir *Richard Steele*, whose *Conscious Lovers*  
is a professed imitation of the former of these comedies of *Terence*,  
has done what *Echard* has observed, carried his character of  
*Humphrey*, which answers to *Sofia*, through the whole play.

V. 2. —*such old decrepid fools as we.*] The original is, *non  
vetulos decrepitos duos*. The word *decrepo* signifies, to be at the  
last gasp, or, to crackle, or make a noise, as a candle does  
when it is just going out; or the wick of a lamp, when the  
oil is just gone.

APOE.

ACT V. SCENE III. 195

APOE. Yes, troth ! you too have plagu'd me not a little.

PER. 'St ! 'ft ! say nothing : but let me alone To find the fellow out.

APOE. You'd beter find  
A fit companion for you in this business ;  
My legs are swell'd in keeping pace with you.

PER. How oft has he this day made us two fools !  
How has he drain'd the bottom of my purse ?

APOE. Plague on this son of *Vulcan* ! in his wrath ro  
He burns whate'er he touches : stand but near him,  
He'll scorch you with his heat.

EPI. [*apart.*] I have twelve Gods,  
More than there are in heaven, to assist me,  
And fight upon my side. I've that at home,  
Will stand my friend, and amply make atonement. 15

V. 7. *My legs are swell'd*—] The original is, *Lassitudinē in-  
vasserunt misero in genua femina.*—*Flemen*, *Camerarius* tells us from  
*Festus*, is the falling down of the blood to the ancles in over-  
much walking, and thereby causing a swelling in the legs.

V. 13. *More than there are in heaven,*—] The original is,  
*Duodecim Deis plus quam in cælo est.* *Camerarius* observes, that the  
construction is a little entangled ; but the meaning is, that he  
has to assist him, twelve more gods, than there are in heaven.  
Concerning the twelve gods, see the note on V. 5. Scene I. of  
this Act. *M. Dacier*, as she often does, refines on this passage,  
and *M. Guendeville*, as usual, rallies her upon it.

V. 15. *Will stand my friend,*—] *Epidicus* here alludes to his  
having at home, *Stratippocles*, *Telestis*, *Philippa*, and *Tessario*,  
whom he got ready to plead for him ; and, as *Echard* observes,  
since such a discovery had been made, and the girl's redemption  
too, both from slavery and the danger of incest, all by his  
means, he knew they could not fail of succeeding ; and this  
made him so very insolent to the two old men, to their great  
surprize, and the spectators satisfaction.

I laugh

I laugh at all my foes---

PER. Where in the world  
Shall I go seek this rascal---

APOE. In the bottom  
O' th' sea, you may go seek him out for me;  
So you insist not on my company.---

EPI. [*advancing.*] Why look for me, Sir? Where-  
fore all these pains? 20

Why plague your friend thus? Here, you see, I am.  
Have I attempted, Sir, to run away?

To leave the house, or hide me from your presence?

I ask no pardon. Is it, Sir, your pleasure

I should be hand-cuff'd? Here, Sir, are my hands.

The thongs are ready; for I saw you buy them.---

What is't you wait for? bind me instantly.

PER. The affair's all over---Of his own accord  
He comes, and wants no bail for his appearance.

EPI. Why don't you bind my hands, and tye  
them fast? 30

PER. By *Pollux* temple! an ungracious slave.

V. 16. *I laugh at all my foes.*] The original is, *Apolastizo inimicos meos*, a Greek word *apolastizo*, which signifies to kick with the heel, metaphorically, to slight, scorn, or laugh at.

V. 29. -- *no bail for his appearance.*] The original is, *Illicit vadimonium ultro mihi fecit. Facere vadimonium alicui*, is to serve a person with a summons or a citation to appear before a magistrate. And as it was the business of the plaintiff, and not of the defendant, to serve the summons, *Periphanes* is astonished at the insolence of *Epidicus*, who himself demands of them to bind him; and compares his so doing, to the action of a criminal, who requires to be carried before a judge. *Illicit* was the word made use of when the proceedings were over, and to tell the persons concerned to go about their business; *illicit for ire licet, you may be gone*. So here it signifies, as we have translated it, *the affair is all over*.

DACIER.

EPI.

ACT V. SCENE III. 177

EPI. And as for you, *Apacides*, I want not 30  
[ironically.]

You for my advocate.---

APOE. You easily  
Prevail on me to be excus'd, *Epidicus*.

EPI. Why do you not proceed?

PER. Am I to execute  
Your will and pleasure?

EPI. Yes, 'tis mine by *Hercules*!  
And not your own. These hands you're now to bind.

PER. 'Tis not my pleasure.

EPI. What! not have me bound?

PER. I would examine you at liberty.

EPI. You will get nothing out of me.

APOE. The fellow  
Is forging means, although we scent them not,  
To get your head again into his net.--- 40

V. 39. *Is forging means*—] The original is, *Tragulam in te injicere adornat*. *Tragula* signifies properly, a javelin with a barbed head; sometimes a drag net, from *trabere*, to draw; *Plautus* uses it allegorically, for a trick; so *tragulam alicui injicere*, means, to put a trick on any one. We meet with it again in our apthor in the same sense,

*At volui injicere tragulam in nostrum senem,*

*Verum is, nescio quo pacto, praesensit prius—*

*Pseudolus*, A& I. Scene IV. v. 14.

I would have put a trick on our old man:

But he before, I know not by what means,

Began to smother me—

*Ego pol istam jam aliquo versum*

*Tragulam decidero!*

*Casina*, A& II. Scene IV. v. 18.

Some trick or other certainly I'll play her,

By *Pellux*!



EPI. You but lose time, while I'm at liberty.  
So instant tie my hands, and tie them hard.

PER. I rather choose to examine you at liberty.

EPI. You may—But you'll get nothing out of me.

PER. [*to APOE.*] What had I best to do?

APOE. What best to do?—45

Why, humour him I think.

EPI. Worthy *Apacides*!

PER. Hold out your hands then?

EPI. Ready. There they are.

But bind them tight : Spare me not.

PER. "There—Both of you,  
"Say, are they tight enough?"

EPI. "Yes, yes, they'll do.

"Examine me, now ask me what you please." 50

PER. First then, how durst you say, with what  
assurance,

"The girl you purchas'd for me three days since,  
Was my own daughter?"

EPI. 'Twas my pleasure; there  
You have, Sir, my assurance.

PER. What! your pleasure?

EPI. My pleasure : and now lay me any wager 55  
That she is not a daughter.

V. 48. —*Spare me not.*—] The original is, *Nihil videri obnoxiosè*. M. Dacier observes, that *obnoxiosè agere*, is to act favourably, as if you would have another obliged to you. Epidicus therefore desires Periphanes not to spare him, as he does not desire to be obliged to him.

V. 56. [*That she is not a daughter.*] He does not say that she is his daughter, for he would then have told a lye, because they were talking of the first mulick-girl, who was purchased three days ago, but he says only, that she is a daughter, and then afterwards, that she is her mother's daughter.

PER. When her mother  
Owns her not?

EPI. That she's not her mother's daughter.  
Bet me your talent then against my sesterce.

PER. That's all a sophistry. Who's this woman  
then?

EPI. To tell you the whole truth, this woman is 60  
The mistress of your son.

PER. And thirty minæ  
Did I not give you, say; to purchase her,  
Supposing her my daughter?

EPI. Yes, you did.  
And with that very money did I purchase  
This musick-girl, the mistress of your son, 65  
And made her pass upon you for your daughter!  
For thirty minæ, Sir, I touch'd you there.

PER. But why then top this other girl upon me?

EPI. I have so done; and thought it right to do so.

PER. But the last money that I gave you! say, 70  
What is become of that?

EPI. I'll tell you, Sir.  
I gave it no bad man, nor yet to one  
Unworthy of you; to your son *Stratippocles*.

M. Guendeville, as usual, rallies the Lady on this note, and  
calls it a refinement, and that nothing more is meant than that  
*Epidicus* answers equivocally. It may be so.

V. 58. *Bet me your talent then against my sesterce.*] That is,  
about 187½ sterling to something less than two pence.

V. 67. — *I touch'd you iberæ.*] The original is, *te detigi*.  
Our word *touch*, carries the same equivocal meaning as the Latin  
*tango*.

V. 72. *I gave it to no bad man, nor yet to one unworthy of you.*—]  
*Neque malo homini, neque indigno.* The *Delphin*, and some other  
editions,

110 THE DISCOVERY.

PER. Why did you dare to give it him?

EPI. Because

. It was my pleasure so to do.

PER. You rascal!

What impudence is this?

EPI. I'm scolded at,

As if I was your slave.

PER. I should be glad

To know you had your freedom. [ironically.]

EPI. I deserve

To have it now.

PER. Yes, you deserve it truly?

EPI. Go, look within doors; there you'll quickly

How I've deserv'd it.

PER. What do you mean by this?

EPI. The thing will speak itself—Go you but in.

PER. He says not this without a meaning—You,

[to APOCERIDES.]

Look to the fellow carefully.

[Exit into the house.]

APOL. Epidicus,

What is this business?

EPI. 'Tis unjust, by Hercules!

That I should stand here bound, when by my means,

He has this day discover'd a lost daughter.

APOL. What say you, that you've found his

daughter?

EPI. Yes.

And she's at home too—But 'tis very hard,

editions, that of *Aldus* in particular, instead of *in ignis*, read

*benigno*. M. Dacier adopts this reading, and says, the sense is,

*I have not given it to a miser nor a prodigal*. We have followed

the reading of *Lambin* and *Taubman*, and translated it accord-

ingly. But the reader will adopt which he likes best.

For

A C T IV. S C E N E III. 181

For my good deeds, to reap this evil harvest. 90

APOZ. How have we toil'd in searching you to-day!

EPI. I am fatigu'd with finding, you with seeking.

*Enter PERIPHANES, from the house.*

PER. [*speaking to those within.*] You need not press the thing so vehemently,

I find he has well deserv'd; and I'll take care He shall not lose his recompence. Hold out 95

Your hands, that I may loose them. [*to EPIDICUS.*]

EPI. Touch me not.

PER. Hold them out then.

EPI. Not I.

PER. You are to blame.

EPI. Not till you've given me proper punishment.

PER. You ask no more than what is just and right.

A pair of sandals, vest, and cloak are yours. 100

EPI. What else?

PER. Your freedom.

EPI. Yes, and something more.

V. 93. *You need not press the thing so vehemently.* Periphanes speaks this to the persons within, whom Epidicus had employed to plead for him. If any of our modern poets had the management of this place, they would undoubtedly have brought *Sirappacker*, *Telestis*, *Philippa* and *Theoprio* on the stage. But the ancients had another taste, and were wonderfully careful to avoid any thing that looked like confusion; sometimes too scrupulously in this case, as ours too often offend the other way. Therefore a just medium ought to be exactly observed. EDWARD.



A new made freedman should have wherewithal  
To pick a bit.

PER. No more : it shall be done.  
I'll give you a meal's meat.

EPI. By Hercules !

You shan't unbind me, till you've ask'd my pardon. 105

PER. If I unwittingly have done you wrong,  
Honest *Epidicus*, I ask your pardon—  
And so—I make you free—

EPI. I pardon you—

But 'tis against the grain—of pure necessity—  
Here are my hands, unbind them when you please. 110

### The COMEDIANS.

This is the man, who by his rogueries

[pointing to EPIDICUS.

*V. 107. To pick a bit.]* The original is, *quod pappet*. *Pappet* signifies properly to eat *pap* as children do ; hence by a figure, which the rhetoricians call *catachresis*, the putting improperly one word for another, used in general for to eat.

*V. 111. —nobo by his cunning rogueries—]* Here, perhaps it may be thought that vice appears triumphant. I grant it would upon our stage, if this were acted ; but the Romans were of another opinion in these cases, and they took a peculiar pleasure in seeing a witty slave cheat a covetous old fellow ; and the ingenuity of the action, was often thought sufficient amends for the knavery of it. ECHARD.

Here the commentator seems to bear a little too hard on poor *Epidicus*, to give his rogueries so harsh a name as that of vice. What had he done ? He had, 'tis true, chous'd an old gentleman of his money ; but then he had not kept it for his own use, he had given it to his son. Nor had he done more than *Phormio* in *Terence*, *Scapin* in *The Cheats of Scapin*, *Flippanta* in *The City Wife's Confederacy*, and many others.

The

ACT IV. SCENE III. 183

Has gain'd his freedom—Give us your applause.  
Farewell. Rise from your seats, and stretch your  
limbs.

The original is, *malitia sua*, which we have translated *roguey*; a word, which is indeed used in a vicious immoral sense; but equally so, to mean *shyness*, *cunning* or *artifice*.

The fifth Act is opened by *Stratippocles*; who coming out from *Chæribulus's* house, sees *Epidicus* at a distance, much cast down at having seen *Periphanes* purchasing some scourges; and coming to *Chæribulus's*, to beg some money of his master to facilitate his escape. The banker in the mean time arrives with the slave; and thus no personage appears on the stage without a reason for his so doing; a thing *Plautus* has always very exactly observed. There is a wonderful variety in this Scene, where the meer discovery of *Telestis* to be the daughter of *Periphanes*, makes a total change of every incident; and this is managed with such an appearance of truth, that one can scarce conceive but that it was a real transaction. Yet though *Telestis* is discovered by her brother and *Epidicus*, the catastrophe is not completed; as the spectators are in expectation of *Periphanes*, who was gone in search of *Epidicus*; and he comes back with his friend *Apocides*, just after *Epidicus* had dispatched the brother and sister into their father's house. And this is the subject of the last Scene, which is extremely entertaining.

The subject of this Comedy is double. At the same time that *Periphanes* finds his daughter, *Stratippocles*, in finding a sister, loses a mistress whom he was passionately in love with; and for whom he had deserted another, whom he is at last obliged to take again.

The principal incidents are, the disbanding the troops, the amour of the Captain of *Rhodes*, and the arrival of *Philippa*.

The time of the action does not exceed the morning.

The unity of place is perfectly well observed; as the whole business is transacted in a street, in which the houses of the principal characters of the Drama stood.

We shall conclude with this remark upon the whole; that the Acts could never have been more naturally divided.

The First contains the arrival of *Stratippocles*, and the opening of the subject.

The Second, *Epidicus's* rogueries.

The Third, his success in them.

The fourth, the discovery of them.

The Fifth, the discovery of *Telestus*, and his recovery from the danger.

And in the management of all this, not one character appears upon the stage without a necessary pretext of business there.

We are to acknowledge that we are indebted for this analysis of the Comedy at the end of each Act, in part to *Echard*, and in part to *M. Dacier*, whose account of it we have translated and abridged.

How at having been purchased by the Countess, she comes to the Countess, to pay some money of his master to him. The Countess in the mean time waits with the Countess. The Countess appears on the stage without a reason for his being there; a thing which has given a very exactly observed. There is a wonderful variety in this scene, where the most discovered of *Telestus* to be the daughter of *Telestus*, makes a total change of every incident; and this is managed with such an appearance of truth, that one can scarce conceive but that it was a real transaction. Yet though *Telestus* is discovered by her, the Countess and *Telestus* the Countess is not convinced; as the spectators are in expectation of *Telestus*, who was gone to fetch of *Telestus*; and he comes back with his friend *Telestus*. Just after *Telestus* had dispatched the brother and sister into their sister's house. And this is the subject of the last scene, which is extremely interesting.

### End of The Discovery.

The subject of this Comedy is double. At the same time that *Telestus* finds his daughter, *Telestus* is finding a sister, takes a mistress whom he was previously in love with; and for whom he had detected another, whom he is at last obliged to take again.

The principal incidents are, the discovery of the troops, the murder of the Captain of *Telestus*, and the arrival of *Telestus*.

The time of the action does not exceed the morning. The unity of place is perfectly well observed; as the whole business is transacted in a street, in which the houses of the principal characters of the drama stand.

We shall conclude with this remark upon the whole; that the Act could never have been more artistically divided.

The first contains the arrival of *Telestus*, and the opening of the subject.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

THEURIPIDES, a merchant of Athens.

SIMO, his nephew.

PHILOACHES, his son.

TRANO, } his servant.

GRUMIO, }

CALLIDAMATES, friend to PHILOACHES.

PHANISCUS, a boy, his servant.

Another SERVANT.

BOY.

APPARITION.

PHILEMATIUM, a mischievous girl, mistress of PHILACHES.

LOACHES.

SCAPHA, her maid.

DELPHIUM, mistress of CALLIDAMATES.

SCENE. ATHENS.



PERSONS of the DRAMA.

THEUROPIDES, *a merchant of Athens.*

SIMO, *his neighbour.*

PHILOLACHES, *his son.*

TRANIO, } *his servants.*

GRUMIO, }

CALLIDAMATES, *friend to PHILOLACHES.*

PHANISCUS, *a boy, his servant.*

*Another SERVANT.*

BOY.

MISARGYRIDES, *a banker.*

PHILEMATIUM, *a musick girl, mistress of PHILOLACHES.*

SCAPHA, *her maid.*

DELPHIUM, *mistress of CALLIDAMATES.*

SCENE, ATHENS.



THE

# \* APPARITION.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter GRUMIO and TRANIO.

GRUMIO.

COME from your kitchen, will you? Out, you  
rogue,

You who're so smart upon me 'midst your platters:  
Out of the house, thou ruin of thy master—

By Pollux! let me catch thee in the country,

And, as I live, I'll soundly be reveng'd.— 5

Steam of the kitchen, why do'st hide thyself?

TRA. You scoundrel, why this noise before the  
house!

\* This Comedy is called in the original *MOSTELLARIA*. The word is formed from *monstra*, things wonderful; softened into *mostra*, thence *mostella*, and *mostellaria*: in the same manner as *castrum* from *castrum*, a castle. And as several antient criticks and commentators have mentioned this Comedy, under the title of *Phasma*, which signifies an *Apparition*, we have given it that name. This Comedy, like some others of our author, has no Prologue.

Think

188 THE APPARITION.

Think you, you're domineering in the country?  
 Get from the house—Into the country—Hence—  
 Go and be hang'd—Get farther from the door—10  
 What! was it this you wanted then— [*striking him.*  
 GRU. Oh! Oh!

What do'st thou strike me for?

TRA. Because you wanted it—  
 GRU. Well, I must bear it—Let our old master  
 but

Return again; let him but safe arrive,  
 Whom you are eating up while he's abroad— 15  
 TRA. You clown, you prate nor truth nor likeli-  
 hood.

How eat at home a man who is abroad?

GRU. You! the mob-minion! the town-wit!  
 You east

The country in my teeth! We soon shall have you  
 Brought to the work-house there: by *Hercules*! 20  
 You'll whist us in chains, e'en long, and add  
 One to the number of our iron race—  
 Now, while 'tis in your power, use your time—

V. 10. *Go and be hang'd*—] *abbi, diavola!* The word occurs  
 often in our author, and in the same sense.

V. 11. *Oh! Oh!*] The original is, *peris*, I'm undone. But  
 I am inclined to think with M. Marolles, it is here used only to  
 mark his crying out, on *Tranio's* striking him.

V. 16. *You clown*—] The original is, *frutex*, a *scrub*. As  
*Granio* was a country servant, *Tranio* calls him *scrub*, by way of  
 contempt, as a *scrub* is of small value in comparison of a *tree*.  
 We have ventured to translate it *clown*.

V. 17. —*the town-wit*!—] The original is, *scurra*, a *buffoon*.

Think

Drink

Drink on, confound, corrupt your master's son.  
An excellent young man!—Days, nights together,  
Consume in riot—Be true *Greeks*; buy wenches,  
And set them free; feed parasites; and feast,  
Magnificently feast yourselves—Were these  
Our master's orders when he went abroad?  
Thus shall he find things husbanded at home?  
This think'st thou a good servant's duty, this?  
To ruin both his son and his estate!—  
For, ruin'd I esteem him, who acts thus—

V. 26. —*Be true Greeks*;—J The original is, *pergracami*.  
*Pergracari*, *Festus* tells us, is to spend whole days and nights in  
drinking, mirth, and banquets. M. De L'Ouvere, from *Africanus*  
*Pedianus*, informs us, that the manner of drinking among the *Greeks*  
was, when they had the cup in their hand, they first paid their  
respects to their gods; afterwards their friends by name; and then  
every time they called upon their gods, or named their friends  
and intimate acquaintance, they drank off a cup of wine.

The word *pergracari* is often used by *Plautus*, and always in a  
bad sense. Thus, in other authors—

Non possum ferre, Quiriti,  
Græcam urbem. *Juvenal*, Sat. iii. v. 6e.

I hate in Rome, a *Grecian* town to find—

And, as merry as a *Greek*, is still a common proverb. By the  
lower class of people, corrupted into *gig*: but it should be  
*Greek*.

Modern authors too have alluded to it—

Let's die like *Romans*,  
Since we have liv'd like *Grecians*—  
*Ben Jonson*, *The Fox*, Act III. Scene VIII. *Volpone*.

And *Shakspeare*, for his unseasonable merriment, makes *Se-*  
*bastian* call the clown, foolish *Greek*.

*Ten'sis Night*, Act IV. Scene I.



190 THE APPARITION.

A youth, who us'd to bear the palm in *Athens*  
For temperance and frugality. But now 35  
Ranks foremost in the opposite—Effects  
Of thy fine tutoring, thy virtuous care!

TRA. You rascal, what have you to do with me,  
Or with my actions? Have you not your cattle  
To look to in the country? 'Tis my pleasure 40  
To drink, to love, to keep my girls. I do it  
At the hazard of my own back, not of yours.

GRU. With what assurance does the fellow prate?  
Fie, fie upon it!—

TRA. Now may *Jupiter*  
And all the Gods confound thee! How thou  
stink'st 45

Of garlick! Filth by nature, rustick, goat,  
Foh! thou meer hog-sty—Dog and goat together—

GRU. What would'st thou have me do? We can-  
not all

Stink as you do of foreign sweets; nor fill  
The upper place at table; nor all live 50  
On dainties like yourself—Well, Sir! Enjoy  
Your turtle-doves, fish, wild fowl; and let me  
Do, tho' I stink, the duties of my station.

V. 42. *At the hazard of my own back—*] The original is, *mei tergi facio hac, non tui fiducia*. The word *fiducia* was used by old writers, in the same sense the lawyers afterwards used *hypotheca*—  
*Hypotheca sive fiducia est pignus quod sola conventionis contrahitur absque conditione.*

The word *hypotheca* or *fiducia*, means a pledge or gage contracted for by covenant only, without an actual surrender.

See *Grævius* on *Cic. De Offic. Lib. iii. l. 15.* So that *Tranio* means, *that his back stood engaged for him.*

V. 46. *—Filth by nature—*] *germana illuvies, natural stink.*  
The adjunct for the subject. A metonymy.

Thy

Thy

ACT I. SCENE I. 191

Thy fortune's happy, miserable mine—  
Both must be borne—Why let them, so my good 55  
Bide but with me, as shall your ill with you.

TRA. *Grumio*, you seem as if you envy'd me,  
Because 'tis well with me, and ill with you.  
Tho' 'tis but what is just: It fits my station,  
To keep my wenches; yours, to keep your cattle; 60  
Mine to live well, and yours to feed with hogs.

GRU. Thou sieve of flesh! for such will be the end;  
So shall thy hide be finely pink'd, as through  
The streets thou bear'st thy gibbet, if our master  
But once return— 65

TRA. How know'st thou, *Grumio*,  
But such may be thy fate sooner than mine?

GRU. Because I've not deserv'd it as thou hast;  
And still deserv'st—

TRA. Shorten your tale, unless  
You wish t' enhance your punishment—

GRU. Will you  
Let me have fodder then to feed my beasts? 70  
If you have none, why give me money for it;  
And, on then with your business—On! for me,  
As you've begun; drink, live like *Greeks*, eat, stuff,  
E'en till you burst; kill all your fatted dainties—

TRA. Peace, get into the country—Now will I 75  
Away to market, and buy fish for supper:  
I'll send you fodder for the farm to-morrow.

What now? Why do you stare at me, you jail-bird—

V. 64. —*thou bear'st thy gibbet*—] It was usual at that time  
for malefactors to carry the gibbet they were to be executed  
upon.

V. 73. —*drink, live like Greeks*—] See the note on V. 26.

SCENE

GRU.

192 THE APPARITION.

GRU. That name will better suit you by-and-by :  
Yes, 'twill by *Pollux* !—

TRA. Suit then what suit may : 80  
So I'm well now, I heed not by-and-by.

GRU. Ay, that's your care—But this one thing be  
sure of—

Troubles come on us, swifter much than things  
We wish—

TRA. Yes, you're already come to trouble me.  
But hence!—To th' country—Take yourself away, 85  
'Tis the last time, mark that, you e'er shall stay me.

[Exit.

GRU. [*alone*.] Is he quite gone ? E'en so ; nor cares  
a rush.

For ought I've said—Your aid, immortal Gods !

Send us, O send us back my good old master,

These three years gone—Gods ! send him home  
again, 90

E'er house and farm, and all is gone to wreck.

If he return not in a few months more,

No remnants will remain—I'll to the country—

For see ! my master's son is coming hither,

Once a deserving youth—now, quite corrupted— 95

—[Exit.

V. 82. *Troubles come on us, swifter much, than things we wish—*  
See this sentiment repeated, A& I. Scene III. V. 53.

V. 92. *No remnants will remain—* The original is, *sent reli-  
quias reliquias*. The sense of which jingle seems to be, that what  
*remains* unconsumed, would *remain*, or *last* but a few months more.

SCENE

ACT I. SCENE II. 193

SCENE II.

Enter PHILOLACHES.

PHI. I've long and often thought, and argued deep,  
And in my heart (if I have any heart)  
Have long debated and revolv'd, What's man.  
Just born, to be compar'd to? and have now  
Found out his likeness. Man is a new house — 5  
I'll tell you how; and, tho' you think it not,  
I will convince you, what I say is true. —  
When you have heard, you'll think and say as I do.  
Lend me your ears, and you shall hear my arguments; 1  
For I'd have all as knowing as myself — 10  
As soon as e'er an edifice is plann'd,  
Built up in tast, and polish'd with exactness,  
The architect's commended; and his house  
By all approv'd; each takes it for a model;  
And spares no pains, no cost to have one like it. 15  
But when a tenant comes, unthrifty, mean,  
Neglectful, with a lazy family,  
The fault is strait upon the building laid;  
Good in itself, but kept in bad repair. —  
Then, as it often happens, comes a storm; 20  
Demolishes the tiling, spoils the gutters,  
And the too careless owner takes no heed

V. 2. — *if I have any heart*] The original is, *si est quod mihi cor, si I have any courage*. We use our word *heart* in the same double sense.

V. 12. — *polish'd with exactness*] From this and other passages in our author, where a house is compared to a mirror, it should seem probable that the houses of the Romans were polished on the outside.



The damage to repair. A shower succeeds;  
 Washes the walls, the roof admits the water,  
 The weather rots the builder's edifice, 25  
 The house grows worse by use: and in all this  
 The architect is not at all to blame—  
 A great part of mankind affect delay;  
 And, if it cost them money to repair it,  
 Delay it still, till ev'ry wall falls in, 30  
 And the whole's then anew from the foundation—  
 Thus much for buildings. — Now, how men are like  
 them.  
 First then—All parents are their children's architects;  
 They first lay the foundation, and then raise  
 The superstructure of their education—  
 They carefully add firmness; that they may  
 Become good men; and be an ornament  
 As well as use and safeguard to their country—  
 And to such ends, they spare nor cost nor pains,  
 Expence on this account, they count for nothing: 40  
 Refine their manners, teach them letters, laws:  
 And by their cost and care, endeavour still  
 That other men should with their children like  
 them.

V. 30. *Delay it still, till ev'ry wall falls in*] A sentiment not much unlike this we meet with in Holy Scripture.

“By much slothfulness the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.”

*Ecclesiastes, chap. x. ver. 18.*

V. 40. — *on this account they count for nothing.*] There is a jingle between *sumptus* and *sumptui*, which we have here endeavoured at imitating.

Then

Then to the army—There their fathers place them  
Under protection of some great relation; 45  
And so they pass out of the builder's hands,  
'Ere they have serv'd a year—You then may see  
A sample how the building may turn out;  
For I myself, as long as I was under  
The builder's hands, was sober all the time; 50  
And honest—But as soon as e'er I follow'd  
My own inventions; I at once undid  
All that my architect had done before.  
Then enter'd idleness—That was the storm  
Brought on my hail and rain; quite overthrew 55  
My modesty, and each restraint of virtue,  
And utterly unild me—Heedless I,  
Again to cover in my edifice;  
Love, like a torrent, rush'd into my heart,  
O'erflow'd my breast, and soak'd quite through my 60  
soul.  
And now, my fortune, credit, and fair fame,  
My virtue and my honour, all have left me.  
By negligence, I'm grown still worse and worse;  
These rafters are so ruinous, so foul,  
With rotting moisture, that, by Pollux' temple, 65  
I see no means remain to patch it up:  
The whole must fall, and its foundation fail,  
Without an hand to help me. My soul's vex'd,

V. 44. *Then to the army—There their fathers place them—Under protection of some great relation.* The Romans always appointed a guardian to their sons the first year they entered into the military service. *De L'Orvée.*

V. 56. —and each restraint of virtue] The original is, *Hæc quæcundiam mihi et virtutis modum deturbavit. Virtutis modum, i. e. modum quem virtus statuit, the restraints or limitations imposed by virtue.* The same idea is also expressed afterwards by *modestia.*

When I but think of what I once have been,  
 And what I am. None of my age more active, 70  
 Or at the discus, javelin, ball, at wrestling,  
 In horsemanship, in racing, or in arms—  
 I then enjoy'd me, an example, liv'd  
 Of thrift and of hard living; an example  
 The best have copied; but I now have found 75  
 By following my inventions, after all,  
 I am myself become as 'twere just nothing. [Exit.

## SCENE III.

Enter PHILEMATIUM and SCAPHA.

PHILEM. By *Castor's* temple! now I swear, my  
*Scapha*,  
 I've not this long while bath'd with greater pleasure;  
 Nor ris'n more pure from the cold wave, than now.

SCA. TH' event of every thing with you succeeds,

V. 73. Or at the discus—] The discus or quoit was made of stone, iron or copper, five or six fingers broad, and more than a foot long. Throwing this was an exercise among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and he who threw it highest and farthest was the victor. At wrestling—*arte gymnastica*.

V. 74. Of thrift and of hard living—] *Vititabam volupte*, that is, says *Lambin*, *duriter et ita tamen jucunde*. This seems forced. We rather approve of *Acidius's* correction, *vititabam haud volupte*, agreeable to which we have translated the passage.

V. 4, 5, 6. The event of ev'ry thing, &c.] Something similar to this we again meet with in our author—

Eu. *Quin tu istas omittis nugas, ac mecum hic intro ambulas?*

Ch. *Hesperus respondit, Zacyntho ficos fieri non malas.*

Eu. *Nihil mentitus est.* Ch. *Sed de amica sese inaudisse autumat.*

Hic *Athenis est.* —

Mercator, AA V. Scene II. V. 101.

Ent.

ACT I. SCENE III. 197

Like the rich harvest to the year—— 5

PHILEM. What's harvest  
To my cold bath?——

SCA. Just what your bath's to harvest.

Eut. Have done with trifling, and walk in with me?

Cb. 'Faith, says mine host, the figs, Sir, at *Zacynthus*  
Are no bad figs.

Eut. Your host is in the right.

Cba. As for your mistress, I believe, I've heard

She is at *Athens*——

COLMAN.

There is a passage in *Shakspeare* so extremely like this, that I can scarce think it possible, but that justly admired dramatick writer, must have had his eye upon it. It is in *Henry IV. A& I. Scene II. between Prince Henry and Falstaff.*

Fal. "—Is not mine hostess of the tavern a sweet wench?"

P. Hen. "As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the castle;  
"and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?"

Fal. "How now, how now, mad wag? What in thy quips  
"and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff-  
"jerkin?"

P. Hen. "Why, what a pox! have I to do with my hostess of  
"the tavern?"

This has been observed by Mr. Colman in a note on the above cited passage in *The Merchant*, in the second volume of this work, A&V. Scene II. V. 140.

V. 5. *Like the rich harvest to the year—*] The original is, *velut herno messis magno fuit. Hornus* properly signifies, *of the present year.* So *Horace* uses it.

*Et bernâ dulci vinâ promens dolia*

*Dapes inemptas apparet——*

Epode ii. v. 47.

——If unbought dainties crown their feast,

And luscious wines from this year's vintage prest.

FRANCIS.

Used here for the year in general. The time of this Drama is made the very latter end of autumn, and probably was acted first at that season of the year, i. e. in *November.* For after this harvest and the vintage were ended, festivals were celebrated in honour of *Bacchus*; and dramatick entertainments always had a principal share in all the festivals of that God.



198 THE APPARITION.

*Re-enter* PHILOLACHES.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] Love's lovely Goddess! This,  
this is my storm

That strip'd the modesty once cover'd me.  
Cupid and love have rain'd into my breast,  
Nor can I roof it in. My heart's strong walls 10  
Soak'd thro', my fabrick falls—

PHILEM. I prithee, *Scapba*,  
Look if this dress becomes me; for I'd fain  
Please my *Philolaches*, my lov'd protector—

SCA. That pretty person, is it not adorn'd  
Enough with pretty manners? No: our garments 15  
The men admire not, but what stuffs them out.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] Now as the Gods shall love me,  
*Scapba's* waggish.  
How knowing the jade is! and how prettily  
She has learn'd the art of love, and lover's maxims!

PHILEM. What say you now?

SCA. What should I say?

PHILEM. Look at me; 20  
And see if this becomes me?—

SCA. In yourself  
You are so handsome, every thing becomes you.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] This day, my *Scapba*, shalt thou  
find me grateful; —

V. 13. — *my lov'd protector*.— The original is, *meo oculo*,  
*meo patrono*. We have, in order to be short, thus translated it,  
But if the full meaning of *oculus* was to be expressed, we might  
add, *dear to me, as the apple of my eye*. Our English word *patron*,  
has a different meaning from that of *patronus*, as used by the old  
Romans, who meant by it protector in their law-suits, and other  
affairs.

V. 16. — *what stuffs them out*.] i. e. the body.

Nor

ACT I. SCENE III. 199

Nor ever shall thy praise of her I love  
Pass unrewarded—

PHILEM. I'd not have you flatter me. 25

SCA. A simple woman! Had you rather then  
Be discommended, when there is no room for't,  
Than prais'd with truth? By *Pollux*! I'd much  
rather

Be spoken well of, tho' there were no truth in't,  
Than be found fault with; and to have my beauty so  
A laughing-stock for others—

PHILEM. I love truth;  
And wish to have it always spoken to me:  
I hate a liar.——

SCA. May you so love me,  
So may your own *Philolaches* love you  
As you are truly charming!—— 35

PHILOL. [*apart.*] Ah! the jade?  
What adjuration!—By my love to her!  
Why was not added, by her love to me!  
You've lost again your promis'd recompence.  
Then I revoke my gifts; 'tis over with you.

SCA. By *Pollux*! 'tis amazing! you that are 40  
So clever, so accomplish'd, so brought up,  
And not a fool, should act so foolishly—

PHILEM. Tell me, if I'm in fault——

V. 36. *What adjuration!*—] The allusion is to that adjuration, common with the Romans to the truth of what they said, *Ita me dii ament!* So may the Gods love me: which implied an imprecation on themselves, if what they said was not true; but expressed only a wish or prayer, that the Gods might love them. Only in this latter sense, *Philolaches* understanding *Scapba's* oath, took offence at it. It might therefore be translated as well thus—

What wish was that! that so I might love her!

Why was not added, so may she love me!

200 THE APPARITION.

SCA. By *Castor*! yes,

It is a fault, when your whole wish is center'd  
In him alone, and still to humour him 43  
Your chief regard; all other men despis'd.  
'Tis a wife's duty, not a courtesan's,  
To be devoted to a single lover.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] *Jove*! what a plague is this come  
to my house?

May all the Gods in the worst way confound me, 50  
If I be not the death of that old jade,  
By hunger, thirst and cold——

PHILEM. I would not *Scapha*  
Should counsel me bad measures——

SCA. Fool indeed!

If you can think to keep this man for ever  
Your friend and benefactor. Take my warning, 55

V. 47. 48. 'Tis a wife's duty, not a courtesan's,  
To be devoted to a single lover.] This sentiment we meet with in  
*Terence*; but expressed more at large. It is spoken by a courtesan,

*Nam expedit bonas esse vobis, nos quibusdam est res, non finis.*

*Quippe forma impulsit nostra, nos amatores colunt:*

*Hæc ubi immutata est, illi suum animum alio conerunt.*

*Nisi si prospectum interea aliquid est, desertæ vivimus.*

*Vobis cum uno semel, ubi ætatem agere decretum 'st viro*

*Cujus nos maxime 'st consimilis vestrum, hi se ad vos applicant.*

*Heautontimorumenos, Act II. Scene IV. Bacchis.*

Virtue's your interest; those with whom we deal,

Forbid it to be ours: For our gallants,

Charm'd with our beauty, court us but for that;

Which fading, they transfer their love to others,

If then mean-while we look not to ourselves,

We live forlorn, deserted and distress.

You, when you've once agreed to pass your life

Bound to one man, whose temper suits with yours,

He too attaches his whole heart to you.

COLMAN.

When

ACT I. SCENE III. 291

When age and when satiety come on,  
He will desert you—

PHILEM. Nay, I hope not so.

SCA. Things we not hope for, oftner come to pass,  
Than things we wish—If you'll not take my word,  
Let fact convince you. See an instance here, 69  
In what I now am, and in what I have been.  
I once had my admirers, as you now;  
And was to one devoted—And that one  
Left me, as soon as age began to change  
The colour of my hair—Deserted me— 65  
And this will be your case—

PHILOL. [*apart.*] I scarce refrain  
From plucking out the eyes of this incendiary.

PHILEM. 'Tis right I keep myself alone for him,  
Who of himself alone, with his own money  
Gave me my freedom. 70

PHILOL. [*apart.*] By the immortal Gods!  
She's a sweet girl—and of chaste disposition!  
By *Hercules*! I've done well; and I rejoice,  
That I'm not worth a drachma for her sake.

SCA. Silly indeed!—

PHILEM. Why so?—

SCAP. To be uneasy,  
Whether or no he loves you.— 75

PHILEM. And why, prithee!  
Should I not be uneasy?

SCA. You're now free:  
You have what you desire—Of his free choice  
If now he did not love you, he'd have lost  
The money which he gave to buy your freedom.

V. 58. *Things we not hope for, &c.*] See the same sentiment  
expressed in a manner a little different, A&I. Scene I. V. 82.

PHILOL.



202 THE APPARITION.

PHIOL. [*apart.*] I'll die myself, by *Hercules*! but  
I'll put 80

That jade to a most cruel death! This bawd,  
This ill-persuading bawd is absolutely  
Corrupting of the girl—

PHILEM. No, never can I  
Repay, as he deserves, my obligations.  
*Scapba*, persuade me not to love him less. 85

SCA. Expect then, if you will devote your prime  
To him alone, to sigh in vain when old—

PHIOL. [*apart.*] O that I now were chang'd into  
a quinsy,

To seize her throat, and strangle the vile jade.

PHILEM. 'Tis fit that I preserve the same mind  
now 90

That my desires obtain'd; to compass which,  
I sooth'd him with caresses—

PHIOL. [*apart.*] May the Gods  
Act all their pleasure on me, for that speech,  
If I'd not free thee once again! and be  
The death of *Scapba*!— 95

SCA. If you're well assur'd  
Your lover still will to your yoke submit,  
And be your own for life, e'en humour him,  
And him alone.—Be to him like a wife.

PHILEM. People thrive well but as their names  
are fair.

V. 98. —*Be to him like a wife.* *Limiers* tells us from *Pestus*,  
that it was usual, when they dressed women on their wedding-  
day, for the marriage ceremony, to add six rows of curls to their  
hair; and that this antient custom was in imitation of the  
Vestal Virgins, who were dressed in that manner. So that *capite  
crines* was used to mean, *to become a wife, to marry*.

JOHN

Let

ACT I. SCENE III. 203

Let me but keep my fame and character,  
I shall be rich enough— 100

PHILOL. [*apart.*] By *Hercules*!  
If it must come to selling, I'll e'en sell  
My father, rather than I'll suffer thee  
To want, or be a beggar while I live—

SCA. What's to become then of your other  
lovers? 105

PHILEM. They'll love me better, when they see  
me grateful.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] O that I now could hear my  
father's dead,  
That I at once myself might disinherit,  
And make this girl my heir!—

SCA. He can't hold long.  
Whole days and nights consum'd in eating, drink-  
ing, 110

No thought of thrift—the fellow's a meer sty—

PHILOL. [*apart.*] By *Hercules*! you first shall feel  
my thrift;  
For you no more shall eat and drink with me.

PHILEM. Speak well of him; talk on: but if you  
abuse him,  
By *Castor's* temple! you shall suffer for it. 115

PHILOL. [*apart.*] By *Pollux's* temple! had I sa-  
crific'd

To mighty *Jove* what I disburs'd for her,  
I'd not so well bestow'd it—Mark how well,  
How heartily she loves me—Wisely done,

V. 116. —*Had I sacrific'd to mighty Jove what I disburs'd for her, I'd not so well bestow'd it.*—] 'Tis I think, a little surprising the Romans would suffer such a sentiment upon the stage, so derogatory from the honour of their supream God.

To

104. THE APPARITION.

To plead my cause, I've freed an advocate. 129

SCA. *Philolaches*, I see, outweighs mankind  
In your esteem—I'd better join with you,  
Than smart for him, since you're so well assur'd  
He'll be your friend for ever—

PHILEM. Reach the mirror;  
The casket too, where all my trinkets are: 125  
Quick! that I may be dress'd, when my delight,  
My dear *Philolaches* shall hither come.

SCA. The woman that neglects herself, her youth,  
Had need a mirror use: but why should you,  
Who are yourself a mirror to the mirror? 130

PHILOL. [*apart.*] *Scapha*, that pretty turn, shall  
something add  
To your own stock, Sweet *Philematium*!

V. 120. —an advocate] a protector, i. e. an advocate. The original is, *patronum*. See Note on V. 13.

V. 124. *Reach the mirror.*] The ancients made their mirrors (what we now call *looking-glasses*) of metal finely polish'd; sometimes of brass and tin mixed together, but more commonly of silver.

*Ut omnia de speculis peragantur hoc loco, optima apud majores fuerant Brundisina, stanno et ærè mixtis. Prælatæ sunt argenteæ. Primus fecit Praxiteles magni Pompeii ætate, nuperque credi captum, certiorum imaginum reddi, auro appposito aversis.*

PLINIVS, Nat. Hist. Lib. xxxiii. cap. 9.

To go through in this place with all things concerning such looking-glasses, the best known in old time unto our ancestors, came from *Brundisi*, and those consisted of tin and brass tempered together. But when silver mirrors came in place, those went down, and these were preferred before them. The first that made them of silver, was *Praxiteles*, in the days of *Pompey the Great*. Of late, men had this opinion of silver mirrors, that they would represent an image more lively and truly, in case their back part were laid over with gold.

PHILEMON HOLLAND.

PHILEM.

ACT I. SCENE III. 135

PHILEM. See if each hair be nice, and in its place.

SCA. So nice yourself, doubt not your hair's so too.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] What character can e'er be given worse

Than is that jade's? All flattery now; before,  
All opposition —

PHILEM. Quick! give me the white.

SCA. What need have you of white? —

PHILEM. To paint my cheeks.

SCA. Oh! that's like making ivory white with ink.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] Wittily said that of the ink and ivory!

'Tis well said, *Scapba*; I applaud you for it.

PHILEM. Give me the red then! —

SCA. No—You're merry sure!

What! spoil a finish'd piece with a new daubing?  
Such bloom as thine, no paint should ever touch,  
No wash come near, ceruse, nor white of *Melo* —

PHILEM. Take then the mirror —

PHILOL. [*apart.*] What a jade! she has kiss'd it,  
O for a stone to break it all to shatters!

SCA. Here, take the towel—Wipe your hands—

PHILEM. Why so?

SCA. Left having touch'd the mirror, they smell  
silvery; —

And never must *Philolaches* suspect  
You have been touching silver —

PHILOL. [*apart.*] I scarce know

I ever met with a more cunning bawd —

Why, what a witty thought; a subtle one  
The jade had 'bout the mirror! —

V. 148. *O for a stone to break it all to shatters!*] The original is, *que ego illi speculo diminuum caput*. This indeed might seem to suit better with glass; but will do for either.

PHILEM.



206 THE APPEARITION.

PHILEM. What dost think?  
Should I perfume me?—

SCA. By no means. 155

PHILOL. And why?

SCA. A woman's best smell is to smell of nothing:  
I swear 'tis true—Your 'nointed hags, who still

V. 156. *A woman's best smell is to smell of nothing.* *Mulier recte olet, ubi nihil olet.* It may not be displeasing to the reader to find, that Cicero has adopted this sentiment, and expressed it almost in the same words.

—*Mulieres ideo bene olent, quia nihil olebant, ridebantur.*  
Epist. ad Atticum, B. ii. Ep. i.  
—Women seem to smell well when they smell of nothing.

Martial too has twice made use of the same allusion:

—*In POSTUMUM fatidum.*  
*Esse quid hoc dicam, quod olent tua basia myrrham,*  
*Quodque tibi est nunquam non alienus odor?*  
*Hec mihi suspitum est, quod olet bene, Postume, semper:*  
*Postume, non bene olet, qui bene semper olet.*  
Lib. ii. Ep. 12.

Why does thy breath of amber ever smell?  
Why, without foreign sweets, thou do'st art well?  
Too justly, *Postumus*, we may presume  
He smells not well, whole smell is all perfume.

—*In CORACINUM*  
*variis unguentis opprimentem fatidum holium.*

*Quod semper castique, cinnamomeque,*  
*Et nido niger alitis superba*  
*Frangas plumbæa Nicotiana,*  
*Ride nos, Coracine, nil olentes,*  
*Malo, quam bene olet, nihil olere.*  
Lib. vi. Ep. 55.

Of richest spices thou dost ever scent,  
Nor is the Phoenix' nest more redolent.  
Laugh not at us, who not in sweets excell:  
Tis better smell of naught, than thus smell well.

ACT I. SCENE III. 161

New vamp themselves, and hide with paint their wrinkles,

When once the sweat and perfumes mix, will stink  
Worse than the greasy compound, when a cook  
Pours all his broths together. None can say  
Of what they smell; but only they smell ill.

PHILOL. How learnedly the jade treats every thing!  
The knowing ones less knowing than herself!

[to the spectators.]

You know this true, who have old wives at home, 165  
That bought you with their portions—

PHILEM. This gold robe!  
See, does't become me well enough, my Scapba?—

SCA. That is not my concern—

PHILEM. Then, prithee, whose?

SCA. I'll tell you—'Tis *Philolarches's*—His;  
That he may never buy you what you like not: 170

For 'tis with gold and purple lovers buy  
Their mistress' favours; and what need have you  
To make a shew of what he does not want.

Hide age in purple—Gold becomes not youth, 175  
A naked beauty is more charming than

From head to foot in purple. 'Tis in vain  
A woman is well dress'd, if ill behav'd.

Ill conduct soils the finest ornaments.  
As bad as dirt: for if a woman's handsome,

She's dress'd enough. 180

PHILOL. [apart.] Too long I've held me from her.  
What are you two about?— [showing himself.]

PHILEM. I'm dicking out

V. 172. *Their mistress' favours*—] *Meretricis moris*: which in  
this passage, as well as universally in *Plautus*, means favours.

M. DE L'ORVILLE.

Myself

268 THE APPARITION.

Myself to please your eye—

PHILOL. You're dress'd enough.  
Do you go in [*to SCAPHA*] and take this finery.

But you, my *Philematium*, my delight,  
I would regale with you— 185

PHILEM. And I am for you,  
My love, my only joy, your pleasure's mine.

PHILOL. That word, my love, is cheap at twenty  
minæ.

PHILEM. Then give me ten, my dear—I'll sell  
—a bargain.

PHILOL. You have got ten already—Cast the  
—account.

I gave just thirty minæ for your freedom 190

PHILEM. And why reproach me?—

PHILOL. Can I then reproach thee?  
With what I wish to be reproach'd myself?

I have not laid out money, many a day  
More to my satisfaction—

PHILEM. And I'm sure,  
I never better can employ my pains, 195  
Than in the love I bear you—

PHILOL. We're agreed—  
Debtor and creditor—We love each other,  
And both, we think deservedly—May all  
Who joy in ours, joy in their own good fortune,  
Who envy us, ne'er envy'd be themselves— 200

PHILEM. Then take your place—Some water for  
our hands—

Boy, set the little table here—The dice—  
Would you have perfumes?—

PHILOL. Ah! what need of perfumes?  
When happy, I recline myself near you.

But is not that my friend, who's coming hither, 205  
And

ACT I. SCENE IV. 209

And with his mistress too?—See *Callidamates*  
Approaches with his mistress—Come on, love—  
Our comrades! See, they expect to share our  
plunder——

SCENE IV.

Enter CALLIDAMATES [*drunk*] and  
DELPHIUM.

CAL. Come in good time, and fetch me from

*Philolaches.* [*to a servant.*

Hear—that's my order—For from where I've been,  
I e'en took to my heels, so tir'd I was

With both their entertainment and discourse.

Now—for *Philolaches*—and make a bout on't: 5

He will receive us jovially and well—

Do I seem drunk, my man— [*to DELPHIUM.*

DEL. No otherwise

Than you should always be.—

CAL. I'll hug you then,

And you'll hug me——

DEL. If you desire it, ay—

CAL. You're a sweet soul—Eh! Hold me up,  
my dear. 10

DEL. Take care you do not fall.—Stand up—

CAL. Oh! ho!

My sweetest—I'm thy child, my honey, I—

DEL. Take heed, or you'll recline upon the ground,  
E'er we can reach the couch prepar'd for us—

CAL. Let me fall then——

DEL. Fall then, and take the consequence. 15

V. 1. —*fetch me from Philolaches.*] See *The Twin Brothers*,  
Act II. Scene V. v. 8. Note.

VOL. III.

P

DEL.



210 THE APPARITION.

I'm on the totter---Fall you, I fall with you---  
Then both being down, some one shall help up both  
of us---  
He's sadly drunk---

CAL. Does mam-my say, I'm drunk?

DEL. Give me your hand—I would not have thee  
hurt.

CAL. Here, take it—Stay—keep along with me,  
tho'—

Where am I go-ing—go-ing?— Can you tell?

DEL. Yes, sure---

CAL. Oh! now it comes into my head—  
I'm go-ing home—to spend the evening---

DEL. Certainly---

CAL. Yes—to be sure—I well remember that---

PHILOL. [*to PHILEM.*] Will you not give me leave,  
my soul, to meet 'em?

He's one of all my friends I've most regard for.  
I will return e'en now---

PHILEM. Ah! that e'en now

To me's an age---

CAL. Is any body there?

DEL. There is---

CAL. That's well. *Philolaches*, good day---  
My best of friends---

PHILOL. God save you, *Callidamates*!  
Here, take your place—Whence is it you come now?

CAL. Whence should a man that's drunk?—

PHILOL. Why, well said, boy.  
Come, if you love me, *Delphium*, take your place.

CAL. Give her some wine--I'll go to sleep directly--

PHILOL. His constant trade—Nought strange or  
wonderful.

35

What

What, my dear *Delphium*, shall I do with him?

DEL. E'en leave him as he is—

PHIL. Come on then—Boy,  
A cup of wine round, and begin with *Delphium*.

\* SCENE V.

Enter TRANIO.

TRA. [*apart.*] Great *Jove* with all his might, and  
all his power,

Is seeking mine, and my young master's ruin.—

All hope is gone—No ground remains for courage,

Nor could salvation's self, had she a mind,

Now save us. What a mountain of distress 5

Have I just seen at port! My master's landed,

And *Tranio* ruin'd—Is there any here

[*to the spectators.*]

Would earn a little gain, and take my place

\* SCENE V.] This, in all the editions we have seen, is made the first Scene of the second Act. But in that case the first Act would end in leaving the company at their entertainment, and the second begin with their continuing at the same. We have therefore thought it better to add it to the first Act; and to make the second begin with the entrance of *Theuropsides*, *Philolaches*'s father, just landed from abroad; and have taken the liberty accordingly so to do. It is true by this means, the second Act is made very short, and to consist only of one Scene. But instances of this kind occur so often in *Plautus*, that it seems to be scarce any objection.

V. 4. *Nor could salvation's self*—] See *The Captives*, Act III. Scene III. V. 18. and the Note. Vol. I. of this translation.

212 THE APPARITION.

At the whipping-post?—Where are your hardened rogues

Will bear a flogging?—Or, for a trifling sum, 10

Would with their lances, dare attack a tower—

Where you may have five hundred spears at once

Fix'd in your body—I will give a talent

To the first man shall run and seize my gibbet.

But 'tis on this condition, that his legs 15

And arms be doubly bound; and when that's done,

Let him demand his money: he shall have it.

But what a dog am I not to scour home—?

PHILOL. Our supper's come—See, *Tranio*, from the port.

TRA. *Philolaches* ————— 20

V. 9. —*Where are your hardened rogues, &c.*] The original is, *plagipatide, ferritribaces*; words of *Plautus*'s coining, from *plagis pati*, those would endure blows, and *ferrum* and *tribus*, rubbers of iron.

V. 10. —*for a trifling sum*] The original is, *trium nummorum causa*. See the Table of Coins, Vol. I.

V. 11. *Would with their lances dare attack a tower.*] The original is, *sala*, which signifies a high tower made of timber. They were in the shape of an egg, usually fixed on the top of the walls of cities or fortified places, for the soldiers to attack. They had them also in the circus; and the soldiers attacked them to entertain the populace. And as those who mounted them were in so doing exposed to imminent danger, on account of the resistance they met with from those who defended them, this passage alludes to the risk the soldiers expose their lives to, for so small a gratuity. LIMERS.

V. 13, 14. —*I will give a talent To the first man shall run and seize my gibbet.*] It was the custom for malefactors to carry the gibbet or cross they were to be executed upon. See *The Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene VIII. V. 13.

PHILOL.

ACT I. SCENE V. 213

PHIOL. The matter?—

TRA. I and you—

PHIOL. What do you mean by I and you?—

TRA. Are ruin'd.

PHIOL. How so?—

TRA. Your father's here.—

PHIOL. What's that you tell me?

TRA. Undone! undone!—I say, your father's coming—

PHIOL. Where is he, prithee!—

TRA. Just upon my heels—

PHIOL. Who says so? Who has seen him?— 25

TRA. That have I.

I say, I saw him—

PHIOL. What am I about?

TRA. A mischief on you! ask what you're about?  
About your supper—

V. 26. *What am I about? &c. About your supper.*] The original is, *Quid ego ago? Quid agas? accubas.* This is a pun on the different senses of the word *ago*. We have endeavoured to preserve the idea of it, as well as our language would admit. *Terence* has a passage very like it.

Gnatho. — *Quid agitur?*  
Parmeno. *Statur*—

—What are you upon?  
My legs—

COLMAN:

A meer play upon words, as that gentleman has justly observed; which is also in *Pseudolus*.

*Quid agitur?*  
*Statur hic ad hoc modum.*

ACT I, SCENE V. v. 42.

What is it you're upon—My legs—  
Just as you see—



214 THE APPARITION.

PHILOL. You yourself have seen him!

TRA. I have, I say—

PHILOL. Indeed!—

TRA. I say, indeed—

PHILOL. Undone indeed, if what you say is true. 30

TRA. What shall I get by telling you a lie?

PHILOL. What's to be done?—

TRA. Order these things away—  
Who's that asleep?—

PHILOL. Why, *Callidamates*—

TRA. Awake him, *Delphium*—

DEL. *Callidamates*!

Why, *Callidamates*! awake—

CAL. Well---well, [*drunk*] 35

I wake---Give me a cup of wine---

DEL. Wake, wake---

*Philolaches's* father's just arriv'd---

CAL. I hope---his father's well---

PHILOL. He's well---and I

Undone---

CAL. Undone! How can that be?---Undone!

PHILOL. Up---Here's my father coming---

CAL. Father coming--- 40

Bid him---begone again---What comes he here for?

PHILOL. What shall I do? Wretch! Shall my  
father find me

And much the same kind of conceit in our *Shakspeare's*.

My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

—Two yards and more.

*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Scene VII. *Falstaff*. *Pistol*.

See a parallel passage, Act III. Scene II. V. 27, 28.

Immers'd

ACT I. SCENE V. 215

Immers'd in riot; his house full of guests;  
And wenches?---A sad job, to dig a well,  
When your throat's parch'd with thirst---And that's  
my case; 45

Who, 'now my father's come, am quite bewildered.

TRA. See how he nods! He's fast again---Wake,  
rouse him.

PHILOL. What not wake yet! My father will be  
here

Immediately, I tell you---

CAL. Father, say you?

My pumps! I'd arm---I'll kill your father for you. 50

PHILOL. Peace! you'll spoil all---I beg you, lead  
him in

Immediately---

[to DELPH.

CAL. A jourdan! or by *Hercules*!

I'll make one of you all---

[he is led off.

PHILOL. Undone---

TRA. No---Courage!

My wit shall ease you of that fear---Have courage---

PHILOL. Quite ruin'd---

TRA. Peace! I shall contrive for you, 55

To lay this storm---Shall you be satisfied,

If I not only bar your father's entrance

Within these doors, but make him fly the house?

Go all into the house; and with you take

These things---Make hast---

60

V. 54. *I'll make one of you all.*]

I know your voice is good, cry not so loud.

This line is taken from *Ben Jonson, The Fox*, Vol. V.  
Scene XII. who translated it from *Plautus*.

216 THE APPARITION.

PHILOL. And where then I, the while?

TRA. Where you like best--With this girl, or with that--

DEL. Why, what's the matter now? Are we to move?

TRA. No farther off than this; [*pointing with his finger.*]  
nor need you drink

One cup the less on that account.---

PHILOL. Fine words!

But where they'll end--I'm in a sweat for fear. 65

TRA. Can you be quiet, and obey command?

DEL. Yes, yes, I can---

TRA. First, *Philematium* then

Walk in; and *Delphium*, you--

DEL. We're all obedience.

[*Exeunt PHIL. and DELPH.*]

TRA. *Jave* grant you may! Now mark what I'd have done. 70

First, when the doors are lock'd, take heed within  
That not a whisper's heard--

PHILOL. I'll warrant you--

TRA. As if no living soul were in the house--

PHILOL. Well---

TRA. And be sure let no man answer, when  
The old man knocks-- 75

PHILOL. Any thing farther?--

TRA. Bid them  
Bring out to me the master key of the house,

V. 64. *No farther off than this--*] *Non hoc longe.* *Quintus*,  
pointing with his finger, how far.

V. 76. *--the master key of the house,*] *clavem Equestris.* The  
antients had two sorts of keys; one made of iron, round and hol-  
low,

ACT I. SCENE V. 217

That I may lock the door on the outside.

PHILOL. To thy protection, *Tranio*, I commend  
Myself and all my hopes—— [*they go in.*]

TRA. It matters not  
A feather, be a man supported, or 80  
By patron, or by client, if himself

low, which they put into the hole of the lock, in such a manner that it was not seen, and which prevented the door from being opened; nor could this be removed, without passing into the lock a longer piece of iron, by the means of which they pushed the first; and there was a hole in the door, a little above the lock, into which you might pass your hand, in order to open it from without side. The other sort, which they called *Laconica*, was entirely concealed within side of the door, and served to open and shut it from the outside, without being perceived.

LIMIER from GRONOVIVS.

They called it *Laconica*, that is, *Spartan* or *Laedemonian*, because it was made more clumsy and heavy, and not so neat or polished as the other key, in allusion to the inelegance and want of politeness peculiar to that nation. DE L'OEUVRE.

A passage from *Aristophanes* may illustrate this——

οἱ γὰρ ἄνδρες ἦν ἁλυσία  
ἀντὶ φοβεῖται κρυπτά κλειὸν θύρα τὰ  
λακωνία ἅττα τρεῖς ἐχόντα γυνήδες.

ΟΞΜΟΦΟΡΙΑΖΟΤΕΑΙ. *The Feast of Ceres and Proserpine*, V. 118.

Now the men keep the keys  
Themselves: they're secret and most mischievous,  
Of the Laconic sort, they have three wards——

The Scholiast says, the word *καρυψιγάρτα* means *most difficult to be counterfeited*; so that there was no opening the repositories of oyl and flour with false keys. Again, that they were secret, and hard to be counterfeited. *Eustathius* says, he calls them *laconic*, because the *laconic* keys, according to *Suidas*, were very famous.

And



218 THE APPARITION.

Wants steadiness and courage. Every one  
Or best or worst, can act with craft enough,  
Tho' ne'er so suddenly—Give me the key,  
Go in and shut the door—[*to the Boy, who goes in.*]  
but the great care 85

And mastery of the art, is, where the roguery  
Is plann'd and executed, so to manage  
That nothing rise to shame the great projector;  
That all run smooth, and happy be the issue:  
As you shall see me do, and all this bustle 90  
Glide glibly on, without a check to hurt us—

*Re-enter* BOY,

But what d'you mean by coming out? Undone!  
How well my orders are obey'd!—

Boy. My master  
Has order'd me most earnestly to beg you  
Some how to scare his father from the door. 95  
See, here he comes—

TRA. Go back, and tell him this;  
That I shall take such measures, he shan't dare  
To look upon the house; but veil his head;

V. 99. —*veil his head*] The ancients, when they were surprised in any action they were ashamed of, or when they were about any desperate undertaking, to shew the confusion they were in, veiled their head.

*Nam malâ re gestâ cum vellem mittere*

*Me capite in flumen dexter stetit, et operto—*

*Horat. Lib. ii. Sat. iii. V. 37.*

For, when my fortune's lost, revolv'd I stood,  
Cov'ring my head, to plunge into the flood,  
Propitious he address'd me—

FRANCIS.

To

ACT I. SCENE V. 219

And run away for fear—Give me the key— 100  
In—Shut the door—I'll lock it without fide.

[Exit Boy.

Now let him come—And he shall see alive  
Such games perform'd to his honour, as I trust,  
Will ne'er be paid him dead—But I'll retire,  
And reconnoitre, where I best may load. 105  
His shoulders with this burthen, when he enters—

[Exit.

V. 101. —*I'll lock it without fide.*] The doors of the antients were constructed to open outwards into the street, so that they always locked them on the outside. See *The Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. V. 84. Note.

V. 101, 102, 103.] Something like this has occurred in *Amphitryon*, Act I. Scene I. V. 425.

V. 103. —*Such games, &c.*] The original is *ludos*, which here has a double meaning; alluding to the tricks he is going to play the old man, as well as to the funeral games, usually held in honour of the dead.

\* \* There is in this first Act but little preparatory to the main business of the Comedy. It however very properly opens the nature of some of the principal characters to the spectators. The first Scene between the country servant coming to town to procure fodder for his cattle, and the town servant, the assistant to his young master's debaucheries, is entertaining; and the dialogue very well suited to their respective characters. The soliloquy of *Philolaches*, which makes the whole of the second Scene, is stretched out into an enormous length; but there is good morality in it; and the thought of the young man's comparing himself to a building, is productive of many useful reflections. The dialogue in the third Scene between the mistress of *Philolaches* and her maid, which is overheard by the young gentleman, is well imagined, and the consequence of his joining her, being the destruction of all his good resolutions in the preceding Scene, is very natural. In the fourth Scene, *Callidamater*,

## 220 THE APPARITION.

*mate*, a friend of *Philolaches*, is introduced so drunk he can scarce stand, leading in his mistress *Delphium*. They go on carousing; when in the fifth Scene, *Tranio*, who had been dispatched to the port to procure some additional provisions, joins them; and alarms them with the unexpected return of *Theopropides*, *Philolaches*'s father, from abroad, and whom he had just seen landing. After an entertaining and interesting dialogue, *Tranio* undertakes to prevent the old man from entering the house, shuts them in, and enjoins a profound silence. Thus ends this Act; and the interval is taken up by the time necessarily required for *Tranio* to consider of putting his scheme into execution.

*End of the First Act;*

ACT

## A C T II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter THEUROPIDES.*

THEUROPIDES.

**T**HANKS, *Neptune*, thanks! that you have  
 now dismiss'd me  
 From your domains, tho' scarce alive—Again  
 Catch me but setting foot upon thy sea,  
 I'll give thee leave to treat me, as thou'lt wish'd  
 To do—but now—Avaunt! have done with me—  
 I've trusted thee with all I ever shall—

*Enter TRANIO, overhearing him.*

TRA. [*aside.*] Troth, father *Neptune*, you've been  
 much to blame  
 To lose so good an opportunity.

THEU. After three years, I am arriv'd from *Egypt*,  
 I trust, a welcome guest to all my family.

TRA. [*aside.*] He had been more welcome, who  
 had told your death—

THEU. How's this!—my doors all fast, and at  
 mid-day?

V. 12. —*my doors all fast, and at mid-day?*] The ancients had  
 two doors to their houses; one of which opened into the street;  
 and which at this time we call the outer door; the other the  
 inner door, and this was kept locked: the outer door never so,  
 unless at night, or when the house was empty; and was fastened  
 with the master-key. See Act I. Scene V. v. 76, and the Note.

DE L'ŒUVRE from LAMBIN.



222 THE APPARITION.

I'll knock— [*knocks.*] Hola!—Open the door there,  
some one.

TRA. Who's this about our door?

THEU. My servant, *Tranio*!

TRA. *Theuropides*!--my master!--welcome home.<sup>15</sup>  
I'm glad to see you safe return'd—And have you  
Had the whole time good health?

THEU. Just as you see—

TRA. That's well—

THEU. But what! are you all mad?

TRA. Why so?

THEU. Why so?—Because you walk without doors  
here,  
And not a soul within to keep the house;  
No one to ope' the door, nor give an answer—  
I've almost broke down both the leaves of it  
With knocking with my feet—

TRA. And have you touch'd it?

THEU. And why not touch it? More than that,  
I tell you,

I've almost broke the doors with knocking at 'em.<sup>25</sup>

TRA. And have you touch'd—

THEU. Touch'd! Ay, and knock'd hard too.

TRA. Alas!

THEU. What's this!

TRA. It was ill done, by *Hercules*!

THEU. Why, what's the matter?—

TRA. Oh! the horrid mischief!

The ill you've done is not to be express'd—

THEU. How so?—

TRA. Fly, prithee---Get you from the house.<sup>30</sup>  
Fly this way---nearer me---And have you touch'd  
The doors?—

THEU.

ACT II. SCENE I. 223

THEU. How could I knock, and touch them not?

TRA. By *Hercules*! you've been the death---

THEU. Of whom?

TRA. Of your whole family---

THEU. All the gods and goddesses  
Confound you with your omen!---

35

TRA. I'm afraid  
You can't make satisfaction to the gods,  
Nor to yourself---

THEU. What! Why! What new affair  
Do you surprize me with?

TRA. And---Hark you me?  
Command these off, I beg you---

THEU. [*to those who had attended him from the port.*]

Leave me, pray. [*Exeunt attendants.*]

TRA. Touch not the house; but touch the earth,  
as we do---

40

THEU. Speak out, I pray you---

TRA. 'Tis now seven months  
Since we have left it, and no soul has enter'd---

THEU. Speak out---And why?---

V. 35. *Confound you with your omen!*—] *Tranio* had already told *Theuropides* that he had been the death of his whole family; he adds, *All the Gods and Goddesses confound you with your omen, for you are one of my family!* DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 40. — *touch the earth as we do*—] The antients esteemed it a reverential ceremony, when they were concerned in any affairs which related to the infernal deities or the dead, to touch the earth.

*Cum tellurem dicis, manibus terram tangit*— MACROBIUS.

When he spoke of the goddess *Earth*, he touched the earth with his hands. DE L'OEUVRE.

TRA.

224 THE APPARITION.

TRA. Look round, that no one hear---

THEU. [*looking round.*] All's safe---

TRA. But look again---

THEU. There's no body---

Now speak---

45

TRA. A murder has been here committed.

THEU. How! What! I understand you not---

TRA. A villainy

Of antient date---committed long ago---

Long---long---but known to us but now---

THEU. Say, rascal,

What is't, who did it?---

TRA. Why, the master here

Seiz'd on his guest, and kill'd him!--'Twas, I think,

The very man that sold the house to you.

THEU. Kill'd him!--

TRA. And rob'd him of his gold; and buried him

Here in the house---

THEU. And why suspect you this?

TRA. I'll tell you---Lift!--Your son had supp'd

abroad;

On his return, we all retired to bed;

55

And then to sleep---By chance, I had forgot

To put the candle out---when, on a sudden

He set up such a cry---

THEU. He!--Who? my son?

TRA. Hift!--Hear--He said, a dead man, in a dream,

Came to him---

THEU. In a dream?---

TRA. Ev'n so---but mind---

60

Thus the dead man accosted him---He said---

THEU. But, into a dream---

TRA.

ACT II. SCENE I. 225

TRA. It had been indeed surprising,  
Had he accosted him awake, when he'd been kill'd  
These sixty years---Why, really, master,  
At times, you're little better than a fool--- 65

THEU. Well---well. I say no more---

TRA. Mind what he said---  
"I'm *Diapontius*' guest, here from abroad---  
"Here dwell I---This my allotted habitation---  
"Pluto would not receive me into *Acheron*,  
"For an untimely death I died---By trust 70  
"Was I deceiv'd---My host here murder'd me,---  
"And without funeral rites, here cover'd me  
"With earth himself, by stealth---My gold the cause.  
"Depart then hence---A curse is on the house.  
"It is defil'd"---'Twould take a year to tell 75  
The wonders here have been--- Hift! Hark!--

THEU. The matter?---Speak, I beg you---

TRA. The door creak'd---  
Did the dead man knock at it?---

THEU. I've not left  
One single drop of blood---The dead are come  
To fetch me living, to the realms of darkness. 80

TRA. [*apart.*] Undone! They'll with their noise  
confound my tale. [*Noise within.*]

I'm horribly afraid he'll find me out---

THEU. What's that you're muttering to your-  
self?---

TRA. By *Hercules*!  
Fly from the door---Fly, I conjure you, fly---

THEU. Fly! whither? Fly thyself--- 85

V. 69. Pluto would not receive me---] See *Pseudolus*, The Cheat,  
Act III. Scene II. V. 8.



226 THE APPARITION.

TRA. I'm not afraid.  
I'm with the dead at peace--

THEU. *Tranio*---Holla!

TRA. If you were wife, you would not call on me--  
[as if speaking to an apparition.  
I'm innocent--It was not I that knock'd--

THEU. The matter, *Tranio*! what possesses thee?  
Whom art thou speaking to?-- 90

TRA. And was it you,  
Good Sir, that call'd me? As the Gods shall save me,  
I thought the dead man was abusing me,  
Because you knock'd at the door.--But do you still  
Stand here, nor do as I advise?--

THEU. What do?

TRA. Look not behind you--Fly, and veil your  
head. 95

THEU. Why fly not you?--

TRA. I'm with the dead at peace.

THEU. I recollect--But why so fear'd but now?

TRA. Oh! take no care for me. I'll see to one.  
Fly, fly, as you've begun--Fly with all speed,  
And invoke *Hercules*-- 100

THEU. *Hercules*, I invoke thee.

[runs off.

TRA. As I do too, that he will shower some plague  
Upon thy head: Gods! be my witnesses,  
How I've rubb'd thro' this most untoward event.

[Exit.

v. 95. --veil your head.] See Act I. Scene V. v. 99. Note.

V. 100. --invoke *Hercules*.] In cases of sudden fear or terror, it was customary for the ancients to call upon *Hercules* for protection. As he had subdued so many monsters, they esteemed him the proper deity to charm or lay apparitions.

••• This

# ACT II. SCENE I. 227

\* \* This Act, which, according to our present regulation, consists of only one Scene, is opened by *Theuropides* congratulating himself on his escape from the dangers of the sea. *Tranio* joins him; and, after some congratulations, in order to prevent his going into his own house, and disturbing his son and the rest of the company at their entertainment, makes him believe that it is haunted by an apparition of a man long since murdered in it. By this means he throws the old man into a panick, fairly drives him off the stage; and immediately follows him. Thus ends the Act. And the interval may be supposed to be taken up with the time necessary for *Theuropides* to refresh himself after his voyage, and for *Tranio* to consider how he shall carry on the scheme he had so successfully begun.

*End of the Second Act.*

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter BANKER.

BANKER.

I Never knew so sad a year, as this  
Has been to me, for putting out of money—  
From morn to night, I spend the day i'th' Forum,  
And cannot find a man that's for my purpose.

Enter TRANIO.

TRA. [*apart.*] Nay then, 'tis plain I am undone  
for ever. 5

Yonder's the banker who advanc'd at interest  
The money which our mistress cost.—All's out ;  
Unless I am before-hand, to prevent  
Its coming to our old man's ears—  
But why returns *Theuropides* so soon ? 10

[*seeing THEUR. at a distance.*

Somewhat I doubt, he has heard of this affair.  
I'll meet, and speak to him—I'm in such a fright !  
Nothing so wretched as a guilty conscience ;

V. 1. *I never knew so bad a year as this*] The *Delphin* edition gives this speech to *Theuropides* ; the other editions to the banker. These are undoubtedly right. So plainly so, that we should suspect it to be an error of the press, rather than the fault of M. De L'Oeuvre, the editor of that edition.

V. 13. *Nothing so wretched as a guilty conscience.*] A sentiment this, not uncommon in ancient writers, as well in prose as poetry. It

ACT III. SCENE I. 229

And such plagues me--- Well--- come what will,  
I must  
Perplex all more--- Th' affair requires it. 15

Enter THEUROPIDES.

Whence now?

[*10* THEUR.

THEU. I met the man I bought the house of.

TRA. And did you mention to him what I told  
you?

THEU. I told him all---

TRA. Undone!---And does he own  
The murder of his guest?---

It occurs frequently in Cicero; and the reader may not be dis-  
pleased if we lay before him the two following ones from Ovid  
and Horace.

*Sic erat in satis, nulla tua culpa fugavit;*

*Sed deus, infenso pulsus es urbe deo.*

*Non meriti poenam pateris, sed numinis iram:*

*Est aliquid magnis crimen abesse malis.*

*Conscia mens ut cuique sua est, ita concipit intra,*

*Pœdora pro facto spemque metumque suo.*

Ovid Fastorum, Lib. i. v. 481.

'Twas thus enroll'd in fate: from thine abode

No crime hath driven thee, but an angry God.

Thou suffer'st not thy merits, but Heav'n's wrath:

Clean innocence in woe much comfort hath:

As is the conscience, so the mind doth breed,

Or hope or fear, for every acted deed.

MASSEY.

— *Hic murus abeneus esto,*

*Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.*

Horat. Lib. i. Epist. i. v. 64.

Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence,

Still to preserve thy conscious innocence,

Nor e'er turn pale with guilt.

FRANCIS.



230 THE APPARITION.

THEU. Stiffly denies it.  
 TRA. Denies it? Then by *Hercules*! I beg you 20  
 Agree to appoint a judge in the affair;  
 But look 'tis one may credit all I say;  
 And then you'll gain the day as easily  
 As a fox eats a pear---I fear my schemes  
 Will come to nought. [apart.] 25

THEU. What is it you are muttering?

TRA. Nothing---But have you really told him---

THEU. All.

TRA. He owns it then---

THEU. Persists in the denial.---

TRA. Denial?---

THEU. Ay---denies the whole, I tell you.

TRA. I die to think on't---So---he does not own it?

THEU. If he had own'd it, I had told you so--- 30  
 And what's your judgement now? What's to be done?

V. 24. — *as easily as a fox eats a pear*—] *M. De L'Oeuvre* observes that this is a vulgar, homely comparison, and what, perhaps nothing can excuse, but its being in a comic writer, and put into the mouth of a slave. And yet vulgar as it is, we meet with one much of the same cast, in so grave a writer as *Seneca*. Speaking of *Claudius Caesar*, he says,

*Jam facile homines occidimus, quam canis carum edat.*

He made no more difficulty of killing men, than a dog does of eating offals.

The meaning of it is, *that you will do it very easily*: it having been used as a proverbial expression for that purpose. See *Brasmi Adagia*. Lambin tells us, that some commentators have understood this in a contrary sense; and that *Francis* means that the old gentleman will have some trouble to get over this difficulty, as a fox eats poultry with greater ease than he does a pear. But all this seems to be refining on the author. Nor should we have troubled the reader with it, had it not been now, and then to bring him acquainted with what the commentators say.

TRA.

ACT III. SCENE I. 231

TRA. My judgement! why, I told it you but now  
Agree to appoint a judge in th' affair;  
But look 'tis one may credit all I say;  
And then you'll gain the day as easily 35  
As a fox eats a pear—

BAN. But see—here's *Tranio*—  
*Philolaches's* servant: he who pays  
Nor principal nor interest—

THEU. [to TRA.] Whither go you?

TRA. No where at all— [apart.] Was ever such  
a wretch!

A rascal, born with all the Gods my foes.  
Ay, he'll accost me while the old man's by!  
Yes, yes, I am a miserable dog!  
This side and that, they'll find me work enough—  
But I must greet—

BAN. He's coming—Safe's the word.  
Some hopes now of my money.— 45

TRA. [apart.] The man grins!  
But 'tis to little purpose—*Misargyrides*,  
Good day!—

BAN. The same to you—Ought of my money?

TRA. Away, you brute—The moment that we  
meet,

To stop my mouth!—

V. 31. *Agree to appoint a judge.*—] There is something remarkably odd in this repetition of the very words *Tranio* gave his opinion in before at V. 21. But whether it is a beauty or no, let the reader determine for himself.

V. 46. —*Misargyrides, good day!*—] *Misargyrides*, a word formed from the *Greek*; and signifies *one who hates money*. An odd name for a banker; but is probably intended to be ironical.

V. 49. *To stop my mouth!*—] The original is, *silum injecisti mihi*. A proverbial expression, meaning, *you throw a rub in my way*.

232 THE APPARITION.

BAN. I see he's empty-handed.

TRA. The man's a conjurer—that I plainly see. 50

BAN. Truce with your fooleries—

TRA. Tell me what you'd have?

BAN. Where is *Philolaches*?

TRA. You could ne'er have met me  
More opportunely—

BAN. Why?

TRA. Come this way---Hither---

BAN. And shall my money then be paid?

TRA. I know  
Your voice is good---Cry not so loud--- 55

BAN. By *Hercules*!  
I will cry out---and loud too---

TRA. Humour me  
I prithee---

BAN. Humour you in what?

TRA. Go home,  
Pray now---

BAN. Go home!--

TRA. And come again at noon.

BAN. And shall my interest be paid me then?

TRA. It shall---Now go--- 60

BAN. Why should I come again,  
And waste my time or pains? Suppose I stay  
Here where I am till noon?---

TRA. Nay, nay, go home.---

way. *Pilum* signifies a dart. *Lipshius* says 'tis the same as *securum*  
in Cicero, i. e. *impedimentum*. You stop my mouth at once; you  
strike me flat in an instant. *Tranio* was hindered from prating.

V. 54. 55. —I know &c.] Ben Jonson. *Volpone*, Act V.  
Scene 12. *Mosca*.

By

By *Hercules*! I tell you nought but truth---  
Do but go home.---

BAN. Pay me my interest then.  
Why trifle with me thus?--- [*aloud.*] 65

TRA. Well done, by *Hercules*!  
Do but go home---Mind what I say to you---

BAN. By *Hercules*! I'll expose him---

TRA. Well said! stoutly!  
You'll get your money now, with all this bawling?.

BAN. I ask but for my own---Day after day,  
After this fashion am I disappointed--- 70

If I am troublesome, pay me my money,  
And I am gone---This still shall be my answer---

TRA. Here---take your principal---

BAN. Ay---but my interest!  
First I'd have that--- [*aloud.*]

TRA. Vilest of scoundrels, peace!--  
What! com'st thou here to burst thee! Do thy  
worst--- 75

He gives thee nothing; for he owes thee nothing.

BAN. What! owes me nothing!--

TRA. Nor will have wherewith  
To pay you, if he did---Should you like this?---

May hap you chuse to ship him off an exile,  
Made by your means; unable as he is 80

To pay you e'en your principal---

BAN. No, *Tranio*,

I want not that---

THEU. Ho! rascal, come to me. [*to TRANIO.*]

V. 68. *You'll get your money now, with all this bawling?*] The original is, *Beatus vero es nunc, cum clamas*. The commentators tell us that *beatus* here signifies *rich*; so we have used a little latitude in the translation, and given the passage that turn accordingly. It is spoke ironically.

TRA.



234 THE APPARITION.

TRA. This instant, Sir—So, [*to the Banker.*] don't be troublesome,

Here's nothing to be had—Do as you list—

Do you alone lend money here in Athens? 89

BAN. Give me my interest—Pay me down my interest

Here on the nail—My interest—

TRA. Here---there---interest!--

The dog can talk of nothing else but interest---

I think I never saw a brute more frightful.

BAN. You fright not me with your hard words, by Pollux! 90

This cry of mine's a coal to them, that scorches

Tho' at a distance-- [*aside.*] What is this interest

[*to TRA.*

The fellow asks for?

TRA. [*to the Banker.*] See, here's his father

But now come from abroad. He'll pay you principal

And interest too---Persist not then to make us 95

Your enemies thus---See if he'll put you off---

BAN. Whatever he gives, I'll take---

THEU. What's that you say?

TRA. Your pleasure, Sir, with me?---

THEU. Who is this man?

What does he want? What talks he of *Philolaches*,

My son? and how abuse you to your face? 100

What is this owing to him?

V. 91. *This cry of mine's a coal to them.* The original is, *calidum hoc est; uti procul abest; urit malum.* The editions concur in giving this to *Theopropides*, and explain it in a different manner. We rather think the words belong to the banker, and are to this effect; *my crying out interest! interest!* (V. 85.) *barus olim te abe quick, burn even at a distance;* and we have given it to him accordingly.

ACT 5.

TRA.

ACT III. SCENE I. 235

TRA. I beseech you,  
E'en cast a little money to the brute,  
To stop his mouth---

THEU. I?---

TRA. Yes; and pelt him with it.

BAN. Those would be golden blows, and borne  
with pleasure.

THEU. What money's this?---

TRA. A trifle, that *Philolaches*  
Owes to this man---

THEU. A trifle?---

TRA. Yes---About  
Some forty minæ---

BAN. 'Tis a trifling sum---

Think it not much---

TRA. Hear you, how fit he is  
To be a banker! They're a generation  
Of knaves, by *Hercules*!

THEU. I care not who,  
Or whence he is---But tell me this---I'd know---  
I hear he has given credit for some interest---

TRA. True--Four-and-forty minæ are his debt.  
Tell him, you'll pay it him, and send him packing---

THEU. I tell him that I'll pay it!--

TRA. Tell him---

THEU. I?

TRA. Yes, you yourself---But tell him---Pro-  
mise him---  
Tell him, I say---I bid you do it---

THEU. Answer me---

What was this money for?---

TRA. 'Tis safe---

THEU.

THEU. If so,  
Pay it yourselves---

TRA. Your son has bought a house.

THEU. A house? 120

TRA. A house.--

THEU. Well done--Father's own son.  
*Philolaches* now turns himself to merchandize--

Say you, a house?--

TRA. A house, I say--But know you  
What sort of house?--

THEU. How should I?--

TRA. Fine!--

THEU. What's that?

TRA. Ask me not.--

THEU. Why?

TRA. Bright as a looking-glass--  
Brightness itself-- 125

THEU. Well done! And what--what cost it?

TRA. Great talents, just as many, Sir, as you  
And I make, put together--These he gave,  
These mine; Sir, as earnest, which he borrow'd  
Of this same person. [*pointing to the banker.*] You  
conceive me now?

For once inform'd, your house was in the state 130  
I told you, instantly he bought another.

THEU. Well done, by *Hercules*!

V. 124.] See A& I. Scene II. Note on V. 12; and Scene III.  
Note on V. 124.

V. 129. [*You conceive me now?*] The original is, *satin, in-*  
*telligis?* *Tranio* pretends to make a secret of the haunted house,  
before the banker. So afterwards, *id est ut dixi*, you know how, or  
in what state I told you the house was in; he would not directly  
say haunted. It was not proper to speak out.

BAN.

ACT III. SCENE I. 237

BAN. 'Tis near noon---D'ye hear?

TRA. Dismiss this filthy fellow, Sir, I beg you,  
That he no more keep plaguing of us here.

His debt is only four-and-forty ming,  
Both principal and interest---

BAN. Just that sum.  
I ask no more---

TRA. I wish thou would'st, by *Hercules*!  
Ask but a single sesterce more---

THEU. Young man,  
Transact the affair with me---

BAN. Content.---You then  
My debtor are---

THEU. To-morrow, come, and ask it--- 140

BAN. I'm gone---I'm easy, so I'm paid to-morrow.  
[Exit Banker.]

TRA. May all the Gods and Goddeffes confound  
The dog, for breaking all my measures thus!

I swear, there's no worse race of men this day,  
Nor greater rascals, than your bankers are. 145

THEU. Say, in what quarter of the town's this  
house

My son has bought?---

TRA. Look there again! Undone! [apart.]

THEU. Answer you not my question?---

TRA. Yes---But now,  
I'm thinking what should be the owner's name.

THEU. Well--recollect then--- 150

TRA. What is now to do? [apart.]

Suppose I throw the lie on our next neighbour;

And say, 'tis his house that his son has bought---

By *Hercules*! I've often heard it said,

Your piping-hot lie, is the best of lies.

What



238 THE APPARITION.

What the Gods dictate, out with it---'tis right. 155

THEU. Well, have you recollected?---

TRA. May the Gods  
Confound this scoundrel! [*meaning the Banker.*] He  
has put the name ---

Out of my head---or rather, [*apart, meaning THEU.*]  
this---The house

Your son has bought, is that of your next neighbour.--

THEU. Really--- 160

TRA. Yes, really, if you'll pay the money ;  
If not, not really---

THEU. The house he has bought  
Is not well situated---

TRA. Sure, very well---

THEU. Now, by my troth, I wish to see this house.  
Knock at the door---Call some one out to you---

TRA. [*apart.*] Why now, I'm struck all on a heap  
again. 165

The waves still drive me on the self-same rock.

What's to be done? By *Hercules!* no fetch!--

I'm caught that's plain---

THEU. Call some one from within  
To shew us round the house---

TRA. Hola, there! Ho! [*calling aloud.*]

But there are women---Best it were to know

If they will let us see the house or not.

THEU. You say but what is right---Enquire and  
ask,

And I'll wait here without till your return. [*retires.*]

TRA. [*apart.*] May all the Gods and Goddesses  
confound you

For thus opposing of my schemes, old gentleman! 175

See, in good time, the master of the house,

*Simo,*

ACT III. SCENE II. 239

*Simo*, is coming out—I'll here retire,  
While I convene the senate of my mind.  
When a decree is pass'd, how to proceed,  
I'll join him.—— [retires.]

SCENE II.

Enter SIMO, from the house. THEUROPIDES  
and TRANIO. [apart.]

SIMO. Better I've not far'd this year—  
Nor better relish'd a tid-bit at home—  
My dame had cater'd well this dinner for me;  
And now she bids me take a nap—Not I.—  
At first I never dream'd, why she provided  
Better than usual—The old soul, it seems  
Wanted to draw me to the bed-chamber.  
No—Sleep is never good just after dinner—  
Fie on it, no—I've stol'n me out of doors.  
I know my wife's ready to burst within. —

TRA. [apart.] The man will find worse catering at  
night,  
Where he must bed and board, how'er provided. —

V. 178. *While I convene the senate of my mind.*] See *The Discovery*, Act I. Scene II. V. 80. Note.

SCENE II.

V. 7. —*Sleep is never good just after dinner.*] It was a custom among the ancient Romans, and is still practised by the modern inhabitants of Italy, to take a short nap at noon. This nap *Varro* elegantly calls *somnium institutum*.

*Esse vivo dic, si non dissunderem meo institutio somno meridio, vivere non possum.* *Varro De Re Rustica*, Lib. 1. cap. 54. sed. 30

If I take not my nap at noon, I cannot live.

SIMO.

SIMO. The more I turn it in my thoughts, I find,  
 The man who marries a well-portion'd dame,  
 Sleep ne'er solicits—He abhors such napping.  
 This I determine—I had better go  
 Hence to the Forum, than to nap within. 15  
 I know not, Sirs, how 'tis with you at home,

[to the spectators.

But this I know, I've plague enough with mine:  
 And now, she's like to mend from bad to worse.

TRA. [apart.] If your elopement turn out ill, old  
 gentleman, 20

The Gods are not to blame, the fault's your own—  
 But 'tis high time I speak to him—Yes, he has it—  
 He's fairly caught—I've hit upon a trick  
 To lead him by the nose, and ease myself  
 Of this disease—But I must to him—Simo, 25  
 The favour of the Gods attend you!—

SIMO. Save you!

TRA. How fare you?—

V. 17. *I know not, Sirs, &c.*] It is very common for *Plautus* to make his actors drop their characters, and address themselves to the spectators. Several instances have been, and will be given of it.

V. 22. —*Yes, he has it.*—] *Hoc habet*—a term taken from the gladiators. So *Terence*—

—*Certè captus est!*

*Habet*—

*Andria*, A& I. Scene I. v. 55.

—he's smit & he has it—

COLMAN.

V. 24. —*and ease myself of this disease*—] The original is, *dole a me dolorem*. We have endeavoured in the best manner we could, to preserve the play upon words the poet is so fond of; and which he knew not how to refrain from even in serious passages.

SIMO.

ACT III. SCENE II. 241

SIMO. Pretty well---What art about?

TRA. Why, shaking hands here with the best of men.

SIMO. 'Tis kindly done, when you speak well of me.

TRA. No more than you deserve--- 30

SIMO. That's true---and yet,  
When I shake hands with you, by *Hercules*!  
I swear, it is not with an honest servant---

TRA. *Simo*, how so?---

SIMO. Why, what art doing now?  
What girl was that you lately---

TRA. What's all this?

SIMO. Nothing uncommon--- 35

TRA. Not uncommon?---Speak---

SIMO. What you're about, is no uncommon thing.  
And, to say truth, it is but fitting, *Tranio*,  
E'en as men are, so should you humour them---  
And then, think---life is short---

V. 27, 28. —*What art about, &c.*] See Act II. Scene I.  
V. 25, 26, 27. Note.

V. 39. —*life is short*—] This, as M. *Limiers* has observed, is not spoken upon a principle of recollection and repentance; but a sentiment taken from the school of *Epicurus*; agreeable to that of *Horace*.

—*Quo, bene circa,*

*Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:*

*Vive memor, quàm sis ævi brevis*—

*Satir. Lib. ii. Sat. vi. v. 95*

At least be merry while you may,  
The life of mice is but a day;  
Reflect of this, maturely live,  
And all that day to pleasure give.

FRANCIS.



242 THE APPARITION.

TRA. What!---Oh! at last  
I've found you out---You are talking of our mat-  
ters?

SIMO. Yes, 'tis but fit---Neat wines, good cheer,  
choice fish---  
You enjoy life---

TRA. Time was---but now  
Things are fall'n off---

SIMO. How so?---

To this we may also add the following passage from *Lucretius*.

*Hæc etiam faciunt, ubi discubuisse, tenentque  
Pocula sæpe homines, et innumbrant ora coronis,  
Ex animo ut dicant, brevis hic est fructus hominis:  
Jam fuerit, neque post unquam revocare licebit.*

Lib. iii. v. 625.

So when the jolly blades, with garlands crown'd,  
Sit down to drink; while frequent healths go round,  
Some looking grave, this observation make;  
All the delights are short, we men can take:  
Now we enjoy, but gone, we wish in vain,  
In vain desire to call them back again. ---

CREECH.

V. 42. *You enjoy life* ---] The original is, *Musæ agitis ætatem*.  
*You live the life of a musick-girl*; that is, you live voluptuously,  
at other peoples expence; as musick-girls are used to do.

V. 66. *A new apartment for the women here*,] The original is,  
*Gynæceum*, from the Greek γυναικίον, (δίκημα, understood,) an inner  
apartment in a house, appropriated for women only. The *Turks* have  
at this time, much the same in their seraglio. *Tarent* makes use  
of the same word ---

*Ubi in gynæceum ira accipio, puer ad me adcurrit Mida?*

*Phormio*, A& V. Scene VI. V. 22.

I was just entering the women's lodging.  
When up-runs little *Mida* ---

COLMAN.

TRA. We're all undone!--

SIMO. Why do you keep on this talking? Hitherto  
All has gone well---

TRA. It has been as you say,  
I not deny-- We've liv'd e'en as we wish'd--  
But now, the gale has slackened on a sudden.

SIMO. How so? How could it happen so un-  
towardly?

Has not your vessel long been safe in port?

TRA. Ah me!--

SIMO. The matter?

TRA. Wretch! I am undone!

SIMO. How?

TRA. A huge ship has fallen foul upon us,  
And broke our little frigate all to pieces--

SIMO. I had been glad, had matters gone on  
smoothly--

But say, the business--

TRA. My old master's landed--

SIMO. A string stretch'd out for you! To prison'  
first,

And then--the gallows---

TRA. By these knees, I beg you  
Not to betray us to my master--

SIMO. Fear not--

TRA. My patron, thanks---

SIMO. I care not for such clients.

TRA. Now to the business of my embassy---

SIMO. First answer me this question--Your old  
master,

Has he discover'd any thing?

TRA. He?--nothing--

SIMO. Not chide his son?--

TRA. Calm as fair weather, he  
Has order'd me to beg it as a favour  
You'd let him see your house---

SIMO. 'Tis not on sale.

TRA. I know it---But he's going to erect  
A new apartment for the women here,  
At his own house, bath, gallery and portico,--

SIMO. What! does he dream?

TRA. I'll tell you then the matter.  
He wants his son to marry soon; and so  
To forward it, he builds this new apartment---  
Some one has recommended yours, he says,  
For architecture, and for workmanship;  
And, if you've no objection, he would build  
Upon your plan---

SIMO. A scurvy piece of work  
To take a plan from!

TRA. For he understands  
'Tis a good summer situation, where  
You th' whole day may pass i'th' open air,  
And never see the sun---

SIMO. True, when 'tis cloudy---  
But here, from morn to night, like any dun,  
Close at my door he stands---Shade I have none,  
But at the bottom of my well.

TRA. What then?  
From *Sarsina*! and yet not ought of *Umbria*?

V. 82. *From Sarsina! and yet not ought of Umbria?*] The original is, *Quid, Sarsinatis equum est, si Umbra non habet?* The pun consists in the different acceptations of the word *Umbra*, which may signify *shade*, or a woman of *Umbria*, the country where *Plautus* was born. *Tranio* here takes it in the latter sense. To which *Simo*, who does not like the joke, replies, *Don't be impertinent. Sarsinatis* is a woman of *Sarsina*, a city of *Umbria*, in which city *Plautus* was born.

SIMO.

ACT III. SCENE II. 245

SIMO. Don't be impertinent---'Tis as I say.

TRA. Yet he'd fain see it---

SIMO. Let him, if he will.  
And, if he likes, he's welcome to the plan. 85

TRA. Shall I go call him hither?---

SIMO. Ay---go, call him.

TRA. [*apart.*] 'Tis said that *Alexander*, and *Agathocles*,  
Are two the greatest heroes---What reward  
Shall the third have? I, *Tranio*, who alone  
Immortal deeds atchieve---Both these old fellows 90  
Carry the pack-saddle--I have hit upon  
This new device, that promises not ill.

Your muleteers keep mules to carry saddles;  
Now I make use of men; and men of burthen;  
All you lay on, they carry---Shall I then 95  
Accost him?---Yes---I will---Holla! *Theuropides*!

THEU. Who calls?---

TRA. A servant, faithful to his master.  
I've done the business, Sir, you sent me on.

THEU. But why so long about it?---

TRA. The old gentleman  
Was not at leisure---so---I waited for him. 100

THEU. You keep your old way, to be tardy ever.

TRA. Think on the saying, master; 'tis not easy

V. 87. --'Tis said that *Alexander* and *Agathocles*,] *Agathocles*  
was of mean extraction, the son of a potter; and from that  
station raised to the throne of *Sicily*; when in possession of which,  
he performed many great exploits. The character and exploits  
of *Alexander* are well known.

V. 94. Now I make use of men--] *Lambin* observes that those  
men who carry burthens, are not unlike *Marius's* mules, soldiers  
appointed by him, who in the camp carried every burden that  
was laid upon them. See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Caius Marius*.



246 THE APPARITION.

To blow and swallow at the self-same time.  
I can't be here and there at once.—

THEU. What now?

TRA. Why, come and see the house—Look  
over it  
At pleasure, Sir—

THEU. Come on then, shew the way.

TRA. Do I delay?—

THEU. I follow you—

TRA. See, Sir,  
Th' old gentleman waits for you at his door—  
He's so concern'd that he has sold his house—

THEU. Why so?—

TRA. He begs me to persuade *Philachos*  
To let him off—

THEU. I think of no such thing.  
Each for himself.—If we had bought it dear,  
We could not have return'd it on his hands.  
The bargain good, why, quick, convey it home.—  
This is no case of charity.—

V. 103. *To blow and swallow*—] A proverbial expression,  
used to signify, to do two things at once.

V. 112. *Each for himself*—] The original is, *sibi quisque ruri  
metit*, every one crops his own farm. A country proverb, which  
means, every one for himself.

V. 113. *We could not have return'd it on his hands*.] The ori-  
ginal is,

— *si male emptæ*

*Facit, nobis istas redhibere baud licet.*

If we had made a bad bargain, we could not have returned  
the house upon his hands.

*Redditum, says Festus, quod redditum est. Et qui uedit nemque  
coactus est rursus habere id quod habuit.*

TRA.

ACT III. SCENE II. 247

TRA. By *Hercules*!

You lose your time in talking—Follow me—

THEU. I'm rul'd by you—

TRA. He's here. [*to SIMO.*] I've brought my master.

SIMO. I'm glad to see you safe return'd, *Theuropides*.

THEU. Save you!—

SIMO. Your servant has been telling me  
You wish'd to see my house— 120

THEU. If 'tis convenient—

SIMO. Quite so—Walk in, and see it—

TRA. But the women—

SIMO. [*snearing.*] Ay, pray take heed—nor dis-  
oblige a woman.

Walk o'er the house, as it was your own.

THEU. As if—

TRA. Take heed, nor twit him with the sale of it.  
Now he's in such concern—Do you not see 125

How sad he looks?—

THEU. I see it—

TRA. Then take heed,  
He thinks you too well pleas'd with your great bargain;

And o'er the loss with mockery to triumph—

No mention of the purchase—

THEU. I conceive you,

You caution well—I find you are good-natur'd—

What now is to be done?

SIMO. What! but go in;

And see the house at leisure as you like— 130

THEU. Kindly done of you—

SIMO. Troth, I mean it so.

TRA. D'you see the vestibule before the house?—

V. 131. —*Troth I mean it so.*] Here we have omitted two  
lines, which are in most of the editions. The learned reader

248 THE APPARITION.

The gallery too—of what a compass 'tis.

THEU. Troth, and by *Pollux*' temple! truly handsome.

TRA. The pillars, see how strong and large they're made,

135

With what a substance—

THEU. I don't recollect

To have seen handfomer—

SIMO. They should be so,  
For sure, I bought them dear, a long while since.

TRA. He bought them dear! D'ye mind! You see, he scarce

Refrains from tears— [to THEUROPIDES.] 140

THEU. And bought them, at what price?

SIMO. Three minæ for the two, besides the carriage.

THEU. I think worse of them than I did at first.

TRA. Why so?—

THEU. Because the worms, by *Pollux*' temple!  
Have been at both their bottoms—

TRA. I should think  
The timber fell'd at an improper season, 145

And thence the damage—They'll do well enough

If painted: yet 'twas no barbarian artist

That did this work! See how the doors are jointed!

THEU. I see—

TRA. Observe how sound they sleep.—

THEU. How! sleep!

will easily see the reason, and their not being inserted in the *Delphin* edition, from which we translate, our omission has an additional sanction.

V. 147. —no barbarian artist—] The original is, *epistex barbarofus*. See *The Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. V. 83. Vol. I. of this translation. Note.

TRA,

ACT III. SCENE II. 249

TRA. They wink, I mean—Well, are you satisfied? 150

THEU. The more I look, the more I like—

TRA. You see  
Yon raven painted, baffling of two vulturs?—

There stands the raven pecking at them both—

First one, then t'other—This way look, towards me,

That you may see the raven—Don't you see him? 155

THEU. I see no raven, I—

TRA. Look towards yourselves:  
Altho' you see no raven, you may chance

To spy the vulturs—

THEU. To cut short the matter,  
I see no painted bird at all—

TRA. I drop it then.  
Every old man has not his eye-sight clear. 160

THEU. What I do see, pleases me much indeed.

TRA. Best then go farther in—

THEU. Troth! well advis'd.

SIMO. Here, boy--Go shew this gentleman the  
house,

V. 151. —*You see—Yon raven painted—*]. Something like this  
we meet with in *Ben Jonson*—

*Mosca*. "A piece of plate, Sir.

*Volpone*. "Of what bigness?

*Mosca*. "Huge,

"Massie, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,

"And arms engraven.

*Volpone*. "Good! and not a fox

"Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,

"Mocking a gaping crow?"

*The Fox*, A&I. Scene II.

And the reader may meet with some passages still more like it,  
in the old Comedy, called *Albumazar*.

By the raven, *Tranio* means himself, by the vulturs [V. 158.]  
the two old men, *Theurepides* and *Simo*.

And



250 THE APPARITION.

And the apartments—I would do it myself,  
But that I've business waits me at the Forum. 165

Boy. Shall I conduct you, Sir?—

THEU. No---no conductor.  
I'd rather uninstructed lose my way,  
Than bear a guide---

Boy. Into the house, I mean.

THEU. I can go there without a guide---

Boy. Go then  
Where'er you please--- 170

THEU. I go---

TRA. Stay, first let's see  
If there is not a dog---

THEU. Ay, look---

TRA. There is,

THEU. Where is the dog?---

TRA. Be gone---a mischief to you!  
Go and be hang'd, you cur---What! not be gone?  
St! get away---

SIMO. Come on---There is no danger.  
He is as gentle as a drop of water--- 175

You may come boldly on---I'll to the Forum.

THEU. You have behav'd most kindly---A good  
voyage--- [Exit SIMO.]

V. 166. —No, no conductor.—] The original is, *apage ipsum perduforem*. There is a double meaning in the word *perduforem*, which the learned reader need not have explained. See Note on V. 131.

V. 177. —a good voyage.] The original is, *Bene ambula*. A form the Romans, as Grænovius observes, used on those occasions. So again, our author—

*Bene ne ambula visti?*—

Truculentus, Act II. Scene IV. V. 18.

But have you had a safe and pleasant voyage?—

Ho!

ACT III. SCENE III. 251

Ho! *Tranio*, drive this dog here from the door,

[*Exit SIMO*]

Tho' we've no need to fear---

*TRA.* Look at him!-- See,  
How quietly he lies -- but don't pretend  
To make a bustle, and seem cowardly--- 180

*THEU.* Well, as you will: but follow---

*TRA.* Never fear.  
Depend upon't, I shall not be far off---

[*they enter the house.*]

SCENE III.

*TRANIO, THEUROPIDES, [in the inside of  
the house.]*

*TRA.* What think you of the bargain now?---

*THEU.* Quite pleas'd---

*TRA.* Do you think it dear?---

*THEU.* I think, I never saw  
A house so thrown away---

*TRA.* You're pleas'd with it?

*THEU.* Pleas'd, say you? Ay, by *Hercules*! much  
pleas'd---

*TRA.* What women's rooms are here! and what  
a portico! 5

*THEU.* Exceeding good--I do not think there's  
larger

Among the publick buildings---

*V. 3. A house so thrown away.]* The *Delphin* edition reads  
*ablectas*. But we have followed the *Variorum*, which has *ab-*  
*jectas*; and which we think the better reading.

*TRA.*

252 THE APPARITION,

TRA. I, and Philolaches  
Overlook'd all the portico's,

THEU. And, well!—

TRA. This is the largest.

THEU. Gods! a pretty bargain!  
If any one would offer six great talents, 10  
And ready money too, I would not take them.

TRA. And if you would, I would not give you  
leave.

THEU. 'Tis money well laid out on this same  
purchase.

V. 8. *Overlook'd all the portico's*—] The original is, *in publico  
amnes porticus, sumus communis*, in which there seems to be a double  
entendre, which we have aimed at preserving. These portico's  
were like our mall in St. James's park, used for publick walks  
by all genteel company, but covered over like a piazza.

*Porticibusne tuis monstratur fœmina voto*

*Digna tuo?*— *Juvenal, Sat. vi. v. 60.*

And can a woman worthy of your wish  
Be shewn you in our publick portico's?

*Tu modo Pompeiâ lentus spatiare sub umbrâ,*

*Cum sol Herculei terga leonis adit.*

*Nec tibi videtur, quæ præfata sparsa tabellis,*

*Porticus auctoris Livia nomen habet.*

*Quid. De Arte Amandi, Lib. i. v. 67.*

In summer heats thou needs but only go

To Pompey's cool and shady portico:

• • •

Nor shun the portico, which was begun,

And ended by a mother and her son—

We have the rather quoted these passages, as they may seem  
to make the double entendre more clear.

V. 10. —*six great talents,*] See *The Parasite*, A& III. Scene  
III. V. 10. Vol. IV. of this translation.

TRA.

ACT III. SCENE III. 253

TRA. Then boldly say, that I was the adviser:  
Say, *Tranio* press'd it---Say, he urg'd it on, 15  
To take up money of the banker; and  
To advance this earnest---

THEU. You have sav'd the ship.  
The debt, you say, is eighty minæ---

TRA. Just.

THEU. Then let him have't to-day---

TRA. That's right---for then  
There can be no dispute--Give me the money, 20  
And I will give it him---

THEU. But if I trust  
You with it, take good heed---No quirk, no cavil---

TRA. And do you think, I'd dare to play on you  
By word or deed?---

THEU. And do you think I dare  
Be off my guard, if I should trust you thus? 25

TRA. Me, that has ne'er deceiv'd you, since you  
had me!

THEU. Thanks to my caution tho'---So much  
I owe

To my own judgement---If I can but now  
Look after you, I shall be wise enough---

TRA. I am of your opinion there--- [apart, 30

THEU. Away.  
Go now into the country---Tell my son,  
That I'm come home---

V. 17. —*You have sav'd the ship.*] The original is, *servavisti omnem ratem*. We have translated it literally. Allegorically, *You have preserved us*.

V. 22. —*No quirk, no cavil.*] *No quid captioni mihi sit*. *Lest I should be taken in by some trick of yours*. He was afraid of trusting *Tranio* with the money, as appears by what follows.

TRA,



# 454 THE APPARITION.

TRA. I'll do as you would have me.

THEU. Hast then, and bring him up to town with you.

TRA. It shall be done---[Exit THEU.] Now, to my merry lads.

By this back-door, with my good news; that all is snug; and our old gentleman gone off---

This Act opens with the banker coming to demand the money *Philolaches* had borrowed, which *Tranio* induces the old gentleman to pay, by making him believe, it was for a house he had bought in the room of his own, which he had just told him was haunted. *Theuropides* introduces a new confusion, by demanding to see the house; which *Tranio* artfully gets leave of the owner for him to do, by pretending he wanted to build some apartments after his model. This is the business of the first Scene. In the second, the old gentleman with *Tranio*, is introduced into the house by *Simo* the owner of it. And here we must suppose that the house appears in the front of the Scene, that the vestibule is so far open, that what is doing within side of it may appear to the spectators. Yet after all, notwithstanding *Tranio's* adroitness, and all his precaution, it would have been difficult for the two old gentlemen, had they staid long together, not to have let something drop concerning the intended sale of the house. The address therefore of *Phautus* is worth remarking; who in order not to stretch probability too far, supposes the master of the house to have business. This gives him a pretence of leaving *Theuropides* and *Tranio* together, to look over the house without interruption. The next Scene is taken up with the old gentleman expressing his approbation of his son's supposed purchase, which ends the Act. And the interval is taken up with the time necessary for *Tranio* to inform his young master of what he had been doing.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

## A C T IV.

## SCENE I.

*Enter PHANISCUS.*

**S**LAVES, who tho' not in fault, fear punishment,  
 Are useful servants—Such as nothing fear  
 When once they merit punishment, embrace  
 Most foolish counsels: take to their heels and fly:  
 But if once caught, heap up a hoard of punishment, 5  
 Which they ne'er could of their own property—  
 From little faults at first, scraping a treasure  
 For their own backs—My resolution is  
 To have the fear of punishment before me,  
 And keep my back as free from stripes as may be: 10  
 Back, be advis'd by me, keep on thy cloaths;  
 When the storm falls on others, thou'lt be dry.  
 As servants choose to have their master be,  
 Such is he. Good to the good, but to the bad  
 Cruel and harsh. Such are our rogues at home. 15  
 They're lavish of their backs, their only property.  
 Stripe-bearing villains! when they're call'd upon  
 To see their master home, then 'tis, I won't—  
 Plague me not—Oh! I know where you are going—

*Enter PHANISCUS.]* The reader will remember that in the beginning of the fourth Scene of Act I. *Callidamates* orders a servant to fetch him home from *Philolaches's* house. *Phaniscus* is that servant, and enters on the stage for that purpose.

V. 1. *Slaves, who tho' not in fault—*] The same sentiment, and almost in the same words, the reader will recollect in *The Twin Brothers*, Act V. Scene VI. V. 22.

Some

256 THE APPARITION.

Somewhere you're longing to be gone, by *Hercules*! 20  
 Yes, mule, you will to pasturage abroad.  
 Taught to behave, from these I reap advantage.  
 So must be gone--Out of so many slaves,  
 I am the only one to meet my master.  
 When he hears this, they'll rue it in the morning, 25  
 When their backs bear the spoils of the bull's hide;  
 But I had rather theirs should have't than mine,  
 And see them hide-bound, than myself be rope-  
 bound—

SCENE II.

*Enter another Servant.*

SERV. [*to PHAN.*] Hold you---stop presently; and  
 look behind you.

PHAN. Trouble me not—

SERV. How scornful is the monkey?

PHAN. And if I am, I am so to myself;  
 And please myself--What business is't of yours?

SERV. What, will you stop or no, you dirty  
 parasite?

PHAN. Why parasite?

SERV. Ask why? because a dinner  
 Will draw you any where--You bear it high  
 For you're our master's favourite.

PHAN. Ay, marry!

V. 21. *Yes, mule, you will to pasturage abroad.* [*Ire vis mula  
 fortis pastum.*] A proverbial phrase for, to go to the tipling house.

V. 23.] This verse, in the original, is the beginning of the  
 next Scene; but as it is the conclusion of the same speech, we  
 have chose to place it here.

Your

ACT IV. SCENE II. 257

Your eyes ache at me, don't they?--

SERV. And why so?

PHAN. The smoke is troublesome---

SER. Peace, peace, deceiver! 10  
Coiner of nought but lead--

PHAN. All this won't make me  
Return you back ill words--My master knows me.  
Were you not drunk, you'd not abuse me thus.

SERV. Why should I curry favour with a slave,  
That shews me none?

V. 9. *Your eyes ache at me--*] *Oculi dolent.* It means metaphorically, *you envy me, because my master loves me better than any of you.* Lambin tells us, that our eyes are said to ache when we are obliged to look at any thing we do not like. Terence uses the same expression:

*Vin' primum hodie facere, quod ego gaudeam, Naufistrata,  
Et quod tuo viro oculi dolent?*

*Phormio, Act V. Scene VIII. V. 63.*

Will you then even now, *Naufistrata*,  
Grant me one favour, that will pleasure me;  
And grieve your husband's sight?

COLMAN.

V. 10. --*Peace, deceiver!*] The original is,

*Tace, sis faber, qui cadere soles plumbeos  
Nummos--*

Peace, you coiner of nought but lead!

It was a proverbial expression among the Romans. See *Erasmi Adagia*, Chil. v. Cent. i. where this very passage is quoted.

V. 12. --*My master knows me.*] In most of the editions, a few words are put into the mouth of this slave, in answer to this. But as *Lambin*, and some other editors have omitted them, we have made no scruple to do so too. The reason why, the learned reader need not be informed.



258 THE APPARITION.

PHAN. Go with me to my master--- 12  
You scoundrel, you---

SERV. Nay, nay, *Phaniscus*, peace!  
No more of this, I beg you---

PHAN. I have done:---  
I'll knock. [*knocks.*] *Hola!* none of you, to prevent  
My breaking down the door? Who comes to open it?  
No body stirs--- 'Tis like such rascal's manners. 20  
But I'll be more upon my guard--- Some one  
May rush out of the house, and use me ill.  
There's no such rioting among the guests  
As was but now. I hear no musick-girl  
Tuning her pipes--- nor any soul besides---

Enter THEUROPIDES.

THEU. [*apart.*] Hey! what's the matter here? What  
want these men  
Here at my house? what are they peeping after?  
What would they have?---

PHAN. I'll knock again--- *Hola!*  
Open the door--- What not yet open it?--- *Tranio*---

THEU. What mummary is this? 30

PHAN. What! not yet open't?  
We're come to fetch our master *Callidamates*.

THEU. What are you at, my lads, and why d' ye  
knock?

The door down thus?---

PHAN. Our master's here a feasting.

THEU. Feasting! Within?--- Your master?---

PHAN. Yes, within.---

THEU. You drive the jest too far, my lad.--- 35

PHA. We're come  
To fetch him home---

THEU,

ACT IV. SCENE II. 259

THEU. To fetch whom?

PHAN. Why, our master---

Prithee how often must I tell you so?

THEU. You're a good lad---But, no body lives here---

PHAN. Don't a young gentleman, whose name's *Philolaches*,

Live in this house?---

40

SERV. The old man's sure crack-brain'd---

PHAN. Father, you're mischievously out; unless They mov'd this day, or yesterday, I'm sure That here he lives---

THEU. What, when no soul has been Within the house these six months?

SERV. Sure you dream.

THEU. I?---

45

SERV. You---

THEU. Be not impertinent: I'd talk With this young man here---

PHAN. So---no soul lives there?---

THEU. No,---no body---

PHAN. Yet yesterday, the day Before, four, five, six days ago, e'er since His father went abroad, he has ne'er desisted One three day's space, eating and drinking here---

THEU. What say you?---

PHAN. Ne'er desisted three days space To eat and drink here---to live quite like *Greeks*, To bring in wenches, fiddlers, musick-girls---

THEU. And who has done all this?---

PHAN. *Philolaches*---

THEU. Who? What *Philolaches*?

55

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PHAN. He, whom I take  
To be the son of old *Theuropides*--

THEU. Ah me ! Undone, if what he says be true!  
I must enquire farther--This *Philolaches*,  
(Whoe'er he be) d'ye say, has made a trade  
Here in this house, of drinking with your master ? 60

PHAN. I tell you, here---

THEU. Thou dost not seem a fool,  
My lad, and yet thou art one--I suspect you've turn'd  
Into some tipling house yourself, and drank  
More than sufficient---

PHAN. What?---

THEU. A caution only,  
Lest you too rashly enter others houses. 65

PHAN. I know where I'm to go, and whence I came,  
*Philolaches* lives here, son of *Theuropides* :  
Who, when his father went abroad to trade,  
Made free a musick-girl---

THEU. *Philolaches*!

PHAN. Ay--and her name was *Pbilematium*. 70

THEU. And how much cost she ?

SERV. Thirty talents---

PHAN. No---

But minæ, by *Apollo*!--

THEU. Did *Philolaches*,  
Say you, give thirty minæ for a mistress ?

PHAN. Ay, so I say---

THEU. And gave her strait her freedom ?

PHAN. That too.--- 75

THEU. And that e'er since his father went,  
He has been in daily riots with your master ?

PHAN. Yes.---

THEU. And has bought that house ?

PHA. I say not that

THEU.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 261

THEU. And given earnest for it forty minæ?

PHAN. Nor say I that--

THEU. Ah! friend, you have undone me!

PHA. It is no more than he has done his father. 80

THEU. You say the truth--Would it were all a  
lie tho'! [aside.

PHAN. His father's friend as it should seem--

--THEU. Alas!  
You shew how great the misery of that father--

[apart.

PHA. This is a flea-bite--Thirty minæ--Nothing  
To all his feastings--He has undone his father. 85  
One single slave of his, that *Tranio* there,  
Most execrable villain! he alone  
Would the revenue wast of *Hercules*,

V. 87. *Would the revenue wast of Hercules.*] *Limiers* has observed, that it was an opinion of the antients, that *Hercules* when dying, promised to those who offered to him after he was dead, a tenth part of what they were worth, he would reward, by making them much richer than they were before. To this *Plautus* again alludes.

*Si frugi est, Herculem fecit ex patre; decumam partem ei,  
Dedit, sibi novem abstulit.* —

*Bacchides*, A& IV. Scene IV. V. 15.

Had he been wise, he'd acted to his father

As men are wont to do to *Hercules*:

By giving him the tenth part of the money,

Reserving to himself the other nine.

*Nam jam de hoc obsonio, de mina una deminui*

*Modo quinque nummos: mibi detraxi partem Herculeam.*

*Truculentus*, A& II. Scene VII. V. 10.

For these provisions, I have only crib'd

Five pieces, *Hercules's* share, a tenth. —



I'm griev'd, by *Pollux*' temple, for his father;  
When he knows all, 'twill burn him like a coal. 90

THEU. Yes, if 'twere true---

PHAN. What should I get by lying?  
Hola!--within there--some one ope' the door!

THEU. Why knock you there, when no body's  
within?

PHAN. Perhaps they're gone to revel somewhere  
else.

Let us be gone---

THEU. What! are you marching off? 95  
Your freedom is the best cloak to your back.

PHAN. I want no cloak, nor covering to my back;  
But my respect, and duty to my master--

[*Exeunt PHAN. and Servant.*]

*Tertullian*, in his apology for the Christians, mentions this--

—*cum de decima Herculis nec tertiam partem in aram ejus imponitis.* Cap. xiv.

Instead of offering to *Hercules* the tenth of your goods, you scarce lay a third part of it upon his altars--

And *Pliny* the elder tells us, that there was a law in *Arabia*, which obliged every merchant to offer the tenth of the produce of that country, to the God *Sabis*--

—*decimas Deo quem vocant Sabin mensura non pondere sacerdotes capiunt*--  
*Nat. Hist. Lib. xii. cap. 14.*

--the priests of the God they call *Sabis*, take the tenth part, by measure, and not by weight, and set it apart for that God--

V. 95. --*the best cloak to your back.*] This is spoken by the old gentleman by way of raillery to *Phaniscus*, who had no cloak; as if he had said seriously, *was you a freeman, you would have had a cloak on your back.*

MAROLLES.

THEU.  
F. D. U.

ACT IV. SCENE III. 263

THEU. Undone, by *Hercules* ! No need of talking.  
By what I hear, I've voyag'd it, not to *Egypt*, 100  
But to some desert ; the world's end, indeed !  
And now I know not where I am---but shall  
E'er long ; for see the very man, my son  
Purchas'd the house of---So, what news with you?---

\* SCENE III.

Enter SIMO.

SIMO. I am returning from the Forum home.

THEU. And no news there to-day ?

SIMO. O, yes---great news.

THEU. Ay---What?---What?---

SIMO. Why, I saw them carrying out  
A dead man to be buried---

THEU. News indeed !

SIMO. What's more, they said he was alive just  
now. 5

THEU. You're crazy !

SIMO. None but the idle ask for news.

THEU. I do, because just come from abroad.

SIMO. I am engag'd, so cannot ask you home  
To sup---

\* SCENE III.] We have here made a slight alteration in  
the division of the Scenes ; making the entrance of *Simo* the  
beginning of Scene III. The editions make it begin with the  
last speech of *Theuropides*.

V. 8. —*so cannot ask you home To sup.*] It was a custom among  
the antients, when any one was returned from a voyage or jour-  
ney, for some friend or other to ask him to sup with him the day  
of his arrival.

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THEU. No need.

SIMO. But if not ask'd elsewhere,  
I'll sup with you to-morrow---

THEU. Nor needs that. 10  
At present, if no better you're engag'd,  
Attend to me---

SIMO. With all my heart---

THEU. I know  
You've had these forty minæ of *Philotaches*---

SIMO. I?---Not one single drachma, to my know-  
ledge.

THEU. Not from my servant *Tranio*? 15

SIMO. Much less him.

THEU. That which he gave for earnest---

SIMO. Sure you dream.

THEU. I?---Rather you, who would by this pretence  
Make void the bargain---

SIMO. Bargain?---

THEU. Ay---th' affair  
My son transacted with you in my absence---

SIMO. He in your absence, an affair with me! 20  
What?---When?---

THEU. I owe you eighty silver minæ.

SIMO. Not me, by *Hercules*!--But if so, why  
pay me,

Theu. *Quid ceterum?*  
*Cana tibi habetur*---

Epi. *Quod eo affolet,*  
*Epidicus*, Act. I. Scene I. v. 5.

Theu. ---What next?

Epi. The custom; you shall have a treat---

So *Simo*, to save himself the trouble and expence of giving  
the old gentleman a supper, is beforehand with him, by telling  
him he is engaged. This custom is often referred to in the  
course of these notes.

Faith

ACT IV. SCENE III. 265

Faith must be kept: never deny the fact---

THEU. I don't deny it---and, in troth, I'll pay it.  
You'll not deny the forty of it paid--- 25

SIMO. Look in my face, I beg you, and now  
answer---

Your servant said, you'd thoughts of marrying of  
Your son; and so, intended building here---

THEU. Here!---that I'd thoughts of building?---

SIMO. So he said.

THEU. Ah me! I'm gone---I have not voice to  
cry. 30

Help, neighbours, help; I'm ruin'd; I'm undone--

SIMO. *Tranio* I warrant---

THEU. Has confounded all.  
Couzen'd us both, and shamefully, to-day---

SIMO. What say you?---

THEU. Nay, 'tis just as I relate---  
He has this day compleatly chous'd us both. 35  
Now do your best to assist me---Help, I beg you---

SIMO. What would you have?---

THEU. Go with me, I beseech you.

SIMO. Command me---

THEU. Let me have your slaves t' assist,  
And, with them, scourges---

SIMO. Take 'em---

THEU. And I'll tell you,  
At the same time, in what a shameful manner,  
This rascal has impos'd upon us both. 40

[*Exeunt.*]

\* \* This Act opens with *Phaniscus*, the servant, whom *Callidamates* had in the last Scene of the first Act, ordered to come and fetch him home; for which purpose he now makes his appearance.



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pearance. In the second Scene, the whole affair is discovered; *Theopropides* finds he has been imposed upon, and that his son is actually in the house, with his riotous companions at a debauch. In the third Scene too, he discovers that the purchase of the house is all a pretence; and that he had been imposed upon in that likewise. Thus ends this Act; and the interval is taken up, by the time necessary for *Theopropides* to find out and punish the man who had thus choused him.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

## A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* TRANIO.

**T**HINGS to a crisis come, the timid man  
 Is not worth e'en a nut-shell. Tho' I scarce  
 Know what the expression means--Soon as my master  
 Dispatch'd me out of town to fetch his son,  
 I stole a private way into our garden : 5  
 Open'd a door that's in the narrow passage,  
 And, men and women, our whole regiment,  
 Conducted out. When I'd thus rais'd the siege,  
 And brought my little garrison off safely,  
 I thought it most adviseable to form 10  
 A senate of that jolly company---  
 This done, they banish'd me the senate-house.  
 Soon as I found th' affair must be decided  
 In my own court, I e'en resolv'd to act  
 As others in like case ; when things are doubtful, 15  
 And all's embroil'd, embroil them more and more,  
 Till they can ne'er be settled ; for I see  
 There's no concealing this from old *Theuropides*.---  
 But hark ! our neighbour's door!--What noise?--

My master !

I'll step aside, and try to overhear him. [*goes aside.* 20

V. 20. — *try to overhear him.*] The original is, — *gustare ego ejus sermonem volo*. It might be more literally translated, *I'll try to have a taste of what he says*. The sense of tasting, transferred to the sense of hearing. A similar expression occurs in *Aulu-  
 laria*.

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Enter THEUROPIDES.

THEU. [*to SIMO's slaves.*] Stand here, upon this spot, behind the door,

That, soon as I shall call, you may rush forth.

Come, have your manacles in readiness---

I'll wait before the door for this same sharper,

Who has been so smart upon me; if I live

I'll make his hide smart for it in return.

TRA. [*apart.*] Yes, all is out--Look, *Trania*, to thyself;

And take care what thou dost---

THEU. When my chap comes, I will go cunningly to work with him.

Not let him see at once, I know his roguery,

But throw my line to catch him, I'll dissemble

That I know ought about it, [*apart.*]

TRA. Cunning rogue!

There's not a cleverer fellow in all *Athens*.

The art of man may as soon make impression

Upon a stone as him--I'll speak to him---

THEU. Wou'd he were here!--

TRA. [*apart.*] 'Trotb, if 'tis me you want, I'm ready to attend you---

THEU. *Trania* there!

The business? Say---

*Nimium libenter edi sermonem tuum.*

ACT III. Scene VI. V. 1.

—I have been greedily

Devouring your discourse---

THORNTON.

See Note on that passage, in Vol. II. of this translation.

V. 31. *But throw my line to catch him.*] *Mitto lineam.* A metaphor from fishing,

TRA,

ACT V. SCENE I. 269

TRA. The country sparks are coming.  
*Philolaches* will presently be here.

THEU. He comes most opportunely---Here's our  
 neighbour; 40

A sorry fellow, as it seems to me,  
 A shameless one---

TRA. How so?

THEU. Denies his knowledge  
 Of you---

TRA. Denies?

THEU. And that you ever paid him  
 A single drachma---

TRA. Psha! You're playing on me.  
 He don't deny it--- 45

THEU. How!

TRA. I know you're joking.  
 He can't deny it---

THEU. Yes, by *Pollux*' temple!  
 Denies it; and that he e'er sold the house.

TRA. What! and deny he e'er receiv'd the  
 money?

THEU. And offers, if I please, to take his oath  
 He neither sold the house, nor e'er took earnest. 50  
 Again, I nam'd the sum---Repeated---

TRA. Well---

What says he then?

THEU. Says? That he'll give his slaves  
 All round the torture---

TRA. Psha! he'll never do it.

THEU. In troth he will.

TRA. Defy him then at law. 55

THEU. I'll try to-morrow, that I am determin'd---

TRA. Leave but the man to me---

THEU.



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THEU. In the mean time,  
What if I call assistance—

TRA. That before  
Should have been done—I insist upon't, your son  
Demand possession strait—

69

THEU. But first I'll put  
The servants to the torture.

TRA. Aye, that's right—  
In the mean time, I'll seize upon this altar—

[runs to an altar.]

V. 61. —*I'll put the servants to the torture.*] The original is, *velo quaestioni accipere servos*. Literally, *to the question*. To the question was the Roman method of examination of slaves, as ours is, to their oath. *Tranio* supposes the servants will fly to the altar. This was to avoid the torture. See V. 53.

V. 62. —*I'll seize upon this altar.*] Among the Romans, if any one took refuge at an altar, he could not be brought to justice, or have violence offered to his person. It was esteemed an inviolate sanctuary. *Limiers* tells us, that on the Roman stage were always fixed these kind of altars, differing according to the different representations, and the Gods to whom they were consecrated. They are often mentioned in antient authors.

Χ' εἴς τιν' ὀνήσει δῶμα Νηρηῖδοι τοῖς,  
Οὐ βωμὸς, οὐδὲ γὰρ, ἀλλὰ κατθανῇ.

*Euripides. Andromache, V. 161.*

The house of *Nereus* shall not give you aid,  
No altar, no, nor temple shall protect you,  
But you shall die——

—*nec tu aram tibi*  
*Nec precatorem paravis——*

*Terentius. Heautontimorumenos, Act V. Sc. II. V. 22.*

Nor need you to provide a sanctuary,  
Or intercessor——

COLMAN.

Am]

ACT V. SCENE I. 271

THEU. Why so?—

TRA. You're very dull—Why, that the rogues  
When put to th' torture, fly not to't for sanctuary.  
Here I'll keep guard, lest it all come to nothing. 63

THEU. Rise—

TRA. Pardon me—

THEU. Seize not the altar, pray—  
TRA. Why so?

THEU. I'll tell you—'Tis the thing I want,  
That they take refuge there—E'en let them have it:  
I shall the easier get the judge to fine him.

TRA. Do as you please—And yet, Sir, why should  
you 70

A stirrer be of strife? You do not know  
The dreadful consequences of the law!

THEU. Get up--Come hither--Give me your advice  
On an affair—

TRA. I'll give you my advice from hence.  
My wits are best about me, when I'm sitting. 75

And again, our author.

*Ne inquam timeo: assidite hic in ara.*

*Rudens, Act III. Scene III. V. 26.*

Don't be dismay'd, sit down here by this altar.

V. 75. *My wits are best about me, when I'm sitting.*] Here  
seems intended a little raillery on the custom the ancients had of  
paying their adorations and distributing justice; which they did  
*sitting*: the priests, and other judges, when they passed sentence,  
did it in the same posture.

Sitting on the ground was the usual posture of suppliants,  
whether to man, or to the images of the gods, whose knees they  
embraced all the while. So is to be understood the following  
passage in *Homer*—

Ka.

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Besides, advice is given with greater sanction  
From holy places—

THEU. Rise, nor trifle thus.  
Look on my face—

TRA. I do so—

THEU. Well, d'you see it?

TRA. I do—and see too, if a third man come,

Καὶ πρὸς τὰ πόδια αὐτοῦ καθέζετο, καὶ λάβει τὸν χεῖρα  
Εὐαγγ.

*Iliad.* Lib. ii. v. 500.

Suppliant the Goddess *sat*: one hand she plac'd  
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd— POPE.

It is remarkable that *Pope*, though the word is καθέζετο, which the *Latin* very properly renders *sedet*, and the *Italian* *sedente*, should translate it, as he does, *stood*. V. 650.

*Non tamen immerito Minos sedet arbiter Orci.*

*Victor erat quamvis, æquis in bosse fuit.*

*Propertius.* Lib. iii. Eleg. xvii. v. 27.

Nor without cause does *Minos* sit as judge  
In hell—Tho' victor, to his foe yet just.

—modo vos iidem in A. Gabinio iudices sedistis,

Cicero, *Orat. pro Rabirio*:

You yourselves *sat* as judges upon *A. Gabinus*.

“ Then went king *David* in, and *sat* before the Lord.”

2 *Samuel*, chap. vii. v. 18.

V. 76. —[*advice is given with greater sanction*—] The ancients made use of places set apart for the purposes of religion, to debate affairs of importance in: as if the sacredness of the place added weight and authority to their judgement. The Roman senate often met in their temples; in them they administered justice, and gave audience to ambassadors. DE L'ŒUVRE.

V. 79. —[*if a third man come*,]

*Siquis intercedat tertius, pereat sane.*

If any third man should intrude himself, thinking to outwit us, he must be starved. For we two are such masters in the trade of cheating, that we are sure to run away with all the business.

ACT V. SCENE I. 273

And set his trade of cunning up against us, 80  
He would be starv'd—

THEU. Why so?

TRA. Because he'd find  
No business---We are both such masters in it.

THEU. I'm ruin'd!

TRA. What's the matter?---

THEU. You've deceiv'd me.

TRA. How so?---

THEU. Yes, yes---You've wip'd my nose  
most nicely.

TRA. [*apart.*] Did I do't well?---What is it  
snotty still? 85

THEU. You've wip'd my very brain out of my  
head,

For I have got to the root of all your rogueries---  
By *Hercules*! not only to the root,  
But rooted out the root---By *Pollux*' temple!  
Not unreveng'd this day shall pass---This instant, 90  
Rascal, I'll order fire and faggot round you.

TRA. Let it alone--I'm better boil'd than roasted--

THEU. I'll make thee an example!--

TRA. What! because  
I'm perfect, you will make me an example.

THEU. Answer me; say, how did I leave my son 95  
When I went hence?

TRA. Left him?---With feet, hands, fingers,  
Ears, eyes, mouth, lips.---

THEU. That is not what I ask.

TRA. 'Tis what I answer tho', and nothing else.  
But see, your son's companion, *Callidamates*,  
Is coming hither---If you'd ought with me, 100  
Ask me your questions then, when he is by---



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SCENE II.

Enter CALLIDAMATES.

CAL. Soon as I'd buried drowsiness, and slept off  
The night's debauch, *Philolaches* inform'd me  
His father was return'd; and how his servant  
Had, ere he could arrive, impos'd upon him--  
He dreads, he tells me, to appear before him; 5  
And I'm deputed from our company  
Ambassador of peace to the old man--  
And, apropos! he's here---Health to *Theuropides*!  
I'm glad you're safe arriv'd---You sup  
To-day with us?--- 10

THEU. The same to *Callidamates*.  
As to your supper, I'm oblig'd to you---

CAL. But you will come---

TRA. Promise him, master mine;  
If you don't chuse it, I'll go in your stead---

THEU. Rascal! still sneering!--

V. 1. *Soon as I'd buried drowsiness*—] Here the poet introduces *Callidamates* quite sober, and in a manner pleasant and comick. We usually say of a man asleep, that he is buried in it; because sleep is the image of death, consequently of sepulture, as it destroys both knowledge and reflection. But our *Plautus*, by giving the thought an original turn, and different from its common acceptation, insinuates that the drunkard himself buries sleep, not that he is buried in it. As if he had said, Sleep buries the man who is surprized into it, and the man who is drunk, in his turn, buries sleep.

*Guendoville, from De L'Oeuvre and Lambin.*

COV. 9. —You sup to-day with us?—] See *The Discovery*, Act IV. Scene III. V. 8.

TRA.

ACT V. SCENE II. 275

TRA. What, because I offer  
To go to supper for you?---

THEU. You shan't go. 15  
I'll have you hang'd as you deserve, you villain.

CAL. Come let this pass, and go with me to supper.

TRA. Say you will come?--What, master, not a  
word?

CAL. Fool of all fools! Why do you refuge take  
There at that altar?--- 20

TRA. For his coming frighted me.  
Now, master, say, what have I done? Here stands  
An umpire 'twixt us---Let's debate the matter.

THEU. My son you have corrupted--That I say--

TRA. [*to* CAL.] Why, do but hear---He has been  
to blame, I own,

Has freed his mistress---taken money up 25  
While you was absent---spent it---But in this,  
Has he done more than other youth of rank?

THEU. I must take care how I engage with you,  
You are too sly an orator for me.

CAL. Let me then act as judge in this affair---  
Get up; and I'll sit there--- 30

THEU. Do by all means.  
Take on yourself the course, make it your own---

TRA. Is there no trick in this?---But I consent,  
So from my fears he free me; and those fears  
He take upon himself, and make his own. 35

THEU. I value nothing but the ways he took  
To play upon his master---

TRA. That's the best on't.  
I glory in it--Grey heads should be wiser---

THEU. What shall I do? Should *Demipho* my friend,  
*Philonides*, or--- 40

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TRA. Tell them how your servant  
Deceiv'd you neatly, 'twere a subject fit  
For any Comedy——

CAL. Peace but a little,  
'Tis my turn now to speak—Attend—

THEU. Be't so—

CAL. Of your son's friends you know I am the first;  
To me then he applied; for he's aſham'd 45  
To look you in the face, as he is conſcious  
Of what he has done, and that you know it all.  
Pardon, I beg, theſe follies of his youth:  
He is your ſon—You are not now to learn  
That at that time of life, ſuch pranks are frequent. 50  
What he has done, he has done with us in common:  
We're all to blame—The principal and intereſt,  
The whole expence attending on this miſtreſs,  
All, we'll repay—Share it alike—The loſs  
Shall all be ours, and not a drachma yours. 55

THEU. No orator could influence me more.  
Nor am I angry with *Philolaches*,  
Nor any thing reſent—Ee'n in my ſight,  
Wench, drink, and do your pleaſures—If he's but  
Aſham'd of his extravagance, I'm ſatisfied— 60

TRA. And I'm aſham'd—Be ſatisfied with that.—  
What will be now my fate?—

V. 57. *Nor am I angry with Philolaches,] Neque illi ſum iratus.*  
The commentators have taken no notice of it; but *illi* muſt cer-  
tainly mean his ſon *Philolaches*. His anger ſtill continued againſt  
*Tranio*, and was not eaſily appeaſed; as we ſee ſoon after.

V. 59, 60. — *If he's but aſham'd of his extravagance, I'm ſatis-  
fied.]* A ſentiment ſimilar to this of *Plautus*, we meet with in  
*Terence*——

Micio.

ACT V. SCENE II. 277

THEU. Tied for the scourge,  
Dirt, as you merit——

TRA. What, tho' I'm asham'd?

THEU. As I'm alive, I'll be the death of thee,  
By *Hercules*! —— 65

CAL. Come, grant a general pardon.  
For my sake pardon *Tranio* his offence.

THEU. Any thing else you easier might command,  
Than not permit me to return him evil,  
This scoundrel! for his evil deeds——

CAL. Nay, pardon him,

THEU. See how the villain keeps his post——

CAL. Be quiet, 70  
If you've your senses left—Be quiet, *Tranio*——

THEU. Do you be quiet—Urge this thing no  
farther——  
The last shall quiet him——

*Micio. Tunc has populisti fores?*

*Tacet. \*\*\**

*Non mihi respondes? ——*

*Æschines. Non equidem istas, quod sciam.*

*Micio. Ita? nam mirabar, quid hic negotii esset tibi.*

*Erubuit. Salva res est. Adelphi, A& IV. See. V. v. 4.*

*Micio. Was't you that knock'd? What, not a word?*

*\*\*\**

Why don't you speak?

*Æschines. Not I, as I remember.*

*Micio. No, I dare say, not you: for I was wond'ring*

What business could have brought you here. He blushes,

All's safe I find.——

COLMAN,

V. 63. *What, tho' I'm asham'd?*] This retort of *Tranio* is quite in character, natural and highly humorous.

V. 67. *Than not permit me to return him evil—for his evil deeds.*] There is in the original, what our author is but too fond of, a play upon words; and which we have in some sort endeavoured to imitate,



278 THE APPARITION.

CAL. In truth no need.—

Let me prevail on you—

THEU. Insist not on it.

CAL. By *Hercules*! I beg you—

75

THEU. Prefs me not.

CAL. Vain's your refusal, this one only fault—  
Pardon this one—I beg it for my sake.

TRA. And why so loth to pardon? As if I  
Should not commit another fault to-morrow—  
And then, you'll have a right to punish me  
For this and that at once—

80

CAL. Let me prevail.

THEU. About your business then—Begone, un-  
punish'd:

But hear me, thank him for it—Now, spectators,  
The Play is finish'd—Give us your applause.

\* \* In the first Scene of this Act, we have a lively picture of *Tranio's* impudence as well as his cunning and ingenuity, in endeavouring to ward off the punishment he found his master was meditating for him; and this naturally brings on the catastrophe: which was to be, the inducing the old gentleman to be reconciled to his son, and to pardon *Tranio*. Thus ends this Comedy; in our opinion, one of the most regular, as well as most entertaining of any of *Plautus*.

It may not be amiss to inform the reader, if it has not already occurred to him, that *The Intriguing Chambermaid*, a Comedy of two Acts of the late *Henry Fielding*, is founded upon it. Our *Theuropides* he calls *Goodall*, his intriguing chambermaid *Little* is our *Tranio*, and our *Philolaches* is his *Valentine*. The entertainment, the old man's return from a voyage, the driving him off from surprising the company that were carousing with his son in his own house, by making him believe it was haunted, the pretending the young gentleman had purchased another in the room of it, are all introduced with but little variation; scarce more than was necessary to accommodate it to modern times. This hint is sufficient. For any thing farther, the reader is referred to the Comedy itself.

*End of The APPARITION.*

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SIMO, a servant of Archimedes.  
CALIDORUS, his son, in love with Phoenicium.  
CHALPHUS, friend of Archimedes.  
PETER BOLLUS, servant of Simo and Calidorus.

SIMIA, a country girl.  
CALLISTO, friend of Archimedes.  
BABELLO, a physician.

COOK, servant of Babello.  
BOY, servant of Callisto.  
HARPAK, a boy.

THE SHEAT

PHOENICIUM, mistress of Calidorus.

SCENE, ATHERS.

## PERSONS of the DRAMA,

SIMO, *a citizen of Athens.*

CALIDORUS, *his son, in love with PHOENICIUM.*

CHARINUS, *friend of CALIDORUS.*

PSEUDOLUS, *servant of SIMO and CALIDORUS.*

SIMIA, *a counterfeit.*

CALLIPHO, *friend of SIMO.*

BALLIO, *a procurer.*

COOK, } *servants of BALLIO.*

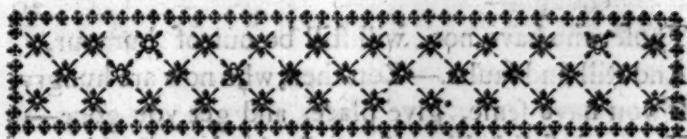
BOY }

*Other servants of BALLIO.*

HARPAX, *a boy.*

PHOENICIUM, *mistress of CALIDORUS.*

## SCENE, ATHENS.



## \* P R O L O G U E.

**T**HIS day let me engage you : for this day  
 Good things I bring you here upon the stage.  
 Indeed, in my opinion, 'tis most equitable,  
 To good men to bring good, to bad men evil.  
 That all may have their due ; the bad, things bad ; 5  
 The good, things good.--Bad men are what they are,  
 Because they hate the good--The good, because  
 They hate the evil, must themselves be good.  
 And therefore you are good ; since you have always  
 Hated the bad ; and by your laws and legions 10  
 Have driven them hence successfully like *Romans*--  
 Now, as good men, bestow your best attention  
 On these our good comedians, who to-day,  
 With the like justice bring good things to you.  
 Ears, eyes, imaginations, understandings, 15  
 Amply shall here be feasted, amply fill'd.  
 But with an empty stomach, or dry mouth,  
 Whoe'er shall have come hither, all the time  
 Shall be kept broad awake, though not with laughing.

\* PROLOGUE.] The commentators inform us that this Prologue is not to be found in some old MSS. the two last lines only excepted, *Camerarius* however allows it to be very ancient ; and as it is in all the printed editions we have seen, we have made no doubt of translating it,



To those who have din'd, we shall give laugh  
enough—

Those who have not, will still be out of humour,  
And still find faults.—You then, who now are hungry,  
If you have sense, give place, and get you gone—  
You with full bellies, stay; sit down, and give  
Attention—I shall not discover to you

The plot, nor yet the name of this our comedy,  
That will be fully done by *Pseudolus*—

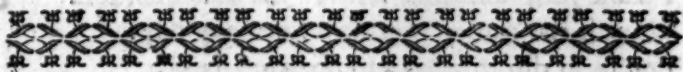
In this I'm quite convinc'd I've said enough,  
Cast off your cares; this day's a day of leisure;  
Where wit and joking, laughter, wine and jollity,  
Are proper: where the graces, and decorum  
Are mix'd with cheerfulness, and true delight.  
Who seeks aught else; I think he seeks for evil.  
'Tis the best way for such a man to stretch  
His loins, rise up and so walk off—For *Plautus*  
Is bringing a long Play upon the stage.

V. 27. *That will be fully done by Pseudolus*.—] Thus *Plautus*,  
at the same time humourously, after his manner, tells the specta-  
tors, the name of the Comedy. For it is certain that the person  
of *Pseudolus* does not tell it them.

V. 28. —*I'm quite convinc'd*.—] The original is, *puto jam atque  
deputo*. *Deputo* is the same as *puto*; but only strengthens the  
expression: as if he had said, *I think and ibink again*.

V. 33. —*ought else*.—] The editions in general read *alia*,  
*sublime things*; but that of *Elzevir*, 1652, reads *alia*; which we  
think makes much better sense than *alia*, so have translated it  
accordingly.

V. 35. *His loins*.—] In the posture of sitting, the muscles of  
the loins are contracted, unless one sits very erect.



THE  
\* C H E A T.



A C T I.

SCENE I.

Enter CALIDORUS with a letter in his hand; and  
PSEUDOLUS.

PSEUDOLUS.

IF from your silence, Sir, I could but learn  
With what sad cares you pine thus wretchedly,  
Gladly I'd save the troubling of two persons,  
Myself in asking, you in answering.  
But as I cannot learn that way, I'm forc'd

\* PLAUTUS calls this Comedy *PSEUDOLUS*, the name he has given to a servant, a principal character in it; and on whose tricks and contrivances all the incidents depend. The word is from the Greek *Ψευδολος*, diminutive from *Ψευδης*, a liar. We have therefore called it *The CHEAT*.

V. 2. *With what sad cares—*] The original is, *que miserie te tam misere macerant*, which to preserve Plautus's jingle of words, might be translated more literally, *what sad distress distressfully torments you?*

To

To ask you, and pray answer me this question,  
 What is the cause, that now for many days  
 You're so dispirited; and in your hands  
 Still hold a letter, which you wet with tears:  
 To none imparting the sad secret?—Now 10  
 Speak out; that I may know't as well as you.

CAL. Ah! *Pseudolus*! I am a wretched wretch!

PSEU. Forbid it, *Jupiter*!

CAL. This case of mine  
 Lies not before his court. 'Tis from the sentence  
 Of *Venus* that I suffer, not from *Jupiter's*. 15

PSEU. May I not know it, Sir? You us'd e'er now  
 To make me chief of all your confidants.

CAL. So would I now—

PSEU. Then tell me what's the matter,  
 I shall find means; if not, I shall contribute

V. 9. —*a letter*—] That he means, which he had received  
 from *Phanicius* his mistress.

V. 11. —*I am a wretched wretch!* —] The original is, *miseri  
 miser sum*. Literally, the same kind of jingle.

V. 15. —*of Venus*—] Youth of both sexes from the age of ten  
 to eighteen, were supposed to be under the dominion of *Venus*, to  
 whom, when they were going to be married, they offered up the  
 baby toys they had amused themselves with in their infancy.

*Nempe hoc quod Veneri donata a virgine pupæ—*

*Persius*, Sat. ii. v. 70,

As maids to *Venus* offer baby toys—

DRYDEN.

V. 19. —*I shall contribute*—] *Terence* has the same sentiment,  
 almost in the same words.

*—crede inquam mihi.*

*Aut consolando; aut consilio, aut re juvengo—*

*Heautontimorumenos*, Act I. Scene I. v. 33.

ACT I. SCENE I. 285

My aid, or give good counsel that may serve you. 20

CAL. Then take this letter, [*gives a letter.*] and  
there learn what cares  
Make me thus wretched, and thus pine—

PSEU. I'll do  
Just as you'd have me—But what's this, I pray?

[*looking on the letter.*]

CAL. Why, what's the matter?

PSEU. Sir, in my opinion  
The letters fain would propagate their species, 25  
They climb so on the back of one another.

CAL. For your own sport you play the fool with  
me.

PSEU. 'Troth, I believe, unless a Sybil reads them,  
None else can tell the meaning of the scrawl.

CAL. Why such sweet letters treat with ridicule, 30  
Wrote on so sweet a table, with a hand  
As sweet?

PSEU. What, in the name of wonder, then,  
Have hens got hands?—For nothing but a hen  
Could scratch these characters—

CAL. Impertinent?  
Or read the letter, or return it—

PSEU. Nay, 35  
I'll read it through—But give me your attention.

CAL. I cannot—My attention's not at home.

——Prithee trust me,  
By consolation, counsel or assistance,  
I possibly may serve you—— COLMAN.

V. 25. *The letters fain*—} The speaker means that the letters  
were wrote not in a strait line.

V. 28. —*a Sybil*—} One who might divine the meaning of  
what she could not read.

PSEU.



PSEU. Then call it in—

CAL. No, I'll in silence wait.

'Tis in that letter; call it home from thence;

There my attention's lodg'd, not in my breast. 40

PSEU. Methinks I see your mistress, *Calidorus*!

CAL. See her!—O, where?

PSEU. Why in this letter here.

Stretch'd at full length she lies upon the paper.

CAL. May all the gods and goddesses!—

PSEU. Preserve me!

CAL. Not long since, was I like a plant that  
springs 45

V. 39. *'Tis in that letter; call it home from thence;*] The original is, *ex cera cita*, literally, *call it from that wax*. The tables the Romans wrote upon, were covered with wax, to receive the impression made by the style they marked with.

*Nonne libet mediis ceras implere capaces*

*Quadrivio?* —

*Juvenal, Sat. i. v. 63.*

Would it not make a modest author dare

To draw his table-book within the square — DRYDEN.

V. 40. — *There my attention's lodg'd—*] It is possible the reader may have been beforehand with me, in recollecting a thought in *Shakspeare* very similar to this—

————— Bear with me,

My heart is in the coffin there with *Caesar*,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

*Julius Caesar, A& III. Scene VI. Antony.*

V. 41. *Methinks I see your mistress,*] A passage not much unlike this, the reader may possibly recollect in *Shakspeare*—

*Hamlet. My father!—methinks I see my father.*

*Horatio. O where, my lord?*

*Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.*

*Hamlet, A& I. Scene IV.*

V. 43. — *she lies upon the paper.*] The original is, *in cera cubat*, literally, *she lies upon the wax*. See Note on Verse 39.

ACT I. SCENE I. 287

In solstice season—Sudden I sprang up,  
As suddenly decay'd—

PSEU. Be silent, Sir,  
'Till I have read it—

CAL. Why then don't you read it?

PSEU. [reading.] "*Phœnicium* to her lover *Calidorus*,  
" By means of wax, wood, and expressive letters, 50  
" Sends health—From you she begs health to herself;

V. 46. *In solstice season*—] The commentators are much divided in their opinion what plant *Plautus* here alludes to. It seems to mean any autumnal plant in general. In autumn the dews are large; and falling in plenty, cause plants to flourish with vigour; which the sun the next day, soon causes to wither and decay. *Ausonius* is thought to have had his eye on this passage, in his verses on the death of a deserving youth—

*Ostentatus, raptusque simul  
Solstitialis velut herba solet.*

Held forth to view, then instant snatch'd away,

Just like a plant that springs in solstice season —

The solstice even in *France*, much more in *Italy* and *Greece*, must wither plants sown at that season, before they come to maturity—

" Let them be as the grass upon the house-tops, which wither—  
" eth afore it groweth up." *Psalms* cxxix. V. 6.

Afore it groweth up—i. e. afore it comes to maturity.

V. 50. —*expressive letters*—] *Literasque interpretes*. Letters, the interpreters of the mind. So *Horace* calls the tongue.

*Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.* *Ars Poetica*, v. 111.

The tongue these various movements must express.

FRANCIS.

V. 51. —*sends health*] The custom of beginning letters with sending health was very common among the *Romans*.

*Hanc tibi Priamides mitto, Ledaæ, salutem,  
Quæ tribui sola te mihi dante potes—*

— Epist. xvi. V. 1.

All health, fair nymph, thy *Paris* sends to thee,  
Tho' you, and only you, can give it me.

DUKE.

" Begs

" Begs it with weeping eyes, with trembling hand ;  
 " With thoughts distracted, and heart full of fears—"

CAL. Undone I—For no where find I, *Pseudolus*,  
 That health to send her—

PSEU. What health?—

CAL. Health in money. 55

PSEU. Would you, for health which she sends you  
 on paper,

Return the compliment to her in money?—  
 Consider what you do—

CAL. Do but read on ;  
 And from the letter, I'll engage you'll find  
 What pressing need I have to raise some money. 60

PSEU. [*reading.*] " The pandar, you must know,  
 " my dear, has sold me

" To a *Macedonian* captain now abroad,  
 " For twenty minæ—Fifteen he paid down  
 " E'er his departure—Five remain still due.  
 " For these, the captain left behind a token, 65  
 " His image ta'en in wax from a seal-ring ;  
 " So that whoever brings the like impression,  
 " The pandar is to send me off with him ;  
 " And the next feast of *Bacchus* is the day  
 " Appointed."

V. 56. —*she sends you one of wood* [*on paper.*] Alluding to the tables made of wood, on which the letter was wrote. *Plautus* here seems to have a double entendre, alluding to the different acceptance of the word *salus*, which means health, or the goddess of health—Will you give her a silver *salus* for a wooden one?

V. 69. —*the next feast of Bacchus*—] *Proxima Dionysia*. The *Athenians* celebrated several feasts in honour of *Bacchus*. They were called *Dionysia* from *Διονυσίος*, one of the names of *Bacchus*. By that name they are mentioned in *Terence*.

CAL.

ACT I. SCENE I. 189

CAL. That's to-morrow—Near at hand 70  
Thus is my ruin, if you cannot find  
Means to prévent it—

PSEU. Let me read to the end.

CAL. I'd have you—For the while you read, with  
her

I seem conversing—Pray read on—You give me  
In this the sweet and bitter mix'd together. 75

PSEU. [*reading.*] “ Now all our loves, and lover's  
“ ways familiar,

“ Our jokes, and play, sweet converse and sweet  
“ kisses;

“ Our equal close embracings, wanton woundings

“ With tender lips, provoking, gentle pressures

“ Of rising breasts; these pleasures are all vanish-  
“ ing, 80

“ From you as well as me; and separation;

“ Distance; a desert of all bliss is coming;

“ Unless from this sad fate you can preserve me,

“ Or think that I alone can make you happy.

“ Thus have I taken care, that you should know 85

“ All that I know myself: and shall experience

“ Now from the event; what real love you bear me,

“ Or what make meer pretences to!—Farewell!”

CAL. 'Tis a sad writing—

PSEU. Sadly writ, indeed!

CAL. Why dost not weep?—

V. 89. —*Sadly writ indeed!*] The original is, *Est miserè scriptum*. *Pseudolus* replies, *O, miserrime!* which may only mean, *It is a sad or melancholy letter*. To which *Pseudolus* replies, *Yes, very sad*. But we rather think he puns upon the word, and alludes to the bad writing mentioned before; and have endeavoured to translate it accordingly.



PSEU. My eyes are pumice stones, 90  
I cannot make them shed a single tear.

CAL. Why so?

PSEU. I'm of a dry-eyed generation.

CAL. And will you then adventure nought to  
aid me?

PSEU. What can I do for you?

CAL. Ah me! [*sighing*.

PSEU. Ah me!

I can supply you with ah me's! enough: 95

Nor need you e'er be sparing of the use of them.

CAL. Unhappy me! I ne'er shall find, my *Pseudolus*,  
The means of borrowing money any where.

PSEU. Ah me!

CAL. I've not a single piece at home.

PSEU. Ah me!

CAL. The fellow bears her off to-morrow. 100

PSEU. Ah me!

CAL. Is this the way then you assist me?

PSEU. I give you what I have—I've of this coin  
At home, a fund that's inexhaustible.

CAL. Nay, then 'tis over with me—Can't you lend  
One drachma but?—You shall be paid to-morrow. 105

PSEU. Scarcely I think, if I should pawn myself  
for it.

What could a drachma do?

CAL. 'Twould buy a rope.

PSEU. For what?

CAL. To hang myself—For I'm determin'd  
E'er dark to take a leap into the dark.

V. 109. —*e'er dark, &c.*] The original is, *ante tenebras, tenebras persequi.*

ACT I. SCENE I. 291

PSEU. Then who shall pay my drachma, if I  
lend it? 110

And would you wilfully go hang yourself,  
To cheat me, should I lend it, of my drachma?

CAL. Should she become another's, and I lose her,  
I could on no account survive the loss.

PSEU. Why do you weep, you cuckow?—You  
shall live. 115

V. 115. *Why do you weep, you cuckow?—*] *Cuckow* has time  
out of mind been a term of reproach in general. It was com-  
monly applied among the Roman common people to the vine-  
dressers, or gatherers in vintage time. This we learn from *Horace*.

——— *durus* *ator*  
*Vindemiator, et involutus, cui sæpe visor*  
*Cessisset magna compellat voce cuculum?*

Lib. i. Sat. vii. V. 29.

A vine-dresser he was of rusty tone,  
Whom oft the traveller was forc'd to own  
Invincible, with clamorous voice oppress,  
When cuckow, cuckow, was the standing jest.

FRANCIS,

And our author again,

*At etiam cubat cucullus*——

*Afinaria*, Act V. Scene V. v. 73.

The cuckow still upon his nest——

And in other places. But it was in particular so, to husbands  
who had transgressed in regard to the marriage-bed.

Similar to this, though not in an angry sense, *Shakspeare*.

When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckow then on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckow!

U 2

Cuckow,

CAL. Have I not cause? when I have neither money,  
Nor hope to raise a single piece.

PSEU. I find then  
By the tenor of this letter, that unless  
You could weep silver drachma's in her lap,  
All you can do to endear you by your tears, 120  
Would be but sending water in a sieve.  
But I'm your friend, fear not, I'll not desert you.  
I've hopes by hook or crook, this very day  
To get you a supply of money somewhere.  
And yet I can't tell how—'Tis all to come— 125  
But that it will be so, I make no doubt,  
The dancing of my eyelids tell me so—

CAL. O that your words may be made good by  
deeds!

Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.

*Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. Sc. X. The Song.*

Of this enough. But if the reader chuses any thing farther,  
he may consult *Erasm's Adagia*, Chil. iv. cent. v. V. 84.

V. 117. — *a single piece.*] The original is, *libella*, a small  
Roman coin, the tenth of a denier; value about three farthings  
of our money.

V. 123. — *by hook or crook*—] The original is, *me bonâ operâ  
aut hâc mēâ*, by honest means, or means becoming me as a slave,  
*voguish ones*. I have made use of a common expression, which  
means pretty much the same thing.

V. 127. *The dancing of my eye-lids*—] An ancient superstition.

ἄλλεται ὀφθαλμός μου ὁ δαίμων ἀπ' αὐτοῦ  
αὐτὰν—

THEOCRITUS, *Idyl. iii.* V. 37.

My right eye itches now; and shall I see  
My love?—

CREECH.

Nor is it at this day totally exploded; especially among the  
common people.

PSEU.

ACT I. SCENE I. 293

PSEU. You know if once I set my wheels a going,  
What stir and bustle I am us'd to raise. 130

CAL. My every hope is center'd now in you.

PSEU. Will you be satisfied, if I this day,  
Make the girl yours, or get the twenty minæ?

CAL. Well satisfied, if so it comes about.

PSEU. The twenty minæ, then demand of me. 135  
That you may know, I'll make good all I say,  
Demand them now—I long to engage for them.

CAL. Will you this day then get me twenty minæ?

PSEU. I will—So be no farther troublesome.  
And that you may not say I did not promise, 140  
I tell you this beforehand, if I fail,  
I'll touch your father for the money.

CAL. Now may the gods preserve you for my  
service!

Nay, if you can, for aught my duty hinders,  
E'en touch my mother too—

PSEU. For that be easy, 145  
And sleep on either eye—

CAL. On either eye!

V. 129. —*set my wheels a going,*] The original is, *mea si com-  
movi sacra*, literally, *if once I move what I have dedicated to the  
gods*. Taken perhaps, says Lambin, from things dedicated to  
*Bacchus*, which no one moved without being punished for it;  
and even if *Bacchus* himself attempted it, it was the occasion of  
much confusion and disorder.

V. 142. —*I'll touch your father—*] The original is, *tuum  
patrem tangam*. It is remarkable, that we should have the same  
cant word as the Romans had—*touch*—And there is more humour  
in repeating it in *English*, with regard to the mother, as it is in  
V. 145.

V. 147. —*Or either ear do you mean?*] A Latin proverb used  
by Terence as well as our author, and borrowed from the Greek.



Or either ear, do you mean?

PSEU. The latter is  
Too trite a saying—Now that none may say  
That they were not forewarn'd, I here proclaim  
To all both young and old, that here are present, 150  
To all my friends, and those to whom I'm known,  
That they this day take more especial care  
How they give credit to me.

CAL. Hift! Be silent!

PSEU. Why, what's the matter now?

CAL. The pandar's door!  
I hear it creak.—

—*Ademptum tibi jam saxo omnem metum,*

*In aurem utramvis otiosè ut dormias—*

*Heautonimorchemenos, A& II. Scene III. v. 100.*

—I mean to ease you of your fear,

That you in peace on either ear may sleep—

COLMAN.

Ἐκ' ἀμφότερα γὰρ ἢ τὴν ταχυρὰν ὕπνα,

Μάλλιν καθευδῆσιν καταγέσασα μέγας

Καὶ περιβόητον ἔργον—

MENANDER.

Now may our heirs sleep on either ear,

Having perform'd a great and mighty feat,

And satisfied the longings of her soul.

COLMAN.

*Nihil est, quod in dextram aurem fiducia mei dormias: non impune cessatur.*

*Plinii, Lib. iv. Epist. 29.*

It is to no purpose to sleep on your right ear in confidence of  
my indulgence; your idleness will not go unpunished—

V. 154. *I hear it creak.*—] The original is, *concrepuit*. Terence  
uses the same expression.

*Sed ostium concrepuit—*

*Hevra, A& IV. Scene I. v. 6.*

But our door creaks!—

COLMAN.

PSEU.

ACT I. SCENE II. 295

PSEU. I would it were his legs. 155  
'Tis the old rogue himself is coming forth.

[*they stand apart.*]

SCENE II.

Enter BALLIO, the procurer, and \* several slaves.

BAL. Come out, bestir, ye lazy, dear-bought  
scrubs,

Who ne'er once think of doing what is right.

Of whom, unless after this manner treated,

[*beating them.*]

No godd is to be got.—I ne'er saw men

Such asses, so unfeeling are their sides,

Beat them, you hurt yourself—Such dispositions

Have these same whipping-stocks, they'll counsel  
thus

Each other: Whensoever occasion serves,

Take, pilfer, pocket, seize upon, drink, gormandize,

Then run away—This is their trade—

You may as well leave wolves among your sheep,

As these to guard your house—To look upon them,

You'd think them something; they have no bad  
aspect;

But when you come to action, they deceive you.

\*—*several slaves*—] *Lorarii*: who were the slaves whose business it was to bind and scourge other slaves when ordered by their master: from *lorum*, a scourge, made of leather thongs.

V. 9. —*pilfer*—] *clepe*: from the Greek *κλέπτω*, which has that signification—Take any thing by force, *harpaga*, from the Greek *ἁρπάγω*, to take any thing by force, to plunder. From this word, *Moliere*, in his Comedy called *L'Avaré*, *The Miser*, has given his Miser the name of *Harpagon*.

Hear now—Unless you will attend this charge; 15  
Shake sleep from off your eyes, and from your breast  
Drive laziness, I'll have your sides well scourg'd  
With thongs, till they've as many colours on them  
As carpets of *Campania*: and till

No *Alexandrian* tapestry, wrought with figures 20  
Of beasts, like them, be equally variegated.

Before I told you, gave you yesterday  
Your several tasks—But you're such heedless animals,  
And so perverse, you force me thus with stripes  
To make you do your duties, as you're order'd, 25  
Such are your stubborn dispositions.

Get then the better of this scourge and me.  
Look at them—They're intent on other matters,  
Attend to this, and mind now what I say;  
Turn your ears to me, do, you race of rascals, 30  
Born for the scourge—You'll find this thong of mine  
As tough as any of your backs, I warrant you.

[strikes one of them.]

How now?—Do you feel it?—This the slave deserves

V. 20. No *Alexandrian* tapestry—]

*Colores diversos picture intexere Babylon antiqua celebravit, ut nomen imposuit. Plurimis vero liciis texere, quæ Polymita appellant, Alexandria instituit—* Plinii, Nat. Hist. Lib. viii. cap. 48.

In *Babylon* they used much to weave their cloth of divers colours, and this was a great wearing among them; and cloths so wrought were called *Babylonica*. To weave cloth of tissue with twisted threads both in woof and warp, and the same of sundry colours, was the invention of *Alexandria*, and such clothes and garments were called *Polymita*. PHILEMON HOLLAND.

V. 21. —equally variegated.] The original is, *conchylata*, a colour mixed with red and blue; making what we call a violet colour or purple.

Who

Who holds his master's orders in contempt.

Stand all of you before me, and attend

To what I say—You that have got a pitcher,

Bring water, and go fill that kettle there

Directly—You with the ax there, I assign

The task to cleave that wood—

SLAVE. But, Sir, the ax  
Has lost its edge—

BAL. Well, be it so—I think

The stripes you've had have taken off your edge—

Yet notwithstanding you shall all be useful—

You, see and clean the house: you have your business.

Go, get you in— [*Exit 1 slave.*] You lay the couches  
smooth.

You, clean the plate, and place it all in order.

Be sure, when from the Forum I return,

That I find all things ready: that I find them,

Brush'd, scour'd, smooth'd, each thing clean, and as  
it should be.

It is my birth-day: and 'tis fit you all

Should celebrate it—Let the gammon, neck,

The loin, the paps, be soak'd a while in water.

D'ye mind me?—I shall make an entertainment

For men of rank, that they may look upon me

As of a man of property—Go in then,

V. 36. —*You that have got a pitcher.*] It seems not at all improbable but that *Ballio* giving directions to his servants, may have given *Sir Richard Steele* the hint of making *Sable* the undertaker give directions to his servants, in his Comedy called *The Funeral*, pretty much in the same manner.

V. 50. —*Let the gammon, &c.*] It has been often observed in the course of these notes, in particular on some passages in *The Captives*, in Vol. I. of this translation, that what is here mentioned were esteemed great delicacies by the *Romans*, and made always a part of their entertainments.

Get



Get all in readiness; that when the cook 55  
Comes to me, there be no delay—[*Exeunt slaves.*] I'll  
strait

To market, and bespeak there all the fish.  
Go you before, boy—I must take great care  
That no one cuts my purse—Yet stay—I had  
Almost forgot, I'd something more to say 60  
At home—Attend to me, ye women slaves.

I've some commands for you—You then, who spend  
Your time with men of figure, in the indulgence  
Of neatness, dainties and of delicacy;  
You misses of distinction; I shall know 65  
By trial made this day, which of you minds  
Her person, which her appetite, and which  
Thinks on her business; which on nought but sleep-  
ing.

Which of you I shall think of setting free,  
And which of parting with by sale to others. 70  
See that you bring home presents in abundance  
From your gallants this day.—For, mark,  
Unless I raise of you a whole year's provision,  
To-morrow I shall let you out for hire.

You know it is my birth-day—Where are now 75  
Your men who love you as they do their eyes?  
Who call you life, dear, darling, sweeting, honey?  
Here make them come in crowds before my doors  
With presents—Why procure I for your use  
Money, and cloaths, and all—While I at home, 80  
Get nothing but vexation for my pains.

Jades; ever moistening your clay with wine;  
While I'm without a drop—I find 'tis best

V. 83. —*I find 'tis best*—] *Hec factum est optimum.* Taubman  
is of opinion that this alludes to the words *bonum factum*, pre-  
faced

To call you o'er by name ; lest some of you 85  
Should say they were not told their business—Lift !

Lift all then—First *Hedylum* with you—  
Your dealings are among the corn-factors—  
Who all heap up mountains of wheat at home.

Be it your care, they bring sufficient hither,  
To serve me and my family a year : 90

And that I may abound so much in corn,  
The city may henceforward change my name,  
And call the pandar *Ballio*, royal *Jason*.

CAL. [*apart.*] Do you hear the rogue ? What  
pompous words he utters ?

PSEU. In troth he does, and mischievous ones,  
too. 95

But let's be silent, and attend to him.

BAL. You too, who have your friends among the  
butchers,

Those apes of us procurers, men who get,  
Like us, their money by their perjuries,

You, *Æschrodora*, hear me—If to-day 100  
You fill not my three larders full of meat,

fixed to edicts, &c. which see explained at large in a Note on  
V. 19. at the end of the Prologue to *The Carthaginian*, Vol. IV.  
of this translation.

V. 93. —*royal Jason*—] Not *Jason*, the son of *Æson*, king  
of the *Argonauts* : but another *Jason*, who was king of *Thessaly*,  
and lived in the time of *Epaminondas*.

V. 94. —*What pompous words he utters ?*—] This is the sense.  
But as there seems to be a jingle between *magnificus* and *maleficus*,  
the words of the original, it might perhaps be imitated in some  
such manner as the following one.

CAL. Think not he is  
On the *grand-pas* ?

BEN. Ay, all he does is *paru*——

I'll tye you up to-morrow to the larder,  
As heretofore the sons of Jove serv'd *Dircè*,  
And tyed her to a bull, as says the story—  
Your bull shall be that larder— 105

PSEU. [*apart.*] I'm on fire  
To hear the fellow's talk—Is't not a shame  
The *Athenian* youth should suffer such a man.  
Where are they, say, where skulk the youth who at  
Maturity, have dealings with this pandar?  
Why not agree, why not combine together 110  
To rid the city of this pestilence.  
But I'm a fool, and ignorant of the matter.

V. 103. —*serv'd Dircè*,] *Dircè* was the daughter of *Lycus* king of *Thebes*, who married her, after he had divorced *Antiope*. In revenge of which *Zethus* and *Ambion*, sons of *Antiope* and *Jupiter*, fastened *Dircè* to the tail of a wild bull, and caused *Lycus* to be put to death. *Limits from Passeratius.*

The reader will find the story at large, elegantly related in *Propertius*, Lib. iii. Eleg. xiii. V. 11. to the end.

V. 110. —*why not combine together*—] The original of this passage is pointed thus:

*Ubi sunt, ubi latent, quibus ætas integra est, qui amant a lenone, quin convenient quin una parte hæc, &c.* which renders the construction much embarrassed. It would be more easy, if it was pointed thus,

—*quibus ætas integra est, qui amant. A lenone quin convenient quin una parte hæc, &c.* Here *parte hæc* is referred to *lenone*, and we have translated it accordingly. If the common pointing is adhered to, *mulieres emptas*, or something like it, must be understood—*qui amant a lenone*—i. e. *qui amant mulieres emptas a lenone*, who are in love with women bought of the pandar. And indeed a similar expression occurs again in our author—

*Amat a lenone hic*— *Pænulus*, A& V. Sc. II. V. 132.

i. e. *amat puellam quæ est in potestate lenonis.* He is in love with a girl who is the property of the pandar.

Dare

ACT I. SCENE II. 301

Dare they deal so with those, to whom their lust  
Makes them submissive; and prevents their acting  
Against the rogues, as otherwise they would?

CAL. Psha! Peace!

PSEU. Why so?

CAL. It is not quite so civil  
To me, to spend your breath on such a rascal.

PSEU. Sir, I am dumb—

CAL. 'Tis better so you were,  
Than keep thus prating of it.

BAL. *Xystilis*,

Do you attend to me—Your lovers deal 120

In oyl, and have large quantities at home.

If you procure me not some skins of oyl;

I'll put you in an empty skin to-morrow,

And hang you up in't 'gainst the portico—

That skin shall be your bed—A bed, I warrant, 125

Of little sleep, but languishment enough.

You mark the tendency of what I say—

You viper, you who have so many friends,

Laden with oyl, are any of the heads

Of these your fellow-slaves, say, are they better 130

Anointed for't? Or shall I have my hash

The better oyl'd for it—But well I know

You are too fond of wine to value oyl.

Affure yourself however, I'll pay off

All your old scores, you jade, if you this day 135

V. 131. *Anointed for't*—] *Pulmento uti magis. Unsalsculis*, which is the original, signifies *to fare deliciously*, as *carnam sine uncto*, in *Perfur*, Sat. vi. V. 16. means the contrary.

GRONEVIVS.

The custom of using oyl with their meat, was common among the Romans; as appears from many passages in antient authors.

Perform



Perform not what I here enjoin you——Now,  
 For you, *Phanicium*, now I speak to you,  
 The minion of the great, you who are always  
 So ready to pay down the money for  
 Your liberty, yet never keep your word: 140  
 Unless good store come from your friends to-day,  
 To-morrow sees your hide under the pent-house,  
 Dyed with *Phanician* colour, my *Phanicium*.

[*Exeunt slaves.*]

S C E N E III.

CALLIDORUS and PSEUDOLUS *come forward.*

CAL. Hear you not what he says, my *Pseudolus*?

PSEU. I hear it, Sir, and take good notice of it.

CAL. What present would you have me send to  
 him,

To hinder him from making my own mistress  
 Stand here for hire?

PSEU. Take you no care about it; 5  
 But smoothe your mind—I'll take sufficient care  
 Both for myself and you—'Tis now long time  
 That he and I have equally well wish'd  
 Each other—An old grudge subsists between us.  
 I'll send him something upon this his birth-day, 10  
 Some heavy mischief—

CAL. But be speedy with  
 Whate'er is to be done—

PSEU. Mind something else,  
 Can't you?

CAL. But—

V. 143. —*Phœnician colour*—] i.e. *purple*.

PSEU.

ACT I. SCENE III. 303

PSEU. Hush!

CAL. I'm on the rack—

PSEU. Take courage.

CAL. I can't—

PSEU. Endeavour—

CAL. How can I controul

My passion?

PSEU. By attending more to what 15

Regards your interest, than in your distress,

What suits your inclination—

CAL. Trifling all!

There's no delight in love unmix'd with folly.

PSEU. Do you persist?

CAL. Let me alone, my *Pseudolus*,

And let me be undone—

PSEU. I may depart then? 20

[going.

CAL. Stay, stay—I'll be as you would have me be.

PSEU. Now you talk sensibly—

BAL. Time wears. I loiter.

Go you before, boy— [going.

CAL. Hola! there—He's gone—

But call him back—

PSEU. And why in such a hurry—

Gently— [to CALLIDORUS, who

is pressing him.]

CAL. Before he's gone— 25

BAL. What hindrance now?

Do you saunter now?— [to the Boy.

V. 13. *Hush!*—] The original is *bat*; which we are told is used by *Plautus* as an interjection of silence.

PSEU.

PSEU. You, born to-day! you, born to-day!  
 'Tis you I call; you born to-day, look on us—  
 Whatever business you're about, we stay you.  
 Stop—There are those who fain would speak with  
 you. 30

BAL. What is the matter? Who is't stops me  
 thus,  
 When I have business?

CAL. One who has been your friend.

BAL. Your has been friend is dead—The man  
 that is,  
 He is your living friend—

PSEU. You are too saucy.

BAL. You, too impertinent—

CAL. Lay hold on him!

O'ertake him—

BAL. On boy—

PSEU. This way let us meet him. 35

BAL. Confound thee, whoso'er thou art!

PSEU. And thee!—

BAL. And both of you, say I!—Turn this way,  
 boy—

PSEU. Must I not speak to you?

BAL. When I please, you may.

PSEU. Suppose 'tis for your interest?

BAL. You may.

Have I your leave to live, or have I not? 40

PSEU. Piha! stop—

BAL. Nay, let me go—

V. 26. *You born to-day,*] *Hodie nate.* *You whose birth-day this*  
 is. Scene II. V. 75.

V. 40. *—to live, or have I not?*] i. e. *do not plague me to*  
*death with your impertinence.*

ACT I. SCENE III. 305

CAL. But, *Ballia*, hear—

BAL. I'm deaf; you talk but nonsense—

CAL. When I had

To give, I gave—

BAL. What's given I ask not for—

CAL. And when I have it, I will give again.

BAL. When that's the case, why take away your mistress.

CAL. Alas! How ill my money's been bestow'd,  
How ill my presents!

BAL. Now your money's gone,  
You give me words—Fool that you are, your cause  
Is tried already—

PSEU. Ay, but know at least,  
Who 'tis that speaks to you.—

BAL. Full well I know  
Who once he was—Who he is now, is best  
Known to himself.—On, boy—

PSEU. What! not one look,  
When 'tis your interest—

BAL. At that price, I will.  
For were I to high *Jove* to sacrifice,  
The entrails in my hand, ready to lay  
Upon the altar, shew one glimpse of interest,  
With joy I'd quit the unfinish'd ceremony.

V. 48. *Is tried already.*—] *Rem actum agis.* A term in civil law. This is the sense most of the commentators give it. But it may mean, according to Lambin, literally, *you are doing what is done already*; i. e. *you labour in vain, for what is done cannot be done again.* See *The Casket*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 41. Vol. IV. of this translation.

V. 55. *Ready to lay upon the altar.*] The original is, *ut porriciam.* *Porricere*, Gronovius tells us, is a solemn word made use of in sacrifices; and means, *to lay the entrails on the altar in order for the burning of them.*



PSEU. This fellow's not to be attack'd with piety,  
As others are—As to the gods, whom all  
Ought highly to revere, he values not 60  
A rush—

BAL. I'll speak to him—Good day to you!  
Of all *Athenian* slaves, the very vilest. [to PSEU.

PSEU. The gods and goddesses protect you, *Ballio*!  
It is his wish and mine—Or, if unworthy,  
May they ne'er be propitious, nor protect you! 65

BAL. How fare you, *Callidorus*?

PSEU. Why, he fares  
As well as love and poverty will let him.

BAL. If pity would maintain my family,  
I'd pity him—

PSEU. We know you well enough,  
No need proclaim yourself—But know you, *Ballio*, 70  
What we would with you?

BAL. I can guess—No good—

PSEU. Attend to this, and what we call'd you  
back for.

BAL. Well, I attend—But be as brief as may be,  
For I am busy—

PSEU. My young master here,  
Is quite ashamed he has not perform'd his promise: 75  
And paid you at the time he had appointed,  
The twenty minæ also for his mistress.

BAL. What we're ashamed of, with more ease we  
bear  
Than what we're vex'd at.—The young man's ashamed

V. 78. *What we're ashamed of, &c.*] A sentiment, say the  
commentators, fitter for the mouth of a procurer, than an honest  
man. *Plautus* has one not much unlike it in another of his  
Comedies—

ACT I. SCENE III. 307

He has not paid the money—And I'm vex'd 80  
I've not receiv'd it—

PSEU. He'll procure and pay it;  
Wait a few days.—He only fears you'll sell her,  
Upon this disappointment.

BAL. Had he chose it,  
He might have paid it to me long ago—

CAL. What if I had it not?—

BAL. Why, was you not 85  
In love?—You should have gone and borrow'd it—  
Have given interest for it to a banker—  
Or robb'd your father of it—

PSEU. Shameless rascal!

*Pel pudere quam pigere præstat totidem literis—*

*Trinummus, Act II. Scene II. v. 64.*

'Twere better *shame* than *blame*, though both are spelt  
With nearly the same letters—

THORNTON, Vol. II. of this translation.

And they seem to be founded on the proverb, *Lucrum pudori  
præstat. Gain is better than shame.*

To which *Terence* seems also to allude—

—Non pudet

*Vanitatis?—Minime dum ad rem—*

*Phormio, Act III. Scene II. v. 40.*

Arn't you asham'd of such base treachery?

Not I, while I can get by't—

COLMAN,

*Sophocles* also the same.

Τὸ κέρδος ἤδὲ καὶ ἀπὸ ψευδῶν ἔστι —

Lucre is ever pleasant, tho' obtain'd

By falsehood and deceit.

See *Erasmi Adagia*, Chil. Cent. 7.—14.

What! robb'd his father?—There's not any fear  
You'll put him in an honest way of doing it. 100 90

BAL. That is not pandar-like—

CAL. Is't like I should  
Steal from my father: from a man so cautious.  
And if I could, duty forbids the crime.

BAL. I hear you—Take your duty to your arms I  
This night, instead of your *Phanicium*. 95  
But since your duty's to your love prefer'd,  
Is every man your father?—Can't you borrow  
Of some one else—

CAL. The term is obsolete.

BAL. They who insist upon their own, yet pay not  
The money that they owe, and leave the table, 100  
When they have had sufficient, then men learn  
Caution from others never to lend money.

CAL. Most wretched am I! I shall ne'er procure  
Some money: I'm as much undone by love,  
As want of cash—

BAL. Why then, buy oyl on trust, 105  
And sell for ready money—By this means,  
You easily will raise two hundred minæ.

V. 99. —*who insist upon their own*—] Here is a chasm in the original, and the sense is imperfect. The common editions read *poti*, and add an *as* supposing something is lost. That of Elsevir 1652, leaves out *poti*, and reads *disfento cuto*, but prints it in Italicks.

V. 105. —*buy oyl on trust, And sell for ready money*—

*Eme dis cæca olivam, id vendito oculata dis*—

The foundation of this in *Latin* is, that those who make these kind of bargains, have an eye only to the present time, that is, the ready money they receive; but keep themselves in the dark, and are blind to the future consequences of it. Not much unlike the practice

ACT I. SCENE III. 309

CAL. The quina-vicinarian law there ruins me—  
All fear to trust me—

BAL. That same law binds me.  
I am afraid to trust—

PSEU. Afraid to trust?—  
Repent you then the profit you've made of him?

BAL. He's no true lover, who desists from giving—  
Give to the last—And when he has nothing left,  
Then let him cease to love—

CAL. No spark of pity!

BAL. You're empty handed—Speeches make no  
chink.

I wish you, Sir, however, health and life—

PSEU. What! is he dead then?

BAL. In some sort he is—  
He's with these speeches really dead to me.

When his procurer's pleas'd, a lover lives.

Be your complaint to me, a monied one.

For this same want of cash, which you lament

So deeply, tell your story to your step-mother.

practice of our modern stock-jobbers in *Exchange-Alley*; who  
buy and sell stock on speculation, and trust to the consequences.

V. 108. *The quina-vicinarian law*—] So called, because it  
was made in favour of young men under the age of twenty-five.  
*Plautus* again alludes to it. See *The Shipwreck*, Vol. II. of this  
translation, Act V. Scene XIV. v. 36. and Mr. THORNTON's  
note on the passage. It was also called *Lex Latoria*, *The Lato-*  
*rian law*.

V. 123. —to your step-mother.—] The harsh and uncom-  
passionate temper of step-mothers, or mothers-in-law, to their hus-  
bands children, is often mentioned by the ancients, and became  
a sort of proverb. So that to complain of any thing to a person  
without compassion, was as if to complain to a *step-mother*.

LAMIER.



PSEU. Say, was you ever married to his father?

BAL. From such a thing as that, defend me,  
gods! 125

PSEU. I prithee, *Ballio*, do what we request,  
And, if you will not trust him, on my faith,  
Both sea and land I'll ransack, but I'll pay  
The money in three days—

BAL. Trust you!—

PSEU. Why not?

BAL. Because I look upon the trusting you 130  
Like tying up a dog with chitterlings,  
That's like to run away—

CAL. And do you thus  
Requite the favours I have done to you?

BAL. What would you with me now?

CAL. Only to wait  
Six days before you sell the girl, and be 135  
The death of him who loves her—

BAL. Courage then,  
Even six months I'll wait.

CAL. Well said, a clever fellow!

BAL. Shall I then make you, happy as you are,  
Still happier?

CAL. How is that?

BAL. Because I've now  
Got no *Phanicium* to sell to you. 140

CAL. Not have her?

BAL. Not I, truly.

*Mors mihi munus erit. Decet hac dare dona novercam.*

OVID *Metam.* Lib. ix. V. 781.

—Death would prove

To me a blessing; and a step-dame's love  
May such a blessing give—

SANDYS.

CAL.

CAL. Hither *Pseudolus*,  
The victims bring, the offerings and the priests,  
That I may sacrifice to this high *Jove*,  
A greater *Jove* to me, than *Jove* himself. 145

BAL. I want no victims, give me but the entrails.

CAL. Why this delay?—Hasten and bring the  
lambs—

Hear you not *Jove* here?—

PSEU. I'll be here this instant,  
I will but run without the *Metign* gate—

CAL. Why thither?

PSEU. But to bring two executioners  
With carts; fit priests for him—With them, two  
flocks 150

V. 142. —*priests*—] The original is, *lanios*, which properly means *butchers*; but, in this place, is the same with *victimarii* or *pape*, the priests whose business it was to kill the beast for sacrifice, and to offer it up when slain.

V. 146. —*give me but the entrails*.] *At minis me extis placari volo*. This passage is difficult to understand, more so to translate, as there is a double entendre not to be maintained in *English*. It consists in the different senses of the word *mina*, which signifies the piece of money so called, and the teat of a sheep, without milk. *Callidus* takes it in the latter sense, as wanting it literally to make part of his intended sacrifice; but *Ballio*, the procurer, chuses to take it in the former sense, viz. money. Some editions, instead of *at minis*, read *agninis*. If this reading is preferred, it may mean, only, *give me the entrails*; as they were the eatable, that is, the profitable part; and we have so translated it.

V. 148. —*without the Metign gate*—] where butchers kept their shops. It was also the place where common executioners lived, and where gibbets were erected for the execution of malefactors, and whipping-posts for the punishment of criminals.

V. 150. *With carts*—] The original is, *cum tintinabulis*. *Tintinabulum* properly means a little bell: but it also means a cart;

Of elm twigs—to appease this *Jove* of ours—  
I'll to gibbet send this pandaring *Jupiter*.

so called on account of the creaking of its wheels when it is drawn along. And some commentators tell us, it has that sense in this passage; *Lambin*, on the authority of *Jul. Scaliger*, *Taubman*, and *De L'Oeuvre* in particular. Other commentators will have it mean *bells*, and abuse *Scaliger* for his interpretation of it. It is acknowledged that priests, especially those of *Cybele*, in their processions made a confused noise, with timbrels, cymbals, pipes, bells, &c.

*Tympana tenta tonat palmis, et cymbala circum,  
Concavo, rursusque minantur cornua cantu.*

*Lucretius, Lib. ii. V. 615.*

Amidst her pomp, fierce drums and cymbals beat,  
And the hoarse horns with rattling notes do threat.

CREECH.

There is a passage in *Longinus* which seems to favour this sense.

—ἐπὶ τοῖς τῷ πανταχὲ καὶ πανταχὲ ἀποφθαι, διὰ σοφιστικόν.

SECT. 23.

Which *Mr. Smith* translates thus :

*For to hang such trappings to every passage is highly pedantic,*

On this he has the following note.

"I have given this passage such a turn, as, I hope, will clear the meaning to the *English* reader. The literal translation is, 'For hanging the bells every where, savours too much of the *sophist* or *pedant*. The metaphor is borrowed from a custom among the ancients, who at publick games and concourses were used to hang little bells (*κώδωνες*) on the bridles and trappings of their horses, that their continual chiming might add pomp to the solemnity."

"The robe or ephod of the high-priest in the *Mosaic* dispensation had this ornament of bells, though another reason, beside the pomp and dignity of the sound, is alledged for it. See *Exodus*, chap. xxviii. v. 33, 34."

On the whole, the reader will adopt which sense he thinks proper.

BAL.

ACT I. SCENE III. 313

BAL. 'Tis not for your advantage, I should die.

PSEU. Your reason?

BAL. This—If I were dead, you'd find  
No greater rogue in *Athens* than yourself. 155

PSEU. Nor is't for your advantage I should die.

BAL. Your reason—

PSEU. This—If I were dead, you'd find  
No greater rogue in *Athens* than yourself—

CAL. But tell me, *Ballio*, in good earnest tell me,  
Have you not my *Phœnicium* now to sell? 160

BAL. By *Pollux*' temple! no---I have her not---  
I sold her some time since---

CAL. And how?

BAL. Why stripp'd  
Of all appertinences---but her purtenance.

CAL. What! sold my love!

BAL. And well: for twenty minæ,

CAL. For twenty minæ?

BAL. If you like it better, 165  
For four times five—To a *Macedonian* captain;  
And have fifteen in hand—

CAL. What do I hear of you?

BAL. Hear!—That your love is turn'd to ready  
money.

CAL. How durst you?—

BAL. 'Twas my pleasure—she was mine.

V. 163. —*her purtenance*.] The original is, *intestinis omnibus*,  
with all her inwards; he means, stark naked. *Purtenance* is a  
word still in use in some countries, to signify the inwards of  
a calf, lamb, or any other animal, that are eatable; often called  
the *pluck*: and we meet with the word in Scripture. Speaking  
of the paschal lamb, "Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all  
"with water, but rost with fire: his head, with his legs, and  
"with the purtenance thereof—" *Exodus*, chap. xii. v. 9.

CAL.



CAL. Ho! *Pseudolus*! go bring a sword— 170

PSEU. For what!

CAL. To kill that rascal first, and then myself.

PSEU. Rather yourself—As for that rascal there,  
Famine will be his executioner.

CAL. Most perjurd villain, that the earth e'er  
swallow'd,

Did you not swear you'd sell her but to me? 175

BAL. I own it—

CAL. Ay, and on your conscience too,

BAL. Ay, on my conscience.

CAL. You are perjurd then,

You villain—

BAL. I have got the money tho',  
And wicked I, may broach it at my pleasure—  
While you, a good and pious son, have nothing. 180

CAL. Assist me, *Pseudolus*, on either side,  
To load this rascal here with maledictions,

[V. 176. *Ay, and on your conscience too.*] The original is, *nempe conceptis verbis*; an expression our author often uses. The following passage may serve to illustrate it—

*Non enim falsum jurare, perjurare est; sed quod ex animi tui sententia juraris sicut verbis concipitur more nostro, id non facere, perjurium est: scite enim EURIPIDES—*

*Juravi lingua, mentem injuratum gero—*

CICERO, *De Officiis*, Lib. iii. c. 29.

For to swear a thing and yet not to perform it, it is not immediately to forswear one's self. But then a man is properly said to be *perjured* when he swears upon his conscience, (as our form runs) to do such and such things, and yet does not do them—For that of EURIPIDES may be said in some cases to be very good.

—My tongue indeed swore, but my conscience

Did not assent—

COCKMAN.

PSEU.

ACT I. SCENE III. 315

PSEU. With all my heart—Nor would I to the  
Prætor

More swiftly run, was he to make me free.

CAL. Load him with curses in abundance then. 185

PSEU. I'll publish him to all the world—Thou  
lack-shame!

BAL. Most true.

PSEU. Thou rascal!—

BAL. True.

PSEU. Thou whipping-post!

BAL. Why not?

CAL. Thou robber of the dead!

BAL. For certain.

CAL. Jail-bird!

BAL. Well done—

CAL. Faithless!

BAL. O, that's my trade.

PSEU. Parricide!

BAL. On—

PSEU. Robber of holy places! 190

BAL. I own it—

CAL. Perjur'd!

BAL. An old story that.

CAL. A law-breaker!

BAL. A strong one—

PSEU. Pest of youth!

BAL. O, much so—

V. 188. *Thou robber of the dead!*] The original is, *Buffirape*,  
*one who plunders the dead, or snatches the victuals dress'd at the*  
*funeral feasts.*

It is not impossible but that *Ballio's* bearing *Pseudolus's* abuse  
so patiently, may have given a hint to *Sir Richard Steele*; where  
in his Comedy of *The Tender Husband*, he makes *Tipkin* submit to  
*Sir Harry Gubbins's* abuse, much in the same manner.

CAL.

CAL. Thief!

BAL. Ay, wonderful, indeed!

PSEU. Thou vagabond!

BAL. Pshà! Pshà!

CAL. Thou common cheat!

BAL. Most plainly so—

PSEU. Deceitful!—

CAL. Filthy bawd— 195

PSEU. Scum of the earth!

BAL. Fine fingers, both of you!

CAL. You beat your father and your mother—

BAL. Nay,

Kill'd them too, rather than give them food—

Is that a crime?

PSEU. No more: for all we say

Is just like pouring water in a sieve.

200

Our labour's all in vain.

V. 194. *Pshà! Pshà!*—] The original is, *Bombax*, which we are told, is an interjection of contempt. Greek, βομβάξ, *Pob* & of *Pshà!*

V. 201. *Our labour's all in vain.*] The original is, *In perisum ingerimus dicta dolium. We throw our words into a vessel with holes bored in it. A proverbial expression.*

*Nam si grata fuit tibi vita antea, priorque,*

*Et non omnia pertusum congesta quasi in vas*

*Commota perfluxere atque ingrata interiøre;*

*Cur non, ut plenus vitæ conviva, recedas?*

*Lucretius, Lib. iii. V. 948,*

For if the race thou hast already run,

Was pleasant; if with joy thou saw'st the sun;

If all thy pleasures did not pass thy mind,

As thro' a sieve, but left some sweets behind;

Why dost thou not then, like a thankful guest,

Rise cheerfully from life's abundant feast,

And with a quiet mind go take thy rest?

CRANCH,

Wg

BAL. Have you ought else  
To charge me with?

CAL. Are you aſham'd of nothing?

BAL. To have found a lower empty as a nut-shell.  
But tho' you have beſtow'd hard names upon me;  
Curſes in plenty too; unleſs the captain  
Bring the five minæ which he owes to me,  
(This is the very day he was to pay it)  
If he comes not, I think I'll do my duty—

CAL. And what is that?

BAL. Why, if you bring the money,  
I'll break my faith with him—This is my duty—  
So, if 'tis worth my while, we'll have more talk—  
But without money, 'tis in vain to prate  
Of pity—This I am determin'd—So  
You may conſult what 'tis you have to do—

CAL. What, are you going?

BAL. I am full of buſineſs. 215

PSEU. E'er long you will be more ſo—He's my  
man: [Exit BALLIO.]

And now, if gods and men do not deſert me,  
I'll bone him, in like manner as a cook  
Will bone a lamprey—But now, *Calidorus*,  
I'd have you mind me—

We meet with it alſo in Holy Scripture.

“He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag  
“with holes.” *Haggai*, chap. i. V. 6.

The whole is an alluſion to the fifty daughters of *Danaus*, who  
were married to the fifty ſons of *Egyptus* his brother; all of  
whom, except *Hypermneſtra*, ſlew their huſbands on the wedding-  
night; and were ſentenced for it, to fill a veſſel full of holes with  
water. The reader will find the ſtory at large in *Ovid Met.*  
*Lib. iv.*

CAD



CAL. What are your commands? 220

PSEU. I'd raise a battery 'gainst this town; to take it  
This day: and for that purpose, I must have  
Some artful, knowing, clever, cunning fellow,  
One who'd dispatch the business, and ne'er think  
Of sleeping o'er it---

CAL. Tell me your design. 225

PSEU. You'll know in time---I love not repetitions  
Of the same things---That way are stories made  
Too long.

CAL. Your plea's indeed most right and just.

PSEU. Make hast; and quickly hither bring the  
man. For out of many men, we find but few,  
Who are staunch friends---

CAL. 'Tis what I know full well.

PSEU. Hast then, and make your choice; and out  
of many,  
Pick one that shall be so.

CAL. He shall be here  
This instant---

PSEU. Hence---You lose your time in talk!

[Exit CALIDORUS.]

V. 228. *Who are staunch friends*---] This is a sentiment the  
classick authors are full of. To enumerate them would be tire-  
some to the reader.

SCENE

ACT I. SCENE IV. 319

SCENE IV.

PSEUDOLUS *alone.*

PSEU. Since he is gone, here, *Pseudolus*, thou stand'st

Alone---What's now to do, now that thou's been  
So liberal to thy old master's ion  
In promises?---Where are they?---Thou hast not  
A single drop of any certain project;  
Much more, thou art not sure of any money.  
And what to do I know not: how begin  
To weave this web; nor, when begun, to end it.  
But as a poet sits him down to write,  
And seeks that which is no where, and yet finds it, TO  
Making the probable from fiction spring,  
So, I will be that poet---Twenty minæ  
Which now are not, I'll find---A long time since  
I promis'd my young master to procure them.  
I then had thoughts of throwing out my hook 15  
To catch the old one---But I know not how,  
He smelt a rat---But hush! I must be silent:  
I see my master *Simo* walking there  
With *Callipho* his neighbour---I'll ere night  
Dig twenty minæ out of this old sepulchre, 20

V. 17. *He smelt a rat*---] *Presensit, prius*---literally, *be found* is out beforehand.

V. 20. ---out of this old sepulchre.]. M. De L'Oeuwre observes that it was the custom of the ancients to hide their money in tombs or sepulchres: to rob them of it was accounted a great crime. *Pseudolus* gives *Simo* that appellation, because he seemed to him like an old sepulchre, in which money might be supposed

to

And give them to his son-- Here I'll retire;  
And try to pick up what they're talking of--

[*Stands apart.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter SIMO and CALLIPHO.*

*Simo*

*Call.* If a Dictator now were to be chosen  
Out of the spendthrifts and gallants of *Athens*,  
None of them would bid fairer than my son.  
'Tis the town-talk, in ev'ry body's mouth,  
He had set his mistress free-- And for that purpose  
He is hunting after money.-- This I hear  
From others-- And indeed, for some time past,  
I have thought on it, and suspected it myself.

*Psau.* [*apart,*] So then, the affair's cut short--

This business

Won't be done here-- The way I find's block'd

to be repositied in safety; but he would take care it should not  
be so.

There is a story on record, of a man who had amassed a considerable sum of money, locked it up in a chest, buried it in his sepulchre, and wrote upon it, *Hic deus est. Hic in a god.* An inscription intended for the better security of his treasure, no doubt. A wag however, not actuated by Roman apprehensions or Roman superstition, regardless of the sacred repository, ventured to take away the money, and wrote on the chest, *Non hic est, resurgetis.* Your god is risen, but is not here.

V. 1. *If a Dictator*—] Though the Scene is at *Athens*, and the characters supposed to be *Athenians*, yet as the Spectators were *Romans*, *Plautus* in this as well as in many other instances, alludes to the *Roman* officers and customs. Dictator was an officer of the *Romans*, not of the *Greeks*.

Where

Where I propos'd to go a foraging  
For money---Yes, he smoak'd me---On that coast  
No pilfer for marauders---

CALL. Your reporters,  
And listners after faults, by my good will,

V. 13. —Your reporters, &c.]

*Pessimum genus hominum videbatur, qui verba gestarent: sunt quidam qui gestant. Horum sermo multum nocet, nam etiamsi non statim officit: semina in animo relinquit, sequiturque nos etiam cum ab illis discesserimus, resurrexurum postea malum.*

Seneca, Epist. cxxiii.

Tale-bearers were reputed the worst sort of men: but some there are which bear vices. The speech of these sort of men <sup>is</sup> productive of much mischief: for although it hurts not instantly, yet it leaves some seeds in the mind; and it follows us even when we have left them, likely hereafter to enkindle in us a new evil.

It was usual to punish offenders in the part offending; thus liars and slanderers by cutting out or wounding the tongue; thieves, by cutting off the hand; and so of the rest. M. Dacier informs us in a note on the following passage in *Horace*, that the Greeks and Romans branded the belly of a gluttonous slave, the feet of a fugitive one, the hand of a thief, and the tongue of a babler.

*Quicquid quæsierat, ventri donaret avaro:  
Hic ubi nequitie fautoribus ac timidis nil  
Aut paulum abstulerat, patinas cænabit ornatas  
Vilis et agninae, tribus urfi quod satis esset;  
Scilicet ut ventris lamna candente nepotum  
Diceret urendos, corrector Bestius.* —

Lib. i. Epist. 15.

His throat devour'd whate'er his wit could gain.  
When uninvited, to some patron's board,  
Or when the dupes who fear'd him, would afford  
No dinner, tripe he thought most dainty meat,  
And more would swallow than three bears could eat.  
The spendthrift's pannuch, he then has oft been heard  
To say, with red hot iron should be fear'd.

JOHN DUNCOMBE.



Should both be hang'd; the former by the tongue, 15  
The latter by the ears--What you have heard

Again—

*Ulla si juris tibi pejerati  
Pana, Barine, nocuisset unquam;  
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno  
Turpior ungui;  
Credere: sed tu, simul obligasti  
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis  
Pulchrior mallo, juvenumque prodis  
Publica cura.*

Lib. ii. Od. 8.

If e'er the insulted powers had shed  
The slightest vengeance on thy head,  
If but a nail or tooth of thee,  
Were blackned by thy perjury,  
Again thy falsehood might deceive;  
And I the faithless vow believe;  
But when perfidious, you engage  
To meet high Heaven's vindictive rage,  
You rise, with heighten'd lustre fair,  
Of all our youth the publick care.

FRANCIS.

The story of *Porfena* and *Mucius Scaevola*, as related by the Roman historians at large in *Livy*, may be considered also as a farther illustration. There is an elegant epigram in *Martial* alluding to the story. The reader may not perhaps be displeased if I transcribe the whole of it.

*Dum peteret regem, decapta satellite dextra,  
Injecit sacris se peritura facis:  
Sed tam serua pius miracula non tulit hostis;  
Et raptum flammis iussit abire virum.  
Urere quam potuit contempto Mucius igne,  
Hanc spectare manum Porfena non posuit.  
Major decapta fama est, et gloria dextra.  
Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.*

Lib. i. Ep. 23.

The hand, which struck the servant for the king,  
Did in the fire itself a victim bring.  
The dreadful wonder mov'd the pious foe:  
He snatch'd the man from flames, and let him go.

Mucius

Of your son's love, and chousing you of money,  
May be a pack of lies---But were they true,  
As the world goes, what has he done surprising?  
'Tis nothing new, that a young man should love, 20  
And make his mistress free.

PSEU. [*apart.*] Well said, old boy!  
SIM. Tho' old the custom, I'd not have him fol-  
low it.

CALL. What you'd not have, it is in vain to say.  
I warrant, you ne'er did so in your youth:  
That father must be good indeed, who'd wish 25  
His son to be still better than himself.  
The pranks you've play'd, distributed about,  
Would serve the town---And is it then a wonder  
Your son should then thus imitate his father---

PSEU. [*apart.*] O Jove! How few men are there  
thus comode! 30  
Ay, ay! This is indeed to be a father.

SIM. Who is't that speaks here!--'Tis my servant  
*Pseudolus.*

This rascal's the corrupter of my son,  
His chief, his leader to the school of lust.  
I'd put him to the torture.

*Mucius unmov'd the hand to burn decreed;  
Persena could not view the tragic deed.  
The hand by falling gain'd a nobler fame;  
And less had done, had it not mis'd his aim.* HAT.

V. 30. O Jove!--] The original is in *Greek*, & *Zeu*, which *Limiers* observes, properly signifies, *the father of life*, from *tan, vivo*: and is the name the antients gave to *Jupiter*, whom they looked upon as the most powerful of all their gods, and, from that power, animating all things.

V. 34. --his leader, &c.] *Hic ille est pedagogus.* *Pedagogus* is properly a servant who attends upon his young master, takes care  
Y 2 of ]

CALL. Folly that, 35  
To be so quick in anger!—Sure 'tis better

of his behaviour and morals, and attends him to his exercises and to school. In this it is distinguished from *præceptor*; which meant one that took care of his studies, and instructed him in arts and sciences. This observation the reader will find in *Lipſius's* note on the following passage in *Seneca*—

*Pertinebit ad rem, præceptores pædagogosque putris placidos dare.*  
*De Ira, Lib. iii. cap. 22.*

It will be to the purpose to give to children such masters and attendants, who are gentle and kind.

Compare this with another passage in *Plautus*—

*Servum unum mittit, qui olim à puere parvulo,*  
*Mibi pædagogus fuit, quasi uti mihi feret*  
*Custos—* *Mercator, Prol. v. 89.*

With me he sends a slave too, who had been

Attendant to me in my infancy.

By way of governor—

Again—

—illud sis videri.

*Non pædagogum me, sed Lydum vocat.*

*Bacchides, Act I. Scene III. v. 29.*

—Observe that pray—

He does not call me leader now, but *Lydus*.

To which we may add a passage from *St. Paul's* Epistle to the *Galatians*—

*Ὅτι ὁ ῥήμους παιδαγωγὸς ἡμῶν γέγονεν ὁ Χριστὸς, ἵνα ἡμᾶς πύσω;*  
*δικαιοσύνης—* *Gal. c. iii. v. 24.*

The word *παιδαγωγός*, the *Latin* translators render *pædagogus*. Our *English* versions have it *school-master*. But they are wrong. The original (as a learned commentator, *Dr. Dodd*, has observed) does not signify a *school-master*, but *one who leads or conduces children to school*.

The

To address your son with calmness; and enquire  
Whether these things you hear abroad are true.

O, a good temper's half in half in evils.

SIM. I'll do as you would have me.

PSEU. [*apart.*] *Pseudolus*, 40

They're making up to thee—Now for a speech  
Against the old man comes—I first must greet,  
As it is right, my master, with him happiness.  
And, if I've any left, I'll give't my neighbours.

SIMO. [*to PSEU.*] Good day to you—What are you  
upon? 45

PSEU. My legs:  
Just as you see—

SIM. Observe his posture, *Callipho*.  
As if he were a person of condition.

CALL. I see he stands upright with good assurance.

PSEU. So should a servant who is innocent, 50  
Stand up with confidence—And chiefly so  
Before his master—

CALL. *Pseudolus*, we want  
Strictly to question you about some matters  
We've seen and heard as through a cloud, imper-  
fectly—

SIM. He has such command of words, you'd think  
'tis *Socrates*, 55  
Not *Pseudolus*, that holds you in discourse.

The reader will find more of this in *Plato's Republic*, and his  
*Lyfis*. But the passages are too long to be quoted in a note.

M. *De L'Oeuvre* observes, that among the antients, attend-  
ants in this sense, tutors, preceptors and physicians, now pro-  
fessions held in esteem, were then chiefly slaves.

V. 45. —*What are you upon?*] See *The Apparition*, Act II.  
Scene I, v. 27. and the note, Vol. III. of this translation.



PSEU. 'Tis so—You long have held me in contempt

I know; and little confidence have had in me.  
You'd make me out a villain; but shall find  
I shall appear to you an honest man. 60

SIM. See that there be free entrance, *Pseudolus*,  
In at your ears; so that my words may pass  
Whither I'd have them—

PSEU. Come then, speak your mind;  
Say what you will, yet am I angry with you.

SIM. You who're a slave, angry with me your  
master? 65

PSEU. Do you think that strange?

SIM. I do, by *Hercules*!  
Think strange, that I must guard against that anger  
Which you avow—You mean to make me suffer  
A different kind of sufferings from those  
You've us'd to bear from me—

CALL. Whate'er you think, 70  
He's right, in my opinion, to be angry,  
For that you question his integrity—

SIM. Well, let him be as angry as he will,  
I'll be upon my guard, he shall not hurt me—

V. 62. *In at your ears—*] The original is, *adis aurium*. *The*  
*house of your ears*. Meaning only *your ears*. An expression, re-  
sembling that of *Shakspeare*—

The fringed curtains of thy eyes advance,  
And say what thou seest yond—

*Tempest*, Act I. Scene V. *Prospero*.

Another, not much unlike it, we meet with also in *Hamlet*—

—in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment— Act I. Scene VIII. *Ghost*.

But

ACT I. SCENE V. 327

But tell me, what do you say?—What's this affair 75  
On which I question you?—

PSEU. If you would know  
What's in my power to tell you, why then ask me,  
Depending on an answer as authentick  
As from the *Delphick* oracle?—

V. 79. *As from the Delphick oracle*] A proverbial expression,  
to denote any thing that was true or absolutely certain. See  
*Erasmi Adagia*, Cent. i. Chil. 4.—80.

*Paulisper fremitus approbantium diBa fuit: monentiumque aliorum  
alios ut eas voces velut oraculo missas in pectora animosque demissas.*  
Ltvii. Lib. xxxiv. cap. 50.

For a while, nothing was heard but murmurs of applause; and  
they exhorted one another to regard and remember the advice, as  
the dictates of an oracle.

*Hoc ex oraculo Apollonis Pythii edita tibi puta. Nihil potest esse  
verius.* Cicero ad Brutum, Epist. ii.

Suppose this to be sent to you as from the oracle of *Apollo* of  
*Pythos*. Nothing can be more true.

*Hic tamen, et superà quos diximus, inferiores  
Partibus egregiè multis, multoque minores:  
Quaquam multa benè, ac divinitus invenientes,  
Ex adyto tanquam cordis responsa dedere  
Sanctius, et multò certa ratione magis, quam  
Pythia, quæ tripode ex Phœbi, lauroque profatur,  
Principiis tamen in rerum fecere ruinas,  
Et graviter magni magno cecidere ibi casu.*  
Lucretius, Lib. i. v. 735.

Yet he, with all the meaner others nam'd;  
Tho' for some rare invention justly fam'd,  
Which they have left as oracles, more sure  
Than from the tripod spoke, and less obscure  
Than those the ancients from the *Pythia* heard,  
In the first seeds of things had greatly err'd. CREECH.

SIM. Then mind me,  
And take good heed you keep your promise---  
Well, 80

What say you?---Know you that my son's in love,  
And with a musick-girl?

PSEU. [*aside.*] I must deny it---

SIM. Whom he would fain make free?---

PSEU. This and that too,  
I do deny---

SIM. And that by fraud and cunning,  
You're now contriving to get out of me 85  
Some twenty minæ---

PSEU. I, Sir! out of you!

SIM. Ay, out of me: which you may give my son  
To free his mistress---

PSEU. This too, Sir, and that  
I do confess---

CALL. Come, come, he owns the fact---

SIM. Have I not said as much to you but now? 90

CALL. I recollect---

SIM. Why, when you knew all this,  
Was it conceal'd?---Why was I kept i'th' dark?

PSEU. I'll tell you---'Twas because I did not care  
To be the author of so bad a custom,  
As for a servant to accuse his master, 95  
And to his master---

SIM. Would you not advise  
To have this fellow drag'd by neck and heels  
Strait to the work-house?

CALL. Has he done amiss?

SIM. Amiss?---Yes much amiss---

V. 86. *Some twenty minæ.*] See the table of coins, in the  
first volume of this work.

ACT I. SCENE V. 329

PSEU. Desist, I beg you—[10 CALL.  
I understand my own affairs—The fault 100  
Is mine—Attend then, and I'll tell you why  
I kept the secret of your son's amour,  
I knew that if I had inform'd you of it,  
I had been sent that instant to the work-house.

SIM. And knew you not the work-house was your  
doom, 105  
If you did not discover it?

PSEU. Why yes.

SIM. Then why not tell it me?—

PSEU. Because this was  
A present evil; t'other, farther off:  
This is the spot, and that a little distant.

SIM. And what's now to be done?—You cannot  
trick 110  
Me of the money who have smoak'd your plot.  
And I'll take care to make the affair so publick,  
No one shall trust you for the smallest sum.

PSEU. I shall apply to none, while you're alive.  
You will yourself lay down the money, Sir— 115  
Of you I'll have it.

SIM. Have of me the money?

PSEU. Undoubtedly—

SIM. Yes, you shall have an eye  
Out of this head, if e'er I give it you.

PSEU. You'll give it tho'—I tell you this, that you  
May be upon your guard now—

SIM. CALL. This I know 120  
For certain, that if you get ought from me,  
It will be great and wonderful, indeed—

PSEU. I'll do it—

SIM. If you don't—

PSEU. Why then, the scourge.  
And



And now, what if I do?—

SIM. *Jove* be my witness!

You shall live ever free from punishment. 125

PSEU. See you remember.—

SIM. Shall I not take heed,  
When I'm forewarn'd?—

PSEU. Take heed, I say, take heed,  
Still I forewarn you—With those very hands  
You will pay me the money—

CALL. By *Pollux'* temple!

A clever fellow if he keeps his word!— 130

PSEU. Make me your slave for ever if I don't.

SIM. Kindly said that, when you are mine already!

PSEU. Shall I then tell you both more wonders  
still?

CALL. Those I'd fain hear—I list with pleasure  
to you.

SIM. Come on, I list with pleasure to you too. 135

PSEU. Yet e'er I fight this fight, I'll fight another,  
Which shall be still more famous and more me-  
morable.

SIM. What fight?—

PSEU. A victory o'er this pandar here—  
By fraud and artful tricks, this musick-girl  
Your son so loves, I'll cheat this fellow of. 140

SIM. Say you?—

PSEU. This evening bring them both  
to bear.

SIM. Then do but as you say, and king *Agathocles*

V. 130. *A clever fellow*—] *mortalem graphicum*. See *The Dis-*  
*covery*, A& IV. Scene I. v. 21. of this translation, and the note.

V. 142. —*king Agathocles*—] See *The Apparition*, A& III.  
Scene II. v. 87. of this translation, and the note.

ACT I. SCENE V. 331

In valorous deeds is but a fool to you.  
But, should you fail, can you shew any cause  
I should not strait confine you to the work-house? 145

PSEU. Not only for a day, but, troth, for ever.  
But tell me, if I should effect my purpose,  
With good will, will you then advance the money,  
To pay to the procurer out of hand?

CALL. He asks but right—Say, Yes, I'll give it  
him— 150

SIM. But know you, Sir, what's come into my  
mind.

Suppose they lay their heads together, *Callipho*,  
And in compact, by some invented trick;  
They should contrive to chouse me of my money.

PSEU. 'Twere impudence beyond compare, for  
me 155

To attempt so foul a deed—And, if in compact,  
Any contrivance, *Simo*, we have form'd,  
Or ever join'd in this affair together;  
Write on my back with elm-twigs for your styles,  
As thick as you would letters in a book. 160

SIM. Proclaim the games as soon as e'er you  
please.

PSEU. I beg you, *Callipho*, give me this day,  
And don't engage yourself in other business.

CALL. I had determin'd yesterday, to go  
This day into the country.

PSEU. Change your scheme. 165

CALL. On this occasion then, I'll stay, that's certain,  
I have a mind to see these games of yours.

V. 159. —for your styles,] *Stilis ulmeis conscribito*. He should  
have said *elm twigs*; but as he had said *conscribito*, *write*, he says  
*styles*; what the ancients made use of in writing, as we do a pen.

And

And if I see my friend refuse his promise,  
Rather than so, I will pay down the money—

SIM. I shall not change my purpose.

PSEU. If you do, 170  
Both ears shall hear of it, by *Pollux*' temple!

Come on, remove you in doors for a while,  
And leave me room in turn to play my tricks in.

SIM. Then be it so—You e'en shall have your way.

PSEU. But I must have you keep at home— 175

SIM. This too  
I'll do to humour you—

CALL. Well, I must hence  
To th' Forum—I'll be back again immediately—

SIM. Make hast then, and return—

[*Excunt CALL. and SIMO severally.*]

PSEU. [*to the spectators.*] I much suspect  
That you suspect I mean but to amuse you,

With all my feats, while this my play is acting; 180  
And never do what I have said I would.

I shall not change my purpose—'Tis full sure

It will be so; but by what means I know not—

Only, that so it will be—Who appears

First on the scene, in some new character, 185

Should shew some new invention—If he cannot,

Let him resign his place to one who can.

Permit me therefore to withdraw a while,

V. 178. *I must suspect—*] *Suspicio est mihi nunc vos suspicariet.*

V. 189. *To bring my tricks together—*] *Dum concenturio*, which *Nonnius* informs us, signified to collect together, from the centuries or companies of an hundred men, meeting together to give their votes.

To bring my tricks together—In the mean time,  
Our player on the flute shall entertain you. 190

[Exit.]

\* \* The Prologue to this piece, quite different from that of most others of *Plautus*, says nothing at all of the subject of it; but is calculated merely to bespeak the attention and favour of the spectators. The first Act is opened by *Calidorus* and his servant *Pseudolus*; to whom the young man communicates a letter he had received from his mistress, in which she mentions the very day the *Macedonian* captain had fixed to demand her of the pandar, of whom he had purchased her; which he most certainly would do, unless prevented. This affair *Pseudolus* undertakes, and also to procure the money necessary to accomplish it. This is the business of the first Scene. In the second, *Ballio* the pandar appears. He appoints his men slaves their respective duties, and then threatens all his women slaves with severe discipline, if they do not procure him from their gallants presents on his birth-day, which he is now preparing to celebrate. *Calidorus* and *Pseudolus* are retired apart to a corner of the stage; and overhear all this with great composure, till he addresses himself with the same threats to *Phanicius*, who was his mistress. *Calidorus* unable to endure this any longer, attacks him, in the third Scene, and tries every argument to engage him to put *Phanicius* into his hands. But *Ballio*, deaf to all his entreaties, is not moved either by the kindnesses he had heretofore received of him, nor by the distress he sees him in at present. Money is his sole object; and he fairly tells him, if he does not come down handsomely, he has nothing to expect from him: and, like a true pandar, fairly promises him to break his word with the *Macedonian* captain, provided he would give him the same sum he had agreed to take of him for the slave he was to deliver up to him. On this, he returns into his own house, and *Calidorus* soon after quits the stage; leaving *Pseudolus* alone in the fourth Scene, to consider of ways and means to procure this money. For this purpose he has thoughts of attacking *Simo*, his young master's father, but scarce knows how to bring it about. When, in the fifth Scene, *Simo* and his friend *Callipho* make their appearance. *Simo* is very angry with *Pseudolus*, for assisting his young master in his amour. When *Pseudolus*, who had stood apart to listen to their conversation, joins them. *Simo* asks him some questions



in regard to the slave with whom he had found out his son had an intrigue. *Pseudolus* at first denies the fact. But, observing that *Callipho* seemed to be in his interest, he changes his battery, and avows the debt. *Simo* finding himself obliged to put up with what he could not avoid, comforts himself, with affirming that neither *Pseudolus* nor his young master *Calidorus* should ever get any money of him, in order to procure that slave her liberty. *Pseudolus* then with no small share of effrontery, lays a wager with him, that he will find out some way to chouse him out of the money. The good man wagers the contrary; and, confident of winning, begins to turn the affair he was just now so angry at, into raillery. Not only so, but *Pseudolus* goes one step farther, and wagers that he will bear off *Phantiscus* from the pander's house before night. This new proposal astonishes the old man; and he is so diverted with it, and esteems it such a rarity, that he promises the money to *Pseudolus*, that he wanted, provided he brought it to bear. Thus ends this Act; and the time necessary for *Pseudolus* to think on ways and means to accomplish his design, naturally fills up the first interval.

### End of the FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter PSEUDOLUS.*

**O** *Jupiter!* whate'er I undertake,  
 How pretty, and how prosperous is the event!  
 Whatever project in my mind is form'd,  
 I neither doubt of the event, nor fear it.  
 'Tis folly with a timorous heart, to attempt  
 A great exploit.—For all affairs turn out  
 According as we manage them, and raise them  
 Into importance—By premeditation  
 So well am I provided with my forces, 10  
 My double, triple tricks and perfidies,  
 That wheresoe'er I meet the foe, relying  
 On my own wicked industry and wit,  
 Deceitful, I may confidently say,  
 My perfidies will give an easy conquest, 15  
 And furnish me with plunder cheaply purchas'd.  
 First you shall see how cleverly I'll batter  
 This *Ballio*, this our common enemy.  
 This town will I besiege with such success,

V. 17. *I'll batter This Ballio—*] *Ballionem exballistabo.* *Ballista* or *ballista*, is a warlike engine out of which they threw or shot stones or darts. *Exballisto* seems to be a word formed from *Ballista*, with some similitude of *Ballio* the name of the Procurer, which we have endeavour'd to imitate by translating it *I'll batter this Ballio*. The whole of what follows, to the end of the speech, is an allusion to military operations. We meet also with the same metaphorical way of speaking and the same military allusion in his *Bacchides*, A& IV. Scene IV. v. 58, 59.

This

This day it shall surrender.—Hither, ay, 20  
 Hither I'll march my legions.—If I sack it,  
 I soon shall make all easy to my friends.  
 This done, to the old town I'll march my army;  
 There load myself and my allies with plunder;  
 Then put my enemies to fear and flight; 25  
 And make them know I'm somebody.—A man  
 So born should such exploits perform, as may  
 Make him illustrious to posterity.  
 Who have we here? What unknown fellow's this  
 That meets my eyes? I'd fain know what he means; 30  
 [seeing HARPAX at a distance,  
 And with a sword—I'll lye in ambush for him.—  
 [retires apart.

## SCENE II.

Enter HARPAX, foot-boy to the CAPTAIN.

HAR. This is the place, and this the very spot  
 My master pointed out to me, if rightly  
 My eyes the measure take of the directions,  
 Which thus my master gave me—From the gate  
 The seventh house; that house the captain told me, 5  
 Where the procurer liv'd; to whom he bad me  
 Carry this money, and this ring.—I wish  
 Some one for certain would inform me where  
 This *Ballio* lives—

PSEU. [*aside*.] 'St! 'St!—This is my man.  
 If gods and men do not at once desert me,  
 Here is new matter, that requires new counsel. 10  
 I at first sight, find I must change my measures,  
 And alter my first battery—A smart onset

I'll

ACT II. SCENE II. 337

I'll make upon this soldier-like appearance,  
This captain's messenger—

HAR. I'll beat the door,  
And call out some one hither from the house. 15

PSEU. Whoe'er you are, I soon shall stop your  
knocking,  
I, patron and defender of these doors.

HAR. Are you then *Ballio*?

PSEU. No: I'm *Under-Ballio*.—

HAR. How's that?

PSEU. Why, yeoman of the larder, butler,  
And caterer.

HAR. O ho! that's to say, his porter. 20

PSEU. Nay, I'm above his porter.

V. 18. —*I'm Under-Ballio*.] The original is, *sum Subballio*. So *Pseudolus* calls himself, as he is inferior to *Ballio*, who is his master. *Gronovius*, in his *Lectiones Plautinae* informs us, that *Cicero*, in his Epistles to *Atticus*, speaks of a *Submarinus*, one under *Marius*: and that *Tertullian* calls *Domitian-Subnero*, one just inferior to *Nero* in cruelty. *Plautus* calls an underbutler *suppromus*, or *subpromus*.

*Postea saginâ ego ejiciar cellaria,  
Ut qui tibi promat, alium suppromum pares.*

*Miles Gloriosus*, Act III. Scene II. v. 31.

— then shall I

Be ousted from my battening post, that you

May have an underbutler to your mind,

To draw you wine in plenty—

THORNTON.

So in our universities, at this time, we have *subpromus*, underbutler, *subcoquus*, undercook; and to go to the head of the college, when he is called *gordianus*, warden; the next in authority under him, is called *subgordianus*, subwarden.

V. 20. —*his porter*.] *Alriensem*, his master of the hall; which term has been explained more than once in the course of these notes.



HAR. Then what are you?  
Are you a slave, or freeman?

PSEU. I'm as yet  
A slave.

HAR. So it should seem; nor by your looks  
E'er likely to be otherwise.

PSEU. When you  
Abuse another, do you ne'er look back  
Upon yourself?

HAR. A fly chap! [aside.

PSEU. As the gods  
Shall love and favour me, this man's my anvil:  
And many a project shall I forge on him. [aside.

V. 25. — do you ne'er look back, &c.] We meet with the same  
sentiment again in our author:

— *qui alterum incusat probri, eum ipsum se intueri oportet* —  
Terulentus. Act I. Scene II. v. 58.

— those who twit others with their faults,  
Should look at home. —

The learned reader will recollect pretty much the same in  
Horace.

*Quum tua prætoras oculis male dippus inunctis,  
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum  
Quam aut aquila aut serpens Epidaurius? Ad tibi contra  
Evenit, inquirant vitia, ut tua rursus et illi.*

Lib. i. Sat. iii. v. 25.

For wherefore while you carelessly pass by  
Your own worst vices with unheeding eye,  
Why so sharp-sighted in another's fame,  
Strong as an eagle's ken or dragon's boom?  
But know that he with equal spleen shall view,  
With equal rigour shall thy faults pursue. FRANCIS.

It is also made use of by St. Matthew, chap. vii. ver. 3, 4, 5.

ACT II. SCENE II. 339

HAR. What is it he keeps muttering to himself?

PSEU. What is't you say, young man?

HAR. What is't I say? 30

PSEU. Com'st thou or no, from the *Macedonian*  
captain

A messenger, who bought a girl of us?

Who fifteen minæ to my master paid,

And owes five more?---

HAR. I do--But how i'th' world  
Do you know me? where seen, or spoke to me? 35

For I have never been before at *Athens*;

Nor, till this day have e'er set eyes on you.

PSEU. I thought you seem'd from thence; because  
your master

Appointed, when he went away, this day

For payment of the money; and ne'er sent it.

HAR. Here 'tis.

PSEU. And have you brought it?

HAR. Ay, myself.

PSEU. Why then not give it me?

HAR. Give it to you? 40

PSEU. By *Hercules*! to me, I'm *Ballio's* steward,  
Look after his accounts; receive, lay out,  
And pay his money where 'tis due.

HAR. By *Hercules*!

If you was treasurer to *Jove* supreme,

I would not trust you with a doit.

PSEU. How stout 45

Soe'er you are, the money will be paid.

V. 45. *How stout*—*Soe'er you are*—] The original is, *Dum tu strenuas, while you make yourself stout*. *Strenuo*, a verb active, is a word of *Plautus's* coining. Some commentators, not having regard to this, would read *strenuas*, others *sternuis*; but *Plautus* coins words so very frequently, there seems no need of alteration.

HAR. No, I shall rather keep it closer.

PSEU. Fic!

Are you the first man that has found the way  
To call in question my fidelity;  
As if I was not often trusted with  
Six hundred times as much

50

HAR. Others may trust you;  
But by my troth, not I.

PSEU. Why, that's as if  
You said I should defraud you--

HAR. You say that--  
\*Tis but as if I only should suspect it.

But what's your name?  
PSEU. [*aside.*] This pandar has a slave  
Call'd Syrus--I will say that I am he--  
My name is Syrus. [*to him.*]

HAR. Syrus?

PSEU. That's my name.

HAR. We waste the time.--If Ballio is at home,  
Why, call him forth, that I may do my message,  
Whatever your name may be.

PSEU. Were he within,  
I'd call him--But if you will give it me,  
The business shall be better done, than if  
You gave it him.

The change however is only the transposition of a single letter;  
and then the translation might be

—As soon

As you can sneeze, the money will be paid.

The reader will adopt which he best approves of.

V. 49. *To call in question my fidelity.*] The original is, *meum  
qui furcillus fidem.* *Forcillo* or *furcillo*, another word of Plautus's  
coining; literally, *do you thrust out my fidelity as with a pitch-fork.*

ed T

HAR.

ACT II. SCENE II. 341

HAR. But you're to know, my master  
Sent me to pay this money, not to lose it.  
You're in a fever now, because you can't  
Lay your claws on it. I'll not trust a doit, 65  
To any one, except to *Ballo's* self.

PSEU. But he is busy now: he has a cause  
Before the judge.

HAR. Success attend him in it!  
And when I judge that he's at home, I'll come  
Again—Here take this letter; give it him: 70  
For there's the token between both our masters  
About the girl.

PSEU. I know full well, my master,  
Order'd the girl shou'd be deliver'd him,  
Who with the money shou'd produce his figure  
Cut on a ring; and left its fellow here. 75

HAR. You know the whole affair.

PSEU. Ay, what should hinder?

HAR. Then, give this ring to him—

PSEU. Depend upon it.  
And now what is your name?—

HAR. *Harpax*.

PSEU. How! *Harpax*!  
I like you not, friend *Harpax*! and, by *Hercules*! 80  
You shall not come within these doors, for fear  
You verify your name; call'd rightly *Harpax*.

HAR. I us'd to carry captives off alive.

V. 74. — *his figure—Cut on a ring—*] The reader will observe,  
that there is an incident very like this in *The Parasite*. Vol. IV.  
of this translation.

V. 82. *You verify your name—*] The original is, *Ne quid  
harpax feceris*. *Harpax*, a thief, from *ἀρπάξω*, to take any thing by  
force, to plunder. See the note on Act I. Scene II. v. 11.



From battle, y<sup>e</sup> thence I had the name of *Harpax*.

PSEU. Rather, by *Pollux*! from your carrying off 85  
From houses, pots and kettles.

HAR. 'Tis not so.  
I scorn your words. But, *Syrus*, do you know  
What I'd beg of you?

PSEU. Yes, if you would tell me.

HAR. I go to step aside into a tavern,  
The third without the gate; 'tis kept by *Chrysis*, 90  
A tun-bellied, lame, heavy crone—

PSEU. What then?

HAR. That you, as soon as e'er your master comes,  
May send for me from thence—

PSEU. Ay, if you chuse it—

HAR. For as I am fatigu'd with my long journey,  
I want refreshment—

PSEU. Sensible enough! 95

I like your scheme—But when I send for you,  
Be sure you're in the way—

HAR. O, after dinner  
My business always is, to take a nap—

PSEU. That I suppose—

HAR. Have you ought else with me?

PSEU. Only that you will go and take your nap—100

HAR. I'm gone—

PSEU. But hark you, *Harpax*!—Take good care  
That you have clothes enough to cover you;

A sweat will do you good. [Exit HARPA.

V. 91. —*heavy crone*.] The original is, *anum diabolarem*.

So in *Panulus*, A& I. Scene II. v. 58. *Scortum diabolarium* is  
used for a common slut, a hackney. In the first instance, M. De  
L'Oeuvre, from some other commentators, says, the meaning is,  
where you may sup for two oboli, and others, *one quæ prostituta*  
herself for two oboli. But Gronovius has sufficiently shewn the  
absurdity

SCENE III.

PSEUDOLUS *alone.*

PSEU. Immortal gods!

This fellow by his coming has preserv'd me:  
And by his journey, when I'd lost my way,  
Has put me right again. E'en Opportunity  
Herself could ne'er have come more opportunely, 5  
Than he, that opportunely brought this letter.  
My horn of plenty this, in which, whate'er  
I wish'd is all contain'd. Here are my wiles,  
Here all my stratagems, here all my tricks;  
My money's here; here my young master's mistress. 10  
Now shall I boast, from what a fertile fund  
Of thoughts in my own breast I did delineate  
Exactly in what manner I should act,  
So as to steal the girl from the procurer.  
All things beforehand plann'd and decorated, 15  
In order just as I myself would have them.  
And all my schemes are form'd with certainty—  
But this affair in truth will thus succeed  
Meerly by fortune—For the goddess Fortune

absurdity of this interpretation. *Aldus*, and some subsequent editions read *anum doliarem*; the sense will then be an old gorballed bag, or one as big as a ton.

V. 4. —*E'en Opportunity herself*—] The ancients personified opportunity, and made a goddess of her.

V. 19. —*the goddess Fortune, &c.*] The following passage from *Pliny the younger*, may serve to explain and illustrate this observation of *Plautus*—

Frustrates the counsels of a hundred wise heads. 20  
 And 'tis but truth—The man who knows to use  
 His fortune, he supposes all : by all  
 Is therefore call'd a man of understanding.  
 Whoe'er we find successful in his counsels,  
 We call a prudent man—The unsuccessful 25  
 We hold a fool—Fools as we are, we know not  
 How greatly we're mistaken, when so ardently  
 We pray the gods to grant us what we wish :  
 As if 'twere possible for us to know,  
 What will turn out to our advantage—Thus 30

*Et amnino iniquum, sed usu receptum, quod honesta consilia, vel turpia, prout male aut prosperè cedunt, ita vel probantur, vel reprehenduntur. Inde plerumque eadem facta, modo diligentia, modo vanitatis, modo libertatis, modo furoris nomen accipiunt.* Lib. v. Epist. xxi.

It is certain nothing is less equitable, yet more common, than to see honest or corrupt counsels approved of, or condemned, according as they fail or prosper. From hence it often happens, that the same actions take different denominations, sometimes of zeal; sometimes of vanity, sometimes of liberty, and sometimes of madness.

Lord ORRERY.

The making a goddess of fortune, *Juvenal* mentions in the following lines—

*Nullum vamen habes, si sit prudentia : sed te*

*Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam, cæloque locamus—*

Sat. x. V. 365.

—All the powers

Will be our own, if wisdom be but ours.

And yet to thee, vain Fortune, we have given

The name of goddess, and plac'd thee in heaven.

SIR ROBERT STAPFYLTON.

33 V. 25. —we hold a fool—] *Boxhornius* observes that the whole tenth Satire of *Juvenal*, is an illustration and comment on this passage.

We

ACT II. SCENE III. 345

We lose a certainty, and grasp a shadow—  
What follows, but i' th' midst of pains and labour,  
Death creeps upon us in the interim.—

V. 30. —*we lose a certainty*—] We meet with a passage very similar to this in *Seneca*.

*Fluamus, aliudque ex alio comprehendimus; petita relinquimus, relicta repetimus. Alterna inter cupiditatem nostram, et penitentiam vices sunt. Pendemus enim toti ex alienis judiciis: et id optimum nobis videtur, quod petitores laudatoresque multos habet, non id quod laudandum petendumque est.* De Otio Sapientis, cap. xxviii.

We are continually fluctuating, and embrace first one thing, then another. What we have wished for, we leave, and wish again for what we have deserted. We undergo a perpetual vicissitude of desire and repentance. For we depend entirely upon the judgement of other men; and that, in our opinion, seemeth the best which is desired and praised by most; and not that which we ought ourselves to desire and esteem.

The same sentiment is also very elegantly expressed in *Horace*.

—*Quid? mea quum pugnat sententia secum:*

*Quod petiit, spernit; repetitum nuper omisit,*

*Æstuat, ac vitæ disconvenit ordine toto;*

*Diris, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?*

Lib. i. Epist. i. V. 96.

But if my judgement with itself at strife,  
Should contradict my general course of life,  
Should now despise, what it with warmth pursu'd,  
And earnest wish for what with scorn it view'd;  
Float like the tide, now high the building raise,  
Now pull it down; nor round nor square can please.

FRANCIS.

And again—

—*Amata relinquere pernix—*

*Art Poetica*, V. 165.

—*swift to leave, what late his fancy charm'd—*

FRANCIS.

But



But I philosophize, and prate too long—  
 Immortal gods! my late invented lye 35  
 Was worth its weight in gold; when I pretended  
 That I belong'd to the procurer here.  
 Now with this letter, I'll deceive three persons;  
 My master, the procurer, and the bearer.  
 I now shall be upon a par with them— 40  
 Another thing too which I wish'd, has happen'd.  
 See, *Callidorus* comes! A stranger with him!  
*[Stands apart.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter CALIDORUS and CHARINUS, in discourse.*

CAL. I've told you all my pleasures, all my pains;  
 My love, my trouble and my needs you're now  
 Inform'd of.

CHA. All of them I bear in mind.  
 Tell me but this, what 'tis you'd have me do?

CAL. All those, and other things besides I men-  
 tion'd, 5  
 That you might fully understand the affair  
 About the token—

CHA. I tell you, I know all—  
 Let me but know, what you would have me do.

CAL. Well, you must know then, *Pseudolus* thus  
 order'd;

V. 36. *Was worth its weight in gold,*] *aurichalko contra non cardum fuit.* There is much dispute among the commentators, what *aurichalcum* or *orichalcum* properly was. *Bochart* has a long chapter on it—see *Hierozoica Lib. vi. cap. 16*—But all agree, it was a metal in great esteem, and much valued by the ancients, which is sufficient for our thus translating it. The reader may see it explained in *FRANCIS and HURD's* notes, on V. 202 of *Horace's Art of Poetry*.

That

ACT II. SCENE IV. 347

That I should bring him one who wish'd me well 10  
And zealous in my cause---

CHA. You well observe  
Your orders: for a friend and a well-wisher,  
You're bringing---But that *Pseudolus* to me's  
A stranger---

CAL. Quite a man as one could wish.  
He's my inventor: and has promis'd me 15  
He'll bring to pass all for me which I've told you.

PSEU. Now in a lofty strain will I address him.

CAL. Whose voice is that I hear there?

PSEU. [*advancing.*] Io! Io!  
Io! thrice sovereign lord!--'Tis you I want,  
Who're sovereign over *Pseudolus*---'Tis you 20  
I'm looking for, to give you three times joy,  
A triple joy, three joys three ways obtain'd,  
By three tricks, three-times earn'd, over three parties,  
Thro' wickedness, craft, fallacy triumphant,

V. 14. --a stranger--] *Novus mihi est*, literally, *he is new to me*. He means, he had never heard his name; nor knew him even by sight.

V. 14. *Quite a man as one could wish.*] The original is, *mortalis graphicus*. See Act I. Scene V. v. 143. Note.

V. 19. --thrice sovereign lord--] The original is, *Io, tyranne*. *Tyrannus* did not always signify tyrant; but king, or supreme governor, sovereign lord in a good sense. So the Greeks used their word *tyrannos*.

*Pars mihi pacis erit dextram tetigisse tyranni.*

VIRGIL. *Æneidos*, Lib. vii. V. 266.

---To me 'twill prove

A pledge of peace, to touch that monarch's hand.

TRAPP

Seal'd

Seal'd in this little scroll, to you I've brought them. 25

CAL. This is the man--

CHA. The rascal's in heroicks!

CAL. Advance thy steps and join him--

PSEU. Give thy hand  
Freely to him who has sav'd thee--

CAL. Tell me, *Pseudolus*,  
What god shall I salute thee as?--As hope,  
Or as salvation?

PSEU. Both, both--rather both-- 30

CAL. Well then, as both I do salute thee--  
What's done?

PSEU. What fear you?

CAL. I have brought the person,

PSEU. What, brought him, say you?

CAL. I would say, conducted-- 35

PSEU. Who is it?

CAL. Why, *Charinus*.

PSEU. O, well done!

There's a good omen in the name.

CHA. Whate'er  
Is necessary to be done, command me.

PSEU. My thanks--Good day, *Charinus*--But I  
would not,  
You think us troublesome. 40

V. 30. Or as salvation?--] See *The Captives*, Vol. I. of this translation, Act III. Scene III. v. 18. Note.

V. 37. *There's a good omen in the name.*] The original is Greek. *Χαρίων εὐνοίαν τοῦ*, alluding to his name, *Charinus*, from *χαρις*, grace, kindness, good will. Some editions read *χαίρει εὐνοίαν volo*. I wish to hail the omen. Aldus has it in Latin, *Charinum volo*. Another commentator tells us, an ancient MSS. has it, *χαίρει χαρίων volo*, I wish to hail *Charinus*, and contends for it as the right reading. Which of them is adopted, is not very material.

ACT II. SCENE IV. 349

CHA. You troublesome!

That word to me is all that's troublesome.

PSEU. Then say no more---

CHA. What have you in your head?

PSEU. I've intercepted but e'en now this letter :  
With it, this token---

CHA. Token?---Say what token?

PSEU. Why, that the captain sent here by his  
servant,

With it five minæ---He was to carry off 45  
Your mistress---But I eas'd him of it---

CAL. How?

PSEU. For these spectators is the play perform'd;  
And if they know it who were present at it,  
I'll tell it you another time.

CAL. But what's 50  
The present business?

PSEU. To embrace your mistress,  
And to embrace her free.

CAL. Shall I?

PSEU. Ay, you---

CAL. Myself!

PSEU. Yourself, I say---sure as I live,  
So you procure me speedily a man---

CAL. What sort of man?

PSEU. One cunning, arch and crafty;  
One, who when he's possess'd of the beginning  
Of an affair, knows by his ingenuity 55  
What part he has to act. He must be one  
Besides, who has little visited these quarters---

CHA. Um! Does it matter ought if he's a slave?

PSEU. 'Twere better so than free.

CHA.



CHA. I think, I can  
Fit you with one, cunning and arch enough, 60  
One from *Charysto*, just come from his father.  
He has not yet been out of doors, arriv'd  
But yesterday at *Athens*.

PSEU. That's all right.  
But 'twill besides be requisite to borrow  
Five minas, which I will repay this day. 65  
His father owes me one.

CHA. I'll lend them you,  
Look out no farther.

PSEU. You're the man I wanted---  
But I shall want a soldier's coat, a sword,  
And hat.

CHA. With them I will equip you too.

PSEU. Immortal gods! I'll now no longer call  
you 79  
*Charinus*, but *Abundance*. But this slave,  
That's from *Charysto* come, what! is he arch?

CHA. E'en from his cradle.

V. 61. *One from Charysto, just come from his father.*] *Charysto* was a city of *Greece*, situated on the eastern coast of the island of *Negropont*, over against the island of *Andros*. It is at this time an episcopal see.

V. 66. *His father owes me one.*] The original is, *unam hujus mihi debet pater*. *Salmafius* is of opinion, that instead of *unam* we should read *quinque*, i. e. *quinque minas, five minas*. But it appears by what passes in Scene V. and what happened afterwards, that it is better to follow the correction of *Palmerius*, who reads *omne hujus mihi debet pater*, his father is indebted to me the whole sum. For *Simo* had absolutely promised to give the twenty minas in question to *Rufidolus*, and *Callippe* was at all events to be accountable to him for it, if the other old man went from his word.

*Limiers from Gronovius.*

PSEU.

PSEU. Then 'tis fit he should  
Have a long coat with sleeves—But has he in him  
Any thing sharp?—

CHA. Ay, marry! very sharp. 75

PSEU. But can he on occasion, draw out sweets  
From the same cask; from his own breast I mean?—  
Has he of that?

CHA. And make you that a question?  
He has nectar, sweet wine, wine enrich'd with herbs,  
Mead, sweets of all sorts—Nay, he once intended so  
To set up in his breast a shop to sell them.

PSEU. O brave! O rare! Charinus the facetious!  
At my own game you beat me—But what name  
Am I to call this slave by?

V. 75. — *Any thing sharp*—] The original is, *acridus habet in homo aceti*? To which Charinus replies, *atque acidissimi*—Literally, *has he any vinegar in his composition?*—*Ay, of the sharpest sort.* It seems here to be used for *smartness, cunning, sagacity, subtilty.* And the use of the word in these kind of metaphorical senses, is not uncommon.

Our author again.

*Nunc expejor, sine aceto tibi peracere in pectore.*

Bacchides, A& III. Scene III. v. 1.

—Now will I try

If you have any spirit of resentment—

*Stoicus hic, aurem mordaci lotus aceto—*

Perfius, Sat. v. Ver. 86.

—Oh, here stands by

A well taught Stoick, whose more purged ear

Is wash'd as 'twere with truth's sharp vinegar.

Sir ROBERT STAPYLTON.

Thus literally; but it means, *the Stoick truly disciplin'd.* We have made use of the word *sharp*, as it signifies, *acute, cunning, subtle, ingenious*, as well as *acid.*

CHA.

CHA. *Simia.*

PSEU. Does he know how to extricate himself 85

When hamper'd?

CHA. Not a whirlwind is so speedy,

PSEU. Subtle?

CHA. In great rogueries, very frequently.

PSEU. When caught in the manner, how behaves he then?

CHA. O, like an eel, he slips away from you.

PSEU. And is he knowing?

CHA. Yes, as any register. 90

PSEU. By your account, he is the man we want.

CHA. To tell you more—Let him but fix his eyes Upon you, he will tell you what you'd have with him. But what is't you're about?

PSEU. I'll tell you then.

As soon as ever I've equipp'd my man, 95

I'd have him personate the captain's slave—

To the procurer let him bear this token;

With it five minæ; and bring off the girl.

Thus ends the whole of this my comedy.

But I'll instruct him how to act in all. 100

CAL. What do we wait for now?

PSEU. Go, bring the man

Accoutred quite compleat, to *Æschinus*

The banker's—But make hast

CHA. We shall be there

Before you—

PSEU. Get you gone then speedily.

[*Exeunt CAL. and CHA.*

Whate'er before was doubtful or uncertain, 105

Now clears, and I can see the light before me.

My legions, every one beneath his standard,  
I will draw out, according as I please,  
And with auspicious omen. Oh! I feel  
That I shall crush my foes. Now to the Forum, 110  
To load this *Simia* with my weighty precepts,  
That nothing fail of all he has to do;  
But the whole trick be carried handsomely.  
The pandar's fort shall now be ta'en by storm.

[Exit]

• • *Pseudolus*, who, as the affair he had undertaken was difficult, had not yet come to any fixed determination, opens this Act with a soliloquy, expressive of different ways by which he thinks the business might be accomplished. When in the second Scene, *Harpax*, a foot-boy of the *Macedonian* captain, appears, whom *Pseudolus* stands aside to observe. When, overhearing the business he was sent about, he determines to make him the engine to accomplish his design. Finding that the boy was ordered to pay the money to the pandar's steward, and recollecting that he had a servant whose name was *Syrus*, he tells the foot-boy, that he was the person; that his name was *Syrus*, and that he might pay the money to him. This the foot-boy refuses; insisting upon it that he will pay it only to *Ballio* himself, who *Pseudolus* tells him is not at home: but supposing *Pseudolus* to be really a servant of *Ballio* the procurer's, he gives him the letter and the ring his master had sent him to deliver to him. And to give the affair a greater air of truth, *Pseudolus* asks *Harpax* where he is to be met with; and promises, when *Ballio*, whose servant he pretends to be, is come home, he will inform him of it. On this assurance, *Harpax* goes to get some refreshment, and resolves to wait with patience till the procurer's return. This leaves *Pseudolus* alone; who in the third Scene, congratulates himself on this beginning of his good fortune, which puts him in a way of pushing it on. His having the letter, and the ring, by means of which he was sure of bearing off *Phœnicium*, was a great thing. But he had not got the money which he was to pay the procurer; and which the letter mentioned to be sent by the bearer. In the fourth Scene, *Calidorus*, who knew nothing of what had been going forward, enters, with his friend *Charinus*, *Pseudolus* now



acquaints his master with his having the letter, and the use he intends to make of it, in order to put his mistress into his hands. And in regard to the money, *Charinus* generously offers to serve his friend by advancing it. Nothing is now wanting, but to find out some person, who should personate *Harpax*, feign himself to be the servant sent by the *Macedonian* captain, and deliver the letter and money to *Ballio*. *Charinus* too supplies this deficiency; and promises to supply him with a crafty clever servant of his, who had been come to *Athens* but a few days, and who was totally unknown to *Ballio*. It was scarce possible, a scheme so well concerted, should not succeed. It all depended on their making proper use of the absence of *Harpax*, who was gone to refresh himself after the fatigue of his journey; and was waiting for the news of *Ballio's* returning home. The time required for pursuing this business, makes up the second interval.

*End of the SECOND ACT.*

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter BOY.*

**W**Hene'er the gods decree a boy should be  
 A slave to a procurer, and especially  
 If he be basely treated too, it must  
 Be own'd, they heap misfortune and distress,  
 Great as I feel this present at my heart, 5  
 So wretched, so deplorable my servitude.  
 By miseries small and great of every kind  
 I am hemm'd in; nor can I find a friend  
 Who'll love me well enough to find the means  
 To keep me clean, or treat me with good cheer. 10  
 This is the birth-day of the pandar here,  
 And every mother's son from high to low  
 Who sends him not a present on this day,  
 He swears with threats, shall pay for it to-morrow.  
 Troth, in my case, I know not what to do. 15  
 Nor can I do like others who are able.  
 Unless I send some present here to-day,  
 I'm beaten like a fuller's cloth to-morrow.

V. 16. — *like others*—] The original is, *solent*; which some commentators, because the word in our author sometimes has given room for it, (See *The Casket*, Act I. Scene I. v. 44. Vol. IV. of this translation) would fain torture into an indecent allusion. But the usual sense of the word will answer very well here.

V. 18. — *fuller's cloth*—] *fructus fullonius*, fuller's fruit. The boy is afraid he shall be threshed by his master, as a fuller beats his cloth.

Alas! even now how much am I an infant  
 In this affair? And how much, wretched I 20  
 Still dread this man—If any make a present  
 That feels more heavy in the hand than mine,  
 However hard and grudgingly they pay for it,  
 I seem, as 'twere, to grind my teeth with fear.  
 But I must keep my tongue within my teeth, 25  
 For here my master comes—With him a cook.

## SCENE II.

*Enter BALLIO the procurer, and Cook.*

BAL. The cook-market is foolishly so call'd,  
 The thief-market's a better name by half.  
 For were I on my oath, I could not find  
 A greater rascal than this cook I bring,  
 A prating, bragging, silly worthless fellow. 5  
 Nay, on this very account it is, that *Orcus*  
 Would not admit him into his dominions,  
 That he might still remain on earth a cook,

V. 6. — *that Orcus, &c.*] *Orcus* was often used to signify *Pluto*, the king of the infernal regions, as well as the infernal regions themselves. So *Plautus* again.

*Nam me Acherontem recipere Orcus noluit,*

*Quia premature vita casso—*

*Mostellaria, Act II. Scene II. V. 68.*

*Pluto* would not receive me into *Acheron*,

For an untimely death I died—

*Jovem et Neptunum deos numeras: ergo etiam Orcus frater  
 eorum deus—* CICERO *De Natura Deorum*, Lib. iii. v. 17.

You reckon *Jupiter* and *Neptune* in the number of the gods;  
 their brother *Orcus*, [*Pluto*] then is one.

On

On purpose to dress suppers for the dead:  
For only he can dress them to their liking— 10

COOK. If as you think you speak, why did you  
hire me?

BAL. Out of necessity; there was no other.  
But if you are the cook you fain would pass for,  
Say, why was you left sitting in the market?

COOK. I'll tell you—'Tis man's avarice alone 15  
Makes me the cook you say I am; and not  
My want of genius—

BAL. Ha! how prove you that?

COOK. I'll tell you—When a person comes to  
market

To hire a cook—he don't enquire for one  
Who is the best, and must be paid most wages. 20  
They always hire the cheapest and the worst:  
Hence have I sat all day in the market-place.  
Those rascals follow any for a drachma—  
I never let myself for less than gold.

I make not out like other cooks my supper, 25  
Who in their dishes, serve up season'd meadows,  
As if their guests would go to grass like oxen.  
Those herbs they season; but with other herbs,  
Fennel and garlick, coriander, orach,

V. 9. —*suppers for the dead;*]— The ancients used to make  
an entertainment or supper in sepulchres, and at tombs. This  
repast they called *silicernium*, from *silere*, *to be silent*, and *cernere*,  
*to look at*; as every one was at liberty to look at the provisions,  
on condition they said nothing; but they were not to touch  
any thing. Thus applied to a bad cook, as the dead could  
neither approve of, nor blame his cookery.

*Guendeville*, from *De L'Oswore*,

V. 28. — *orach*—] The original is *atrunculus*, *black pot-herb*;  
so called, according to *Taubman*, because it causes a blackness in



Sorrel, blite, beet and cabbage—and then temper it  
 With a full pound of lazerwort—With these 30  
 They bray the roguish mustard, such as makes  
 The grinder's eyes before they've done, drop tears.  
 E'en let such fellows cater for themselves!  
 They serve their sauces with no proper seasoning, 35  
 But with vile herbs, that eat the bowels up.  
 Hence 'tis that men live here so short a life,  
 Stuffing their guts with herbs, as formidable  
 To hear, as eat—Such as the beasts won't touch,  
 They eat themselves—

BAL. And what do you? Are yours 40  
 Such heavenly sauces, as prolong men's lives,  
 That you're so sharp on others?

Cook. You may say so,  
 And boldly too; for with my cookery,  
 A man may live two hundred years at least.

the *uterus*, and makes the face pale. *Lambin* says it means *bipposelum* or *bipposelinum*, *borse-parley* or *lovage*. Some of the species of orach, are now boiled as greens or pot-herbs, and eat in many families in lieu of spinach.

V. 30. —a full pound of lazerwort—] *laserpicii libram*, *lazerwort*. The word occurs again in our author.

—*si speras tibi*

*Hoc anno multum futurum sirpe et laserpitium.*

*Rudens*, AÆ III. Scene II. v. 16.

On which passage, see Mr. THORNTON's note, in Vol. II. of this translation. He is of opinion it means *benzoin* or *benjamin*.

V. 36. *But with vile herbs*—] The original is *frigibus*, of which there are various senses in the dictionaries, and the commentators are much divided in the sense of this passage. *H. Stephens* says it is used for *clara vilia*, *vile potberbs*, and produces this passage of *Plautus* as an instance.

For

ACT III. SCENE II. 359

For when I have into my saucepan put 45  
My cicilendrum or my sipolindrum,  
My mace, or my sancaptis, strait the saucepan  
Heats of itself. For king Neptune's herds this sauce;  
For those of earth, I serve my cicimandrum,  
My happalopsides, or cataractria. 50

BAL. May Jupiter and all the gods confound you,  
With all your sauces, and your lies together!

COOK. Let me go on.

BAL. Go on then, and be hang'd—

COOK. Soon as my saucepans all begin to boil,  
I strait uncover them; when the fragrant odour 55  
Mounts down unto the skies, and Jupiter  
Supps on it every night—

BAL. How? mounts down?

COOK. A slip that of the tongue.

BAL. How's that?

COOK. I would  
Have said, mounts up.

BAL. But when you dress no victuals,  
On what does Jupiter sup then?

COOK. O, then, 60  
He goes to bed without his supper.

V. 46. *My cicilendrum, &c.*] It should seem, that these words, and several that follow, are feigned by the cook, in order to set off the excellencies of his ragouts. But supposing them to be the real names of different sorts of spices, it would not answer much; as they are not used or so much as known at this time.

V. 56. *Mounts down*—] The original is, *demissis pedibus volat*, with the feet hanging down.

V. 59. — *mounts up*—] The original is, *demissis manibus*, with the hands hanging down: the position they are usually in, when a person walks fast or runs.

BAL. Rascal!

Go and be hang'd! Is it for this I give you  
A piece a day?

Cook. I'm an expensive cook  
I own: but for the wages I receive,  
You find my business done—

BAL. Yes, that of stealing— 65

Cook. Expect you e'er to find a cook that has not  
The talons of an eagle or a kite?

BAL. Expect you to be hired for a cook,  
And not to have your nails par'd close, before  
You set about your work?—You, boy of mine, 70  
[to the boy.

See you put every thing out of the way.  
Your eye have upon his; and as he looks,  
Look you; and when he goes, go you along.  
If he lift up a hand, why, lift up yours:  
If he but take his own, why, let him take it; 75  
If ought of ours, hold fast on t'other side—  
Moves he? do you move—Stands he still, stand  
you.

Stops he? stoop you. Besides this pupil here,  
I shall have private spies.

Cook. Oh! never fear.

BAL. Must I not fear, that bring you with me  
home? 80

Cook. The soup that I shall make for you to-day,  
Shall make you young and lively as old *Pelias*

V. 82. —at old *Pelias*—] It was *Æfen* the father of *Jafon*,  
that *Medea* is said to have restored to youth, by boiling him in  
her kettle. *Pelias*, who was his brother, she destroyed by her  
cookery. It seems strange, that any of the commentators on  
*Plautus* should so little understand the humour of this passage,  
as to fancy that *Plautus* was ignorant of this old fable. The  
reader

ACT III. SCENE II. 361

Just issuing from *Medea's* kettle; for  
As she, by compositions and enchantments,  
Made an old man come out a young one, I 85  
Will do the same by you.

BAL. O, ho! You are turn'd  
Enchanter too?

COOK. By *Pollux's* temple! no:  
I'm rather man's preserver.

BAL. Stay, and tell me  
What shall I give to teach me one receipt?

COOK. What's that?

BAL. Why, a receipt to hinder you 90  
From pilfering.

COOK. If you confide in me,  
Two drachma's; if you doubt, not e'en a mina.  
But say, the supper you're to give to-night,  
Is it to friends or enemies?

reader may find it in *Apollodorus*, Book i. Section the last but one; in *Hyginus*, Fab. xxiv. and in *Ovid's Metam.* Book vii. The humour plainly lies in the cook's promises to restore *Ballio* to his juvenility by a cookery—that would kill him. *Ballio's* ignorance is indeed here meant to be exposed to ridicule by the cook, that is, by *Plautus*: as it likewise is in the names of the spices, which are probably fictitious.

V. 84. —*enchantments*—] The original is, *venenis*. *Venenum* sometimes was used for spell or enchantment, as well as for poison.

—— *Phœbeque serena*

*Non aliter, divi verborum obfessa venenis*——

*Lucan, Lib. vi. V. 501.*

Can blot fair *Cynthia's* countenance serene,  
And poison with foul spells the silver queen—— *Rowe.*

The *venefici*, enchanter's, were wont to destroy men by poison.  
● on this depends the turn of the cook's reply.

BAL.



BAL. To friends,  
You may be sure.

COOK. I would you'd giv'n your supper 95  
To enemies and not to friends : for I  
Shall such a relish give to this day's feast,  
'Twill make them eat their fingers.

BAL. Then, by *Hercules* !  
Before you give it to my guests, I beg you  
Tast it yourself, and give it to your gentry, 100  
That you may first gnaw your own thievish fingers.

COOK. Perhaps you don't believe a word I say.

BAL. Come, ben't impertinent. You prate too  
much.

I like it not—There is my house, go in,  
And get the supper ready in all haste. 105

COOK. You and your guests get to your couches  
quick,

The supper's spoil'd already.

BAL. See that rogue,  
That scullion's under-lick-dish to his master :  
I know not, troth ! which to look after first,  
Such thieves are in my house. A rogue there is 110  
Here at next door. My neighbour at the Forum,  
Father of *Calidorus*, here was warning me,  
To have an eye on *Pseudolus* his servant,  
For that he's been upon the hunt, if possible,  
How he this day may cheat me of this girl ; 115  
And that to him he had engag'd his word,  
By stratagem to rob me of *Phanicium*—  
Now will I in, and give my people charge  
That not a soul give credit to this *Pseudolus*.

[Exit.

•• This

# ACT III. SCENE II. 363

\* \* This act is opened by a boy, a servant to *Ballio*; who entertains us with a soliloquy, very little to the purpose of the Comedy. But, as Mr. *Bayes* says, "What is a plot good for, "but to introduce fine things?" In the second Scene, *Ballio* enters on his way home, with a cook he had hired to dress his birth-day entertainment. After a good deal of pleasantry of the cook, who is expatiating upon his abilities in his profession, and bragging of the goodness of his ragouts and his sauces, goes into *Ballio's* house in order to dress the supper, and the boy with him, leaving *Ballio* alone upon the stage; who informs the spectators, that *Simo*, who was fearful that *Pseudolus* would some how or other procure the money, had advised him to have an eye upon him, and to order all his family to take care of themselves. This he goes into his house to do; and his so doing fills up the third interval.

*End of the THIRD ACT.*

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PSEUDOLUS, *speaking to SIMIA,*  
*supposing him behind him.*

PSEUDOLUS.

IF the immortal gods meant help to-day,  
Myself and *Calidorus* they design'd  
To be preserv'd, through that procurer's ruin,  
Then, when they form'd thee, *Simia*, to assist me  
With all thy arts of cunning and deceit. 5  
Where is he tho'? [*looking back.*] What?—Am I  
grown a fool,  
To talk thus to myself—Sure he has deceiv'd me.  
Knave as I am, I have not taken care  
Not to be cheated by another knave—  
If he has given me thus the slip, I'm ruin'd: 10  
Nor shall I do the business of the day.  
But hold, I see the whipping-post—How stately

[Enter SIMIA *the Counterfeit, dressed like HARPAX,*  
*at a distance.*]

He stalks!—Soho!—I was just looking for you—  
I fear'd, by *Hercules*! you had slipt away.

SIM. And if I had, I'd acted but in character. 15

PSEU. But where have you been loitering?

V. 12. —*the whipping-post*.—] The original is, *verberum  
statuam*, a man as much used to stripes as a whipping-post; or one as  
insensible of stripes as a statue.

DE L'OEUVRE.

SIM.

ACT IV. SCENE I. 365

SIM. Where I pleas'd.  
PSEU. I know that well enough.

SIM. Then why do'st ask?

PSEU. But to remind you of it.

SIM. Teach your grannam—

PSEU. You treat me with contempt—

SIM. Why should I not?

I, who am now to pass for a campaigner? 20

PSEU. I'd have our undertaking briskly follow'd.

SIM. And do you see me doing of ought else?

PSEU. Bestir your stumps then.

SIM. Slow and sure's my rule.

PSEU. This is the nick of time—While he's asleep  
I'd have you go to *Ballio*.— [meaning *Harpax*.]

SIM. But, what hast? 25

Softly—Fear not. You'll send the fellow here,

Who'er he be, that's coming from the captain!

He shall no more the real *Harpax* be,

Than I am.—Pluck your courage up; and hear me.

I will so scare this military stranger

V. 18. *Teach your grannam!*] The original is, *monendus ne me  
moneat*; literally, *let not him who is to be advis'd himself, advise  
me*. Something like this we meet with in *Horace*.

*Disce docendus adbus quæ consuet amiculum*—

Epist. Lib. i. Ep. 17.

Yet to the instruction of an humble friend,

Who would himself be better taught, attend. FRANCIS.

The *Romans* had a proverb in this sense. *Sus Minervam*, the  
word *docet* or *monet* understood. We have made use of an *English*  
proverb to the same purpose.

V. 24. —*While he's asleep*—] meaning *Harpax*, who in Act II.  
Scene II. had told the speaker, that when he had ended his din-  
ner, he would take a nap.

With



With lies and tricks, he shall deny himself,  
And own, not he, but I'm the very man.

PSEU. Is't possible?

SIM. You make me mad to doubt it.

PSEU. A noble fellow! *Jupiter* preserve thee!  
With all thy lies and stratagems, for me! 35

SIM. Me for myself!—But does my drefs become  
me?

PSEU. It fits quite well.

SIM. That's good.

PSEU. Now may the gods  
Grant you your wish, for did they give you all  
That you deserve,—you'd come but poorly off:  
For I ne'er saw a finer rogue and rascal. 40

SIM. To me that compliment?

PSEU. I've done—But say  
What present shall I make you, if you manage  
This business cleverly—

SIM. Cannot you be quiet?  
Whoever prompts a man that minds his business,  
Putting him still in mind, but puts him out — 45  
I comprehend it all—'Tis laid up here.

[*pointing to his breast.*]  
I've well consider'd every stratagem—

PSEU. He is a worthy fellow!

SIM. No—not he,

[*pointing to PSEUDOLUS.*]  
Nor I.

PSEU. Take heed you make no blunder now.

SIM. What, will you ne'er have done?

PSEU. Now may the gods 50  
So love me—

SIM. That they'll never do, you're so  
Made

ACT IV. SCENE I. 367

Made up of lies—and—

PSEU. As I love thee, *Simia*,  
E'en for thy rogueries and praising fear thee.

SIM. I've learn'd to give those compliments to  
others,  
You cannot wheedle me.

PSEU. How shall I treat you, 55  
When you have done your business?—

SIM. Ha! ha! ha!

PSEU. Nice eating, wine, perfumes, and 'twixt  
our cups,  
Some fine tid-bits—To these a girl of wit,  
Who'll give you kisses on kisses.

SIM. That's nice indeed!

PSEU. Succeed, and find me better than my  
word. 60

SIM. If I do not, then treat me like a hang-dog—  
But hast, and shew me the procurer's house.

PSEU. 'Tis the third door from hence.

SIM. Hold your tongue—  
Sure his door gapes—

V. 55. *You cannot wheedle me.*] The original is, *michi obtrudere non potes palpum*. Literally, *you cannot pat or stroke me*; a metaphor taken from patting or stroking a spirited horse in order to make him stand still while the rider mounts him.

V. 58. *Some fine tid-bits—*] *Pulpamentis*, which means the fleshy part of a hare.

So Terence—

*Lepus tuus es, et pulpamentum queraris?*—

Eunuchus, Act III. Scene I. v. 36.

—Are you

A hare yourself, and do you seek *tid-bits*?

V. 64. *Sure his door gapes—*] The original is, *ades biscunt. Hisco*, is properly, *to open the mouth either to breathe or to swallow*.

PSEU.

PSEU. Ay, like enough—'Tis sick—

SIM. How sick?

PSEU. Because it throws up the procurer, 65

SIM. Is't he?

PSEU. The very he—

SIM. Vile merchandise.

PSEU. Look at the fellow—See, he can't go strait,  
But side ways, like a crab—

## SCENE II.

Enter BALLIO.

BAL. I now begin  
To think this cook less rascal than I fancied.  
A tankard and a cup are all yet stolen.

PSEU. Hift! Hark you! now's your time: a fair  
occasion [aside to SIMIA:  
Presents itself—

SIM. To me it seems so too— 5

PSEU. The way he comes, do you step slyly into;  
And I'll here place myself in ambuscade.

SIM. I've kept with care the number in my head;  
Sixth from the gate; this lane, the next I come to  
My master bad me turn into—But then 10  
How many houses off, I'm quite uncertain.

BAL. [aside.] What fellow's this!—A soldier's  
cloak upon him!

Whence is he?—Or whom seeks he!—By his face  
He seems a foreigner; and of mean rank.

SIM. But I see there a man will clear my doubts. 15

V. 3. —yet stolen.] The original is *barpagani*. See A & I.  
Scene II. v. 11. note.

BAL.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 369

BAL. To me he makes directly—Whence i' th'  
world  
Can come this fellow?—

SIM. Hark you!—You that stand  
With your goat's beard there, answer me a question—  
BAL. Don't you first give me <sup>an</sup> evil salutation.

SIM. I give no gratis salutations, I.— 20

BAL. By Pollux! just the same you'll have  
from me.

PSEU. This the beginning is of their fair dealing.

SIM. In this lane know you any man? I ask thee—

BAL. Why yes; I know myself.

SIM. Few men do that,  
Which you pretend to— For you'll meet i' th'  
Forum, 25

Scarcely with one in ten who knows himself.

PSEU. O—safe's the word—he's now philoso-  
phizing—

V. 24. —*I know myself.*] Alluding to that famous sentence of  
*Thales*, or as some say, of *Apollo*. ~~ΣΝΟΙ ΣΕΑΤΤΟΝ~~. *Know*  
*thyself*—

—*E caelo descendis quod exarctas, IAH*  
*Fruendum et memori tractandum pectore, fve*  
*Conjugium queras, vel sacri in parte senatus—*  
*Esse velis—* *Juvenal, Sat. xi. V. 27.*

From heaven to mankind, sure that rule was sent  
Of *Know thyself*, and by some god was meant,  
To be our never-erring pilot here,  
Thro' all the various courses which we steer—  
CONGREVE in DRYDEN'S *Juvenal*.

V. 27. —*he's now philosophizing.*] We meet with this senti-  
ment again in *Plautus*.



SIM. I'm looking for a fellow here, a sad one,  
A lawless, impious, perjur'd, wicked rogue.

BAL. 'Tis me he's seeking—These are my ad-  
dirions—  
If he but knows my name—But what's he call'd?

[to SIMIA.

SIM. Why *Ballio*, a procurer—

BAL. Do I know him?  
Myself am he, young man, you're looking for.

SIM. What are you *Ballio*?

BAL. Troth the very man—

SIM. How like a housebreaker the fellow's  
drest?

BAL. Were you to see me in the dark, I think  
You'll scarcely meddle with me.

SIM. Well, my master  
Would that I give you many salutations—

He bad me give this letter to you—Take it—

BAL. What man is he who bad you?

PSEU. Quite undone!

He sticks i'th' mire: he does not know the name—

We're all aground—

BAL. Who, guess you sent the letter?

*Salva res est: philosophatur quoque jam, non mendax modo est.*

*Captivi, A& II. Scene II. v. 34.*

So, all is right—he's not content with lying;

But reasons like a wise man.—

V. 35. —a house-breaker—] *Perfasser parietum, a breaker down,*

or underminer of walls. So *Plautus* in another place.

*Ubi paxietes perfoderit—*

*Afinaria, A& III. Scene II. v. 17.*

Thou'st broke thro' walls to steal—

SIM.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 371

SIM. Look on the seal—Do you tell me his name;  
That I may know you are the very *Ballio*—

BAL. Give me the letter—

SIM. Take it—And the seal 45  
Examine well—

BAL. O ho! I know it well—  
'Tis he himself; *Polymacheroplacides*.

SIM. Yes, yes: his name's *Polymacheroplacides*—  
By this I know the letter's right deliver'd,  
Since you have told his name— 50

BAL. But say, how fares he?

SIM. Why, as a stout and gallant soldier should—  
But hast, I beg you hast and read the letter,  
There's business in it; to receive the money,  
And send me out the girl immediately—  
For I must *Sicyon* see this day, or else 55  
Be hang'd to-morrow—Master's such a tyrant!

BAL. I know it true—By all the marks agreed.

SIM. Then haste, and read—

BAL. If you will hold your tongue.

BAL. [*reading the letter.*] “Captain *Polymache-*  
“*roplacides*

“To the procurer *Ballio* sends this letter. 60

“With it the seal agreed upon between us.

SIM. The token's in the letter.

BAL. Yes, I see it,  
And know the figure well—But does he never  
Use any salutation in his letters?

SIM. *Ballio*, that were not soldierlike—He sends 65  
Health to his friends, but to his foes destruction.  
But on as you've begun; and mark the letter.

BAL. Do but attend then [*reading.*] “He who  
“comes to you

"Is my page *Harpax*"—What are you that *Harpax*?  
[to him.]

SIM. I am—I'm *Harpax* self—

BAL. [reading.] "He who this letter 70  
"Brings you, from him I'd have you take the money.  
"By him too would I have you send *Phœnicium*.  
"Tis worthy to send greetings to the worthy;  
"Were that the case, I had sent such to you."

SIM. What's to be done now?

BAL. Why, give me the money, 75  
And take away the girl.

SIM. Well, which of us  
Makes the delay?

BAL. Then follow me.

SIM. I follow— [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

PSEUDOLUS comes forward.

PSEU. Well! a more cunning rascal, and a craftier,  
Than this same *Simia*, never have I seen:  
I sadly fear the fellow'll play some trick  
With me, as he has done with *Ballio*:  
And in his better fortune butt at me; 5

V. 69. —my page—] The original is *calator*, which the grammarians tell us, properly means, the servant of a soldier, from the Greek *καλᾶν*, to call; because from the nature of the service, they are liable every instant to be called upon.

V. 5. —butt at me;] The original is, *nunc mihi obvertat cornua*, turns his horns against me. A metaphor from horned cattle butting with their horns.

ACT IV. SCENE III. 373

He is so mischievous on all occasions.  
 And yet I would not think so: for I love him:  
 But after all, I'm in a desperate fright;  
 And for three reasons. First and foremost, least  
 My comrade should desert me, and go over 10  
 To join the foe. Next, least in the interim  
 My master from the Forum should return,  
 And, with their booty, seize the plunderers.  
 Last, in the midst of all my fears, I fear,  
 That *Harpax* there, may hither come before 15  
 This *Harpax* here, is gone hence with the girl.  
 We're ruin'd!—what a while they're coming out:  
 My heart is waiting, ready bag and baggage,  
 In case he comes without the girl forthwith,  
 To pack off into exile from my breast— 20  
*Victoria!*—Of my guards I've got the better—

*Supereſt ea pars epiſtolæ, quæ ſimiliter pro me ſcripta, in mem  
 ipſum vertit cornua.* Apuleius, Apologia.

There ſtill remains that part of the letter, which, tho' wrote  
 in my favour, has *butted* againſt me.

V. 18. —*ready bag and baggage,*] The original is, *colligatis  
 vaſis, all implements tyed together.* A metaphor from the army,  
 when the ſoldiers, when they break up camp, collect every thing  
 that belongs to them, and tie them up in a bundle.



## SCENE IV.

Enter SIMIA the Counterfeit, with PHENICIUM.

SIM. Weep not, *Phenicium*! you don't know as yet  
How stands the affair; but you shall know at supper.  
I do not bear you to that gag-tooth'd fellow  
The *Macedonian* captain, who occasions  
These tears of yours—I lead you to the man 5  
Whom you most wish to be with—I'll take care  
You shall e'er long embrace your *Calidorus*—

PSEU. Why did you stay so long within? my  
heart

Was ready to beat through my breast the while.

SIM. A plague upon your questions, you way-  
lay me,

When we should gain a march upon the enemy. 10

PSEU. Well, well, for once we'll take a knave's  
advice—

Let us be gone strait to our bowl of triumph.

[*Exeunt.*]

V. 3. —[*that gag-tooth'd fellow*] The original is, *dentatum virum*, having large teeth in front, and very prominent: such teeth are now at this time called *gag-teeth*. And it is observed, that we are most afraid of wild beasts that shew those sort of teeth. By *gag-tooth'd fellow*, he means *Polymachæroplacides*. See Scene II. V. 47.

V. 10. —[*gain a march, &c.*] *gradibus militaribus*, with military strides. In summer time and in fair weather, soldiers, as M. De L'Oeuvre informs us, marched twenty miles in five hours.

ACT IV. SCENE V, VI. 379

SCENE V.

*Enter BALLIO the Procurer.*

BAL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! [*laughing.*] at length my  
heart's at ease,  
Since he is gone, and carried off the girl.  
Now could I wish that rascal *Pseudolus*  
Would come, and try out of this girl to trick me.  
He has con'd his lesson well, I know for certain. 5  
I'd rather be forsworn a thousand times,  
Than be the laughing-stock of such a rascal,  
If I now meet with him, by *Hercules*!  
I'll laugh him off the stage—But I believe  
He must be in the work-house soon: for such 10  
Were the conditions of his own proposal.  
Now do I wish, that I could meet with *Simo*,  
That I might make him partner of my joy.

SCENE VI.

*Enter SIMO.*

SIM. I must go see what business has been done  
By my *Ulysses*; whether he has yet  
Borne off the prize from *Ballio's* citadel.

V. 2. —my *Ulysses*.—] Alluding to the story of *Ulysses* bearing off the *Palladium*. It was a wooden image of *Pallas*, which the *Trojans* imagined had fallen from heaven into an uncovered temple; and were told by the oracle, that *Troy* could not be taken whilst that image remained there. Which when *Diomedes* and *Ulysses* heard of, they privately stole into the temple, slew the

BAL. O happy man ! give me thy happy hand.

SIM. The matter ?

BAL. Now—

SIM. What now !— 5

BAL. You've nothing left

To fear—

SIM. How so ?—Has *Pseudolus* been with you ?

BAL. Not so.—

SIM. Then what good fortune has befall

BAL. Your twenty minæ, *Pseudolus* to day  
Promis'd himself from you, are safe and found.

SIM. I would they were, by *Hercules* !

BAL. Of me I  
Demand the twenty minæ, if this day

He either gets this girl into his clutches,

Or, as he promis'd, gives her to your son.

Demand of me the cash—I long to promise.

Depend upon it, all your money's safe,

And you shall have the girl into the bargain. 15

SIM. I see no danger in the terms you offer.—

And you'll engage the twenty minæ ?—

IV. SCENE VI. BAL. Ay.

SIM. A special bargain this ! But have you met  
him ?

BAL. Yes, both of them together.

SIM. Well, what says he ? 20  
What is his talk ?—What story does he tell you ?

BAL. Why, mere stage cant. He call'd me names,  
the actors

Give us procurers ; every boy can tell—

keepers, and carried away the image ; after which the destruc-  
tion of the city soon followed. The reader may see the account  
at large in *Virgil Æn.* Lib. ii. V. 162, &c.

He

ACT IV. SCENE VI. 377

He said, I was a wicked, perjur'd rascal—

SIM. He told no lyes—

BAL. Nor was I angry with him. 25  
What matters it to call a man hard names,  
Who nor regards it, nor denies their truth?

SIM. How is it you have nought to fear from him?  
I'd fain hear that.—

BAL. Because he never will  
Bear off the girl from me, nor ever can. 30  
Don't you remember, some time since I told you,  
I'd sold her to a *Macedonian* captain?

SIM. Yes, I remember—

BAL. Well, e'en now, his servant  
Brought me the money, and the token with it  
Agreed between us, seal'd up in a letter. 35

SIM. What follow'd?—

BAL. Why, as 'twas agreed, the bearer  
Has not long since borne off with him the girl.

SIM. Do you say this with honesty and truth?

BAL. Whence should I get those qualities?

SIM. Howe'er  
See that he has not put some trick upon you. 40

BAL. The letter, and the token that's within it,  
Put it beyond all doubt—And, more than that,  
He has not only ta'en her from the city,  
But gone away with her to *Sicyon*.

SIM. Well done, by *Hercules*!—'Tis now high  
time 45

To send off *Pseudolus*, to join the colony

V. 46. —*join the colony*—] The original is, *ut det nomen ad molarum coloniam*, to give a name to the colony of hand-mills. An allusion, says M. Gueudeville, to a custom of the Romans, that whoever went to form a new colony, were obliged to give it a name before they left it. So *Plautus* again.



At th' work-house—Who's this in a soldier's coat?

BAL. I know him not—Let's step aside, and mark  
Whither he's going, and what he is about—

*[they go apart.]*

## SCENE VII.

*Enter HARPA X.*

HAR. That slave's a base and wicked fellow, who  
Pays to his master's orders no regard.

And he too, who neglects to do his duty,  
Unless he's often put in mind of it,

Is good for nothing. They, who deem themselves, 5

As soon as master's back is turn'd, at liberty;

And give themselves to riot and debauch,

Shall never have another name than slave.

Nor any spark of genius do they shew,

But to maintain them in their wicked sleight. 10

With such I herd not, speak not; nor am I

Renown'd among 'em. But, as I am order'd,

I deem my master present in his absence;

And dread his anger tho' he is not by:

That when we meet, I may have nought to fear. 15

'Tis worth attending to. *Syrus*, to whom

I gave the token, wou'd have let me stay

Till this time in my quarters.—As he bad me,

I staid there—When the bawd came home, he said

He'd send for me.—But since he neither came, 20

Nor sent, I'm come here of my own free motion,

To see the cause, lest he play tricks with me.

*O. catenarius colone l.— Afiraria, A& II. Sc. II. v. 32.*

*Townsmen of chain-town.—*

I'd

ACT IV. SCENE VII. 379

I'd best knock at the door, and give a call  
For some one to come out; for I would fain  
The pandar should receive of me this money, 25  
And send away the girl along with me.

BAL. Hark you!—

SIM. What would you?

BAL. Here I have my man—

SIM. How so?

BAL. Because I'll make a prey of him.  
He wants a wench, and has the money ready.  
O! how I long to fix my teeth upon him. 30

SIM. What, would you eat him?

BAL. Yes, while he is fresh,  
And warm, and fit to please my appetite.  
'Tis your chaste gentry keep me poor; your lewd ones  
I feed on well: my fortune is augmented  
By dealing with bad men—The good and true, 35  
I lose by—All my profit's from the wicked.

SIM. [*aside.*] Mischievous fellow!—And the gods  
will give  
Mischief to thee, thou art such a wicked rascal.

HAR. But I delay to knock here at the door;  
And know, if *Ballio* is at home.

BAL. [*to SIMO.*] 'Tis thus 40  
*Venus* befriends me, when she hither sends  
Her sons of dissipation and expence;  
Who of their youth and money take such care:  
Eat, drink, wench—Quite another kind of creatures,  
Than thou art, *Simo*: suffering not thyself 45  
To indulge, and envying those that do.

HAR. Hola!

Where are you all?

BAL. He's making to my house.

HAR.

HAR. Where are you all, I say?

BAL. Hark you, young man;  
What want you there? (This fellow'll be rare plunder)  
[*aside.*]

I knew he'd bring good luck! —

HAR. Will no one open? 50

BAL. You, in the cloak, what business have you there?

HAR. I'm looking for the pandar *Ballio's* house.

BAL. Whoe'er you are, you need not look for it long.

HAR. Why so?

BAL. The man's here, face to face before you.

HAR. And are you he?

SIM. Take care, man, of yourself; [*to HAR.*] 55  
And point him out—this is an old procurer—

BAL. And, this a man of probity—but oft  
Your man of probity, when cash runs low,  
Is set with duns, that make the Forum ring,

V. 56. —*point him out—*] The original is, *in hunc intendo digitum, point him out with your finger.* The antients, when they would point out any one whom they would have looked on with contempt, used to stretch out their middle finger towards them. Instances of this are frequent in antient authors. Thus *Juvenal*, speaking of *Demotritus*—

*Ridebat curas, nec non et gaudia vulgi;*

*Interdum et lacrymas, cum fortuna ipse minaci*

*Mandaret laqueum, mediumque ostenderet unguem.*

—*Sat. x. V. 51.*

The bus'nesses of men, their joys and fears,

He laugh'd at, and sometimes their very tears.

A halter on proud fortune he bestow'd,

And when she frown'd his middle finger show'd.

Sir ROBERT STAPYLTON.

And

A C T IV. S C E N E VII. 381

And to the old procurer he's oblig'd 60  
For a supply.

HAR. What! won't you answer me?

BAL. Yes sure. What want you?

HAR. Take your money, do.

BAL. I'd long been ready, wou'd you give it me.

HAR. Take it—Here are five minæ ready told;  
This debt *Polymachæroplacides* 65

My master bad me pay you—Just the sum,  
And that you send *Phanicium* home by me.

BAL. Your master!

HAR. Ay.

BAL. The captain!

HAR. Ay, I tell you.

BAL. The *Macedonian* captain?

HAR. To be sure.

BAL. And so, *Polymachæroplacides* 70  
Sent you to me?

HAR. You say the truth.

BAL. To give

This money to me?

HAR. Yes, if you're the pandar,

And your name *Ballio*?

BAL. Well!—and to bear off

The girl?

HAR. Just so.

BAL. *Phanicium*, did he say?

HAR. You're right.

BAL. Well, stay a moment, I'll return 75  
Immediately—

HAR. Don't stay, for I'm in haste.

The day's far spent you see—

BAL.



**BAL.** I see it is.  
 I'll only call him, [*pointing.*] here to be a witness  
 [*aside to SIMO.* What's to be done now, *Simo*? say, what course  
 Are we to take? I plainly smoke the fellow     80  
 Who has brought the money.

**SIMO.** Well, how so?  
**BAL.** And do you  
 Know nought of this contrivance?

**SIM.** Just as much  
 As does the man i' th' moon!

**BAL.** By *Rollux*' temple!  
 That *Pseudolus* of your's, a rogue of rogues!  
 O what a cunning scheme has he contriv'd!     85  
 The sum the captain ow'd me, he has given  
 Here to this fellow, and instructed him  
 To fetch the girl. Certain, thy *Pseudolus*  
 Has hither sent this Counterfeit, as from  
 The *Macedonian* captain.

**SIM.** Ha'st the money? 90

**BAL.** Do you ask that and see it? Where's your  
 eyes?

**SIM.** Good! but remember, one half of the prey  
 Belongs to me; it is to be divided.

**BAL.** Plague on you! that, you may depend upon.

**HAR.** Will you dispatch me?

**BAL.** Presently. What, *Simo*, 95  
 Would you advise me in this case to do?

**V. 82.** [*Just as much, &c.*] The original is, *juxta cum igna-  
 rissimis*, literally, just as much as the most ignorant do.

**V. 94.** [*you may depend upon.*] Some commentators observe,  
 that a double entendre is here intended; *Simo* means that they  
 are to share the money. *Ballio* replies, *Plagus on you!* the plague  
 (*malum!*) is all your own.

**SIM.**

ACT IV. SCENE VII. 383

SIM. Let's make some sport with this same Counterfeit.

BAL. Yes, 'till he's sensible he's made a fool of.  
Follow me then—And, so you say you are  
[to HARPAZ.

The captain's slave?

HAR. Most certainly.

BAL. What was 100

The price he gave?—

HAR. His valour in the field—  
In my own country, I was general.

BAL. What, did your master lay siege to a jail,  
That he took you?

HAR. Come, no hard words, friend.  
You'll have as much from me.

BAL. And when do you say 105  
Did you set out from Sicyon?

HAR. Yesterday,

At noon—

BAL. He's made good haste, by *Hercules*!  
How swift of foot he is: look at his calves,  
You'll find by them he can bear heavy chains—  
I'll warrant when a boy, he scorn'd a cradle. 110

HAR. Go, hang yourself!

BAL. That you yourself may do,  
You will have time enough for it in the day.

HAR. Come, send the girl out, or restore the  
money.

V. 104. —*You'll have as much from me.*] The original is, *contumeliam si dices, audies*—literally, *if you give me foul language, you shall hear it yourself.*

V. 109. —*heavy chains*—] Here follow five lines in the original, which are omitted in the translation. The learned reader will easily see the reason.

BAL.

BAL. Well, stay a little.

HAR. Wherefore shou'd I stay?

BAL. What give you for the hire of that same cloak?

HAR. What do you mean by that?

BAL. And of that sword?

HAR. These fellows should be dosed with hel-  
lebore.

BAL. How! —

HAR. Come, ha' done.

BAL. What do you pay the owner  
For that same hat?

HAR. What, owner! Do you dream?  
The things are mine, and bought with my own  
money.

BAL. With your own back, you mean!

HAR. These dotards here  
Have bath'd, and want a' nointing and a rubbing,  
As is the custom.

V. 117. — *dos'd with bellabore.*] See *The Twin Brothers*, Act V.  
Scene IV. v. 23. and the note.

V. 122. — *a rubbing.*] The original is, *fricari sese volunt*.  
The antients after bathing used to have their bodies anointed  
with oyl, and then rubbed with a flesh-brush.

*In secessu solum balinei tempus studii eximebatur; cum dico balinei,  
de interioribus loquor. Nam dum desstringitur tergiturque, audiebat  
aliquid aut discabat.* Plinii, Lib. iii. Epist. 5.

In the country, the time of bathing only was exempt from  
study. When I mention bathing, I mean the time when he was  
actually in the bath: for whilst he was rubbed and wiped, he  
either heard something read to him, or dictated something to  
others.

Lord ORRERY.

Domus

ACT IV. SCENE VII. 385

BAL. Prithee tell me, truly,  
What now does *Pseudolus* give you for this job?  
What is your price?

HAR. What *Pseudolus* do you mean?

BAL. Your tutor, your instructor in your art,  
How you may rob me of my girl by flights.— 125

HAR. What *Pseudolus*, what flights do you tell  
me of?

I know of no such man.

BAL. Will you not pack?

Here's nothing to be got by counterfeits.

You may go back, and tell your *Pseudolus*,

One *Harpax* has been here, beforehand with you, 130

And carried off the booty.—

—*Domus interea secunda patellas,*

*Jam lavas, et bucca fuculum excitat, et sonat unguis*

*Strigilibus, et pleno componit lintea gutto—*

*Juvenal, Sat. III. V. 261.*

Meantime unknowing of their fellow's fate,

The servants wash the platters, scour the plate,

Then blow the fire with puffing cheeks, and lay

The rubbers, and the bathing sheets display,

And oyl them first, and each is handy in his way.

DRYDEN.

There is a metaphorical sense in this passage of *Plautus*; which  
let *Shakspeare* explain.

*Shylock.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Solarino.* Out upon it, old carrion,

Rebels it at these years? —

*Merchant of Venice, Act III. Scene I.*

V. 127. I know of no such man.] *Quem ego hominem nullius  
coloris novi.* Literally, I know not what colour the man is of, whe-  
ther black or white.



HAR. *Pollux'* temple!

Why I am *Harpax*—

BAL. So you wou'd be thought—

But are an arrant counterfeit—No more.

HAR. I'm sure, I paid the money to yourself; 135  
And some time since, on my arrival, gave  
The token to your slave, here at the door,  
A letter seal'd up with my master's seal.

BAL. A letter to my slave! To what slave, say, 140

HAR. To *Syrus*.

BAL. This rogue has not brass enough.

He's but a sorry counterfeit, and shallow.

But O rare *Pseudolus*! By *Pollux'* temple!

How cunningly the rogue had hid his hook.

Here was the very sum the captain owed, 145

Ready in hand; and then he had his lesson,

To take the girl away.—For the true *Harpax*

Gave me that letter here, into my hands.

HAR. My name is *Harpax*: my condition, slave  
To the *Macedonian* captain. I know no trick. 150

I play, nor act the counterfeit in aught;

I'm not acquainted with this *Pseudolus*,

Nor know I who he is—

SIM. I'm much mistaken,

Procurer, if you've not quite lost your girl.

BAL. The more I hear, the more I am afraid so, 155

By *Pollux'* temple!

SIM. Ay, the very name

Of that same *Syrus* made my blood run cold,

Who took the token—Wonderful! 'tis *Pseudolus*!

Hark you, my lad? What kind of man was he

You gave the ring to?

V. 146. —be—] i. e. *Harpax*.

HAR.

ACT IV. SCENE VII. 387

HAR. Why, a red hair'd fellow, 160  
Gorbellied, and big headed, with sharp eyes,  
Thick calves, red face, and his complexion, wainscot--  
Swinging large feet—

SIM. Then you have lost the girl!  
The feet are his;—'tis *Pseudolus* himself. 165

BAL. 'Tis over with me—and I can't survive it.

HAR. Ay, but you must tho', 'till you've pay'd  
the money,  
My twenty minæ.

SIM. Twenty more to me. 170

BAL. And will you take it of me, when you know  
I spake it but in joke.

SIM. Of a known rascal 170  
'Tis right to make one's market any how.

BAL. At least, you'll give up *Pseudolus*.

SIM. Give him up?  
What is his crime? Have I not giv'n you warning,  
An hundred times, to be upon your guard?—

BAL. He has undone me.

SIM. And has lay'd a fine 175  
On me of twenty pretty minæ.

BAL. What  
Shall I do now?

HAR. Give me the money but,  
You may go hang yourself.

BAL. The gods confound you!  
Then to the Forum follow me, that I  
May there discharge the debt— [to HARPAX. 180

HAR. I follow you.

V. 160. —a red hair'd fellow.] Some commentators are of  
opinion, that *Plautus* in this description intended to point out  
himself. If so, the picture is not a very agreeable one.

BAL. This day I clear with strangers:—Fellow-citizens

Must tarry till to-morrow. [to SIMO.] This same

*Pseudolus*

Has from all quarters summon'd all his forces,

And sent this fellow to bear off the girl.

You, follow me.—You must not, Sirs, expect,

[to the spectators.

As matters stand, that I return this way;

By alleys blind, I'll in at the back door.

HAR. Were your legs nimble as your tongue,

by this

You'd reach'd the Forum.

BAL. 'Stead of my birth-day,

They've made a dying-day of it to me.

[Exit BALLIO, HARPAX following.

SCENE VIII.

SIMO alone.

SIMO. I've touch'd him handsomely—so has our

slave

His adversary. And for it, I'm determin'd

To lay a trap for *Pseudolus*, unlike

The common end of plays, with whips and scourges;

The twenty minæ shall be my revenge,

I promis'd him, in case he did the business,

I'll seek him for the purpose—*Pseudolus*

VI. 182. Has from all quarters—] *Centuriata comitia*. The

assemblies so called, were the largest, and consisted of the great-

est number of people among the Romans. So *Ballio* would say

that *Pseudolus* had got together all his artifices, in order so to

spread the net, that he should not escape.

LIMIERE.

Is

ACT IV. SCENE VIII. 389

Is the most crafty, subtle knave alive;  
He outdoes *Trojan Dolon* and *Ulysses*.  
I'll go count out the money; and this *Pseudolus* 10  
Shall find I'll have my quirk, as well as he.

[Exit.]

V. 9. *He outdoes Trojan Dolon and Ulysses.*] *Dolon* was a *Trojan* noted for swiftness. He came into the *Grecian* camp as a spy, and was taken by *Ulysses*; when, having, in hopes of saving his life, made a discovery of the designs of the *Trojans*, was by him slain to prevent his telling more tales.

*Sic tamen et spreto notisq; hostisque periclo,  
Assum eadem, quæ nos, Phrygia de gente Dolona  
Interimo: non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi  
Prodere, et edidici quid perfida Troja pararet.*

OVID. *Metam.* Lib. xiii. V. 243.

The danger of the foe, and night despis'd,  
I *Dolon* then a counter scout surpriz'd;  
Nor him, till I had search'd his bosom, slew,  
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would do— SANDYS.

*Limiers* tells us, that *Douxia* supposes that *Ballio* is meant by *Dolon*, and *Simo* by *Ulysses*. But we rather think that by *Ulysses*, is meant *Pseudolus*; and that for two reasons: first, because it is *Pseudolus* and not *Simo*, who had imposed upon *Ballio*; and the second, in order to preserve the analogy of the speech, and the justness of the comparison.

\* \* *Pseudolus* having met with a person proper for the execution of his project, in personating *Harpax*, enters, followed by the said person, whose name was *Simia*, disguised like *Harpax*; to whom he gives the proper instructions, which are by the counterfeit properly received, who shews himself to be a very adroit, clever fellow. Having received his commission, he is going to find out *Ballio*; but is prevented by his coming out from his own house, himself; and is presented by the Counterfeit, with the letter and the ring from the *Macedonian* captain, which the pandar acknowledges; and after some questions, which he very adroitly answers, he takes him with him into the house in order to de-



liver up *Phœnicium* to him. *Pseudolus* stands apart all this time, watching the success of his enterprize; and thinking that the counterfeit *Harpax*, was rather tedious in his return, his uneasiness supplies matter for a soliloquy, which makes the third Scene. In the fourth Scene, *Simia* the Counterfeit having had *Phœnicium* delivered up to him, enters with her in tears; for as she knew nothing of the trick, she supposed herself really in the hands of the *Macedonian* captain. But she is soon undeceived, by being told she is going to be in the power of her dear *Calidorus*. They all quit the stage; When in the fifth Scene, *Ballio* enters, rejoicing that he has now, as he thinks, put it out of *Pseudolus*'s power to impose upon him. And on *Simo*'s appearing in the sixth Scene, he instantly communicates the joyful news to him; and that there was now no fear of *Pseudolus*'s playing his tricks with him. On seeing a person entering, they stand apart. This person was the true *Harpax*; who, impatient of the coming of *Pseudolus*, whom he imagined to be *Syrus*, to tell him of *Ballio*'s being at home, begins the seventh Scene, with a soliloquy to that purpose. The procurer viewing him nearer, supposes him to be an impostor sent by *Pseudolus*. On this supposition, he banters him for some time, in order to take an advantage of having the money which he is supposed to be bringing to him. But at last he finds out, that he himself is the dupe of his own credulity; that instead of being an impostor, he is the true *Harpax* who was sent to carry off *Phœnicium*; and that the other was the counterfeit, who had been beforehand with him. And what was more perplexing was this; that besides the money which he was to return to the *Macedonian* captain, he was also to pay the twenty minæ to *Simo*, according to their agreement. On this *Ballio* goes off, and *Harpax* follows him; leaving *Simo* alone: which makes the eighth Scene. He comforts himself with the thoughts of the money which he is to give to *Pseudolus*, in hopes of receiving the same from *Ballio*, who is the only victim in this affair. The good-man is so well satisfied to see the pandar duped, and so amazed at the sly conduct of *Pseudolus*, that he determines to seek him out in order to reward him for it. The time required for him to do this, fills up the fourth interval.

End of the FOURTH ACT,

ACT

## A C T V.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter PSEUDOLUS, drunk, with a wreath on his head.*

PSEUDOLUS.

**H**OW's this? [*staggering.*] And is it so? Will you stand still

My feet, or not?—Or would you I lie here,

And some one pick me up?—If I do fall,

By *Hercules*! the fault is all your own.

And will ye on?—Ah! I must now sit down— 5

There is in this same wine a horrid fault;

It lays you first by the heels—A subtle wrestler!

V. 5. —*I must now sit down.*] The common editions read, *Ab! sc̄viendum est mihi. I shall be angry with you.* Justus Lipsius, from an old MSS. of *Roverius*, instead of *sc̄viendum*, read *sedendum*. His words are these:

*Cum enim pulebrè madidus Pseudolus introducatur, nec vini vim pedes penitus sustinerent; quis non videt sedendi verbum huic sententiæ esse—*

*Ant. Lect. Lib. v. cap. 9.*

When *Pseudolus* is to be introduced half drunk, so that his feet can scarce support him, who does not see that the proper reading should be *sedendum*, *I must sit down.*

V. 7. *It lays you first by the heels—*]

*Et passo Psythia utilior, tenuisque Lageos  
Tentatura pedes olim, vincituraque linguam.*

VIRGIL. *Geor. Lib. ii. V. 93.*

Best are *Psythian* when by *Pharbus* dry'd;

Thin is *Lageos'* penetrating tide,

By which the faulting tongue, and staggering feet are try'd.

WARTON.

*Ibid.* —*A subtle wrestler!*] It is the art of a wrestler, to get his feet under those of his adversary, so trip up his heels and

Now 'troth I've fairly got my fill, and left them.  
 Delicious feasting!—delicate fine living!—  
 So rarely in so rare a place receiv'd!— 10  
 But what need many words?—'Tis this makes men  
 In love with life—Here every pleasure, here  
 Each grace [*Ub!*] Ay, next the life the gods live  
 surely.

Here when the lover clasps his mistress' waist,  
 Joins lip to lip, and presses breast to breast— 15  
 Where the white hand puts round the luscious cup  
 To [*Ub!*]—friendly friendship—Where none holds  
 his neighbour

In hate or envy—or in senseless prate,  
 Ointments, perfumes—ribbons and festal wreaths—  
 Nor was the rest serv'd niggardly—So ask 20

give him a fall. This was called in *Latin subplantare*, from *sub*  
 and *planta*, to put one's feet under those of another.

V. 16. — *the white hand*—] After this a sentence is omitted,

V. 19. *ribbons*—] The original is, *lemniscos*; which *Festus* tells  
 us, were purple ribbons wrapped round one another, and hang-  
 ing down from the wreaths, which the ancients wore on their heads,  
 at their entertainments, and on their days of festivity.

*Crassus dives, primus argento quoque folia imitatus, ludis suis  
 coronas dedit. Accesseruntque et lemnisci, quos adjici ipsarum coronarum  
 bonos erat propter Hetrúscas, quibus jungi nisi aurei non debebant.*

PLINII, *Nat. Hist.* Lib. xxi. Cap. 3.

*Crassus the rich* was the first man, who at the solemn games and  
 plays which he set out in *Rome*, gave away in a brave shew,  
 chaplets of gold and silver, resembling lively flowers, and leaves  
 of herbs. Afterwards, such coronets were adorned with rib-  
 bons also, and these were added as pendants thereto for more  
 honour and state.

PHILEMON HOLLAND.

From this passage, it should seem, that all wreaths had not  
 these pendant ribbons, but those that were worn by people of  
 distinction.

GRONOVIVS.

No questions.—Thus I, and young master spent  
This day luxuriously:—my task all finish'd,  
Quite to my mind, and all my foes dispers'd.  
Feasting, carousing, wenching have I left them,  
With each his lass, and mine among the rest,  
Indulging every one his heart and soul.  
When I rose up, they begg'd of me [*Ub*] to dance--  
And thus--I bore me; to convince them all  
'Twas done by art--For at the *Ionian* step  
I am a dab--But having on a cloak,

V. 29. —at the *Ionian* step—] The *Ionian* dancers and dances were remarkably wanton and indecent: for the *Ionians* were supposed to be the most voluptuous people in the world.

*Plautus* again mentions them—

*Qui Ionicus aut Cinædicus, qui hoc tale facere possiet.*

*Sticlus, Act V. Scene VII. v. 1.*

Psha! your *Ionian* or *Cinædic* dancers,  
A fig for them—

Again—

—*me quoque volo*

*Redders, Diodorus quam olim faciebat in Ioniâ.*

*Persa, Act V. Scene II. v. 144.*

—I'm willing to repeat the dance

Which *Diodorus* in *Ionian* made.

*Horace* also mentions the same.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos*

*Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus*

*Jam nunc, et incestos amores*

*De tenero meditatur ungui. Carm. Lib. ii. Od. vi. V. 21.*

Behold a ripe and melting maid,  
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade.

*Ionian* artists at a mighty price,  
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,

What nets to spread; where subtle baits to lay,  
And with an early hand, they form'd the temper'd clay.

Earl of Roscommon.

This



This way I mov'd in fun---Some clapp'd and roar'd,  
 I should return---Then thus I took a roll  
 Up to my love, that she might cuddle me---  
 When, as I turn'd, down flounc'd I---There, be sure  
 An elegy was sung to all our fun. 35  
 Aiming to rise---So!---Now again, I've nearly  
 Bedawb'd my cloak---Then, there was mirth in  
 plenty---  
 Upon my downfall---Strait, a cup of wine---  
 And down it went---Then I but chang'd my cloak,  
 And laid aside the other---And came here 40  
 To---[*Ub.*]---ease my stomach after my debauch.  
 From my young master come I to my old one,  
 Just to remind him of his bargain struck---  
 Here! Open, open---Somebody tell *Simo*,  
 That I am here---

## SCENE II.

*Enter SIMO and BALLIO.*

*SIM.* 'Tis a sad rascal's voice  
 That calls me forth---But what's this? How! What  
 would you?  
 And may I trust my eyes?---

V. 35. —*an elegy was sung*—] The original is, *id fuit nenia*.  
 There are many significations of the word *nenia*: but it means in  
 this place a mournful song, sung at funerals; and, as that was only  
 made use of when life was over, it signified here, that *Pseudolus*'s  
 fall put an end to the entertainment. *Limiers* from *Boxhornius*.

We meet with the word again in *Plautus* in the same sense.

*Huic homini amanti mea vera, apud nos dixit neniā de bonis.*

*Truculentus, Aët II. Scene I. v. 3.*

My mistress once had sung her funeral dirge  
 To this gallant's estate.---

ACT V. SCENE II. 395

PSEU. Trust them---'Tis I--  
Your *Pseudolus*--And with a garland--[*Ub!*] drunk--

SIM. Troth, free and easy this---But how he  
stands! 5

Does he then fear me?---But I am thinking, whether  
To treat him with severity or mildness---

No, I must use no violence at present,  
As I pretend my hope is all in him!

PSEU. Behold the worst salutes the best of men! 10

SIM. Heaven blefs thee, *Pseudolus*! [*PSEU. belches.*]

Foh!--Curse thee rather.

PSEU. What ails me thus to tofs so? [*Ub.*]

SIM. Pox! what ails you  
To belch just in my face?

PSEU. Nay, softly, Sir--  
Hold me a little up, for fear I--[*Ub!*]--fall---  
'Tis a strange thing, you see not I am [*Ub.*]  
drunk--- 15

SIM. What impudence is this?---To go about  
Drunk, with a wreath; and in broad day-light too?

PSEU. It is my pleasure---

SIM. Is it too your pleasure,  
Thys to persist in belching in my face?

PSEU. A belch is comfortable! [*Ub.*] Indulge  
me, Sir--- 20

SIM. I verily believe this hang-dog here  
Could drain the *Maffick* hills, however fertile,

V. 4. --*with a garland*--] It has been often mentioned in the  
course of these notes, that the *Romans* at their entertainments  
wore a wreath or garland of flowers on their heads. See in par-  
ticular *Amphitryon*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 23. Vol. I. of this transla-  
tion, and the note to V. 18.--*with a wreath*, which slaves were  
not permitted to wear.

V. 22. --*the Maffick hills*--] The *Maffick* hills were famous  
for vines; and the wine made there was highly esteemed by the  
*Romans*.

Of four years vintage, in an hour's carousal---

PSEU. A winter hour; put that in---

SIM. You say well---

But say, whence bring you your o'erladen vessel? 25

PSEU. E'en now I've had a bout with my young  
master.

But, Sir--How finely *Ballio's* taken in?

Did I not say, how I would do his business?

SIM. A sneering rascal!---Does he laugh at me?

PSEU. I have done it---And the girl may with  
your son,

30

Live a free woman---[*Ub.*]

*Romans.* They are situated in the kingdom of *Naples*, on the  
*Tuscan* sea. They were also called *Falernian* hills; and *Falernian*  
wine we often meet with celebrated by the ancients. There is  
at this time a hill called in *Italian*, *Monte Massico*.

---virtant felicia Baccho

*Massica qui rastris*--- *Virgil. Æn. Lib. vii. V. 725.*

Where *Massic* hills produce the generous wine. *PIT.*

*Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,*

*Nec partem solido demere de die*

*Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbute*

*Stratus, nunc ad aque lævæ caput sacræ.*

*Horat. Carm. Lib. i. Od. 1.*

Old *Massic* wine regales the taste

Of him, who half the day can waste,

Beneath the fragrant myrtle's shade,

Or by a sacred fountain laid---

*DUNCOMBE.*

V. 24. --a winter hour--] The *Romans* divided the summer  
days as well as the winter ones into twelve hours, and the nights  
the same. Consequently the hours were longest in summer days  
and in winter nights. To this *Plautus* alludes. You would, (says  
*Simo*) drink a whole year's vintage from off the *Massic* hills, tho'  
e'er so fertile, in an hour---Yes, (says *Pseudolus*) even tho' that hour  
was a winter one. This adds to the hyperbole. *GRONOVIVS.*

*SIM.*

ACT V. SCENE II. 397

SIM. I have heard all in order.

PSEU. Give me the money then without delay---

SIM. I can't deny your right to it---Take your money---

PSEU. But once you said, you'd never give it me.--  
You do, tho'---Come, load me this fellow's shoulders,  
[meaning BALLIO'S.] 35  
And with it, follow me in here---

SIM. I load him!

PSEU. Load him---I know you will---

SIM. What's to be done  
With this same beast?---He takes my money here,  
And laughs at me besides---

PSEU. Woe to the vanquish'd!--  
Then turn about your shoulder---There---

V. 39. *Woe to the vanquish'd!*] *Vae victis.* A proverbial expression, the original of which is thus related by LIVY.

*Jaſtantibus obſcurè Gallis, haud magna mercede ſe adduci poſſe, ut obſidionem relinquunt. Tum ſenatus habitus, tribunique militum negotium datum, ut pacifcerentur. Inde inter Q. Sulpicium tribunum militum et Brennum regulum Gallorum, colloquio tranſacta res eſt, et mille pondo auri pretium populi gentibus max imperaturi factum. Rei fediffimæ per ſe, adjecta indignitas eſt. Pondera ab Gallis allata iniqua, et tribuno recusante, additus ab inſolente Gallo ponderi gladii: auditaque intoleranda Romanis vox, VÆ VICTIS eſt.*

Lib. v. Cap. 48.

The Gauls likewise gave distinct hints, that they would raise the siege for a small ransom. With that, the senate met; and gave the military tribunes power to make an accommodation, which was concluded in a conference between Q. Sulpicius, the military tribune, and Brennus, general of the Gauls; and a thousand pounds weight of gold was to be the price to be paid for a people who were soon to command the universe. This was in itself a shameful capitulation; but the Gauls superadded another mark of indignity. They brought false weights; and when the tribune refused



BAL. Alas! 40

Alas! I never thought to see the day,  
That I should be a suppliant to thee.

PSEU. Have done---

BAL. I suffer---

PSEU. And 'tis well thou dost---  
I should if thou didst not---

BAL. How, *Pseudolus*!

And will you take this money of your master? 45

PSEU. Assuredly, with all my heart and soul.

BAL. And have you not the heart to favour me  
With some abatement?---

PSEU. Now you'll say I'm stingy---  
But, you shall ne'er the richer be for me.  
You'd ne'er had pity on my back to-day, 50  
If I had fail'd---

BAL. And if I live, a time  
Will come, to be reveng'd---

PSEU. Why threaten so?  
My back is at your service---

BAL. Very well---

PSEU. Then come along---

BAL. And why along with you?

PSEU. Along, I say---You'll find I speak the  
truth. 55

BAL. Along then---

PSEU. Ay, to take a rouse with me.

BAL. Must I go in?---

refused them, their haughty monarch threw his sword into the  
scale, and was heard to say, *WOE TO THE VANQUISHED!* an  
expression altogether insupportable to the *Romans*.

This *Pseudolus* applies, not without humour, to the pro-  
curer.

PSEU.

PSEU. Do as I order you.  
Go in; and you shall have the money with me,  
Or more---

BAL. I go then---Lead me where you will.

PSEU. Well, *Simo*, are you angry with me now, 60  
Or with your son, for what has pass'd to day?

SIM. Not in the least---

PSEU. [*to BAL.*] This way---

BAL. I follow you.

But the spectators---You invite them too?

PSEU. By *Hercules*! they ne'er inyited me,  
And so I will return the compliment. 65

But if, with approbation and applause,  
[*to the spectators.*]

You grace our Actors and our Comedy,  
I ask you all---to come to it to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

V. 68. --*to come to it to-morrow.*--] It is not impossible but  
*Ben Jonson* may have had this in his eye in the conclusion of his  
*Alchemist*.

---This self

Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests

To feast you often, and invite new guests.

•• *Pseudolus* had been during this time at a debauch with  
his young master, who was celebrating the success of his servant's  
rogueries, and the deliverance of his mistress into his hands,  
with a chearful glass. But, as it was not enough to have had  
their design on the procurer succeed, unless they got from *Simo*  
the money he had promised, this is the business of this Act. It  
is opened by *Pseudolus*, drunk; who in a soliloquy, expatiates  
in a pompous manner on the pleasant scene he and his master had  
just been present at. In the second Scene, he is joined by *Simo*  
and *Ballio*; when, addressing himself to his old master *Simo*, he  
gets of him the money he was engaged to pay. And this, with  
the usual address to the spectators, soliciting their applause, con-  
cludes this Comedy; which, if the commendations bestowed upon  
it by the ancients, and the confirmation of the same by modern  
com.

commentators, are of weight, must stand in the first rank of all the Comedies of our author. On the authority of *Cicero*, we must suppose that its author entertained a very high opinion of it; though he mentions it not himself, as he has done his *Epidicus*.

*Estiam EPIDICUM, quam ego fabulam equè ac me ipsum amo,  
Nullam equè invidius spero, si agit Pello.*—

*Bacchides, Act II. Scene III. v. 36.*

Tho' as myself I love *Epidicus*,

No Play disgusts me more, when *Pello* acts

The part. —

*Cicero's* words are these —

*Quam gaudēbat bello suo Punico, Nævius! quam Truculentō  
Plautus, quam Pseudolo.* — *De Senectute, Sect. 14.*

How did *Nævius* exult in his Poem on the *Punic* war! What joy had *Plautus* in his *Truculentus*, and in his *Pseudolus* —

*A. Gellius* speaks of it as *Comœdia festivissima*, a most entertaining Comedy — Thus far the ancients —

*Camerarius*, a modern commentator, says of it,

*Pseudoli argumentum est varium et plane mirificum.*

The incidents of *The Pseudolus* are disposed with variety, and in a manner confessedly admirable.

*Douza* calls it *Oculus Fabularum Plauti*, the pearl of all the Comedies of *Plautus* —

And *Gruter* says,

*Ubi describitur Pseudolus, puto ibi depingi ipsum Plautum. Nam ubi id faceret potius, quam in fabulâ sibi acceptissimâ.* —

When *Pseudolus* is described, I cannot but think *Plautus* intended himself. For in what Play should he be more likely to be supposed to do it, than in one the most approved of by himself?

This alludes to a passage in *Act IV. Scene VII. v. 146* of this translation; to which, and the note upon it, the reader is referred.

We have met with, and read with great pleasure, a very elegant translation of this Comedy into *Italian* verse, by *Giuseppe Torilli*, dedicated to the Duke of Manchester. It is printed in *Florence*, 1765, and called *Il Pseudolo*. The original is printed with it, at the bottom of the page.



THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

